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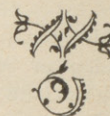
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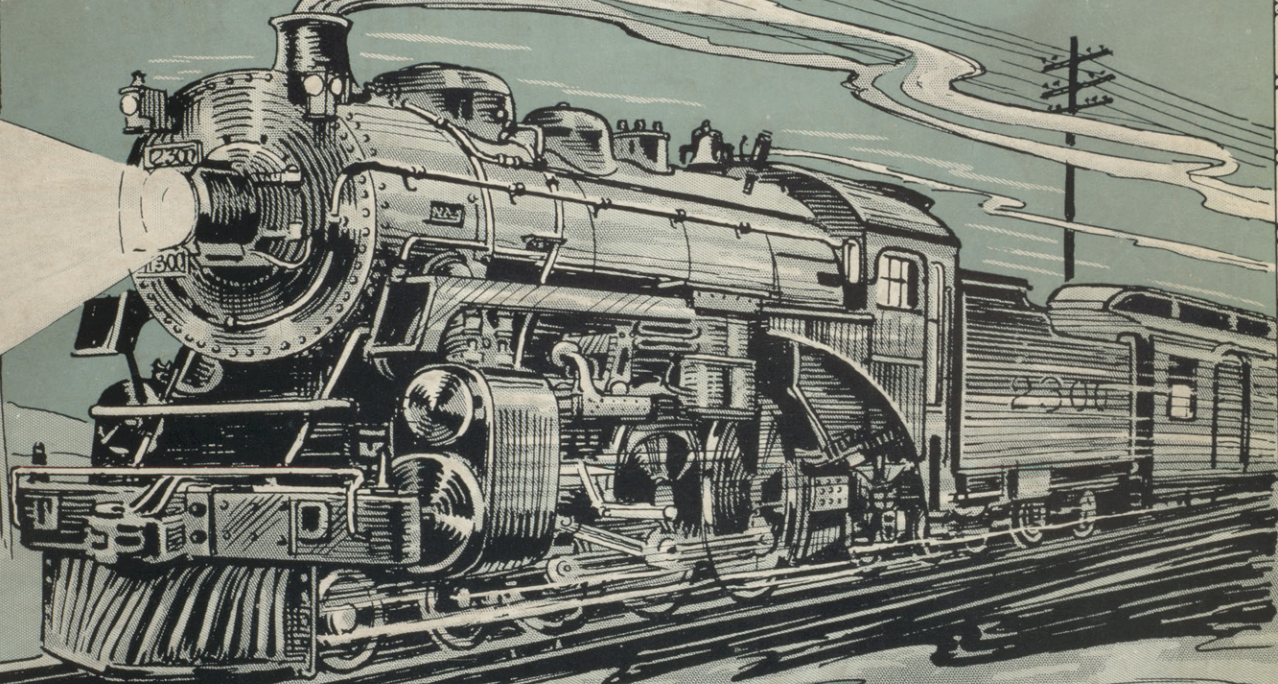
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VOLUME IX
NUMBER 1

1925

MARCH

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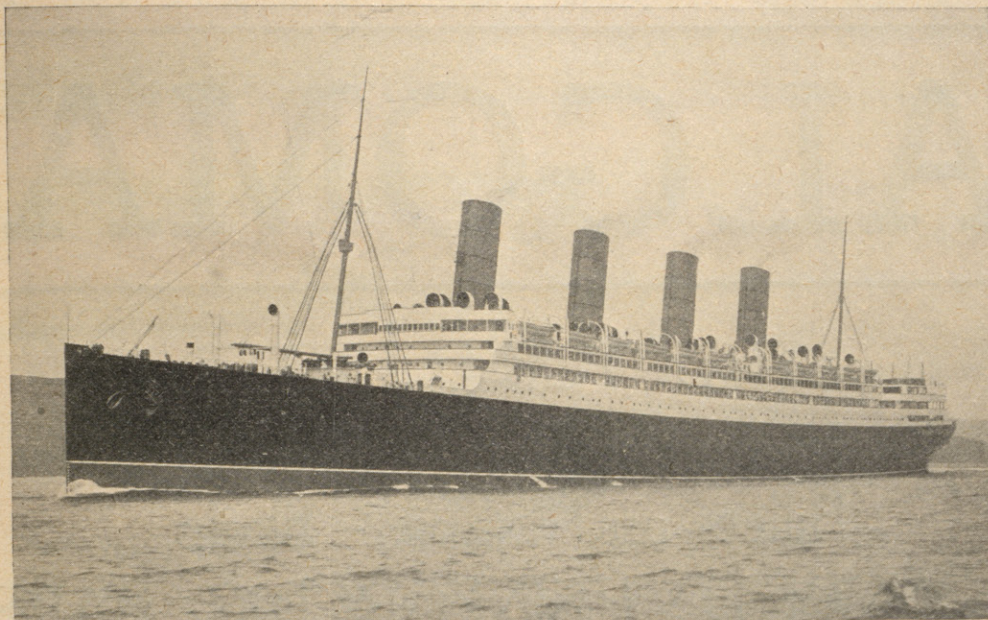
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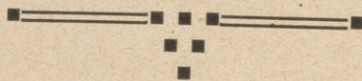
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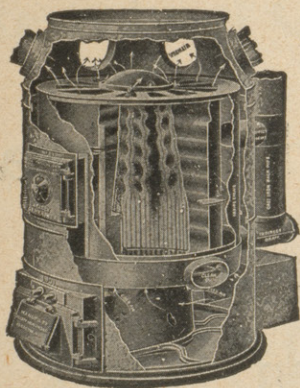
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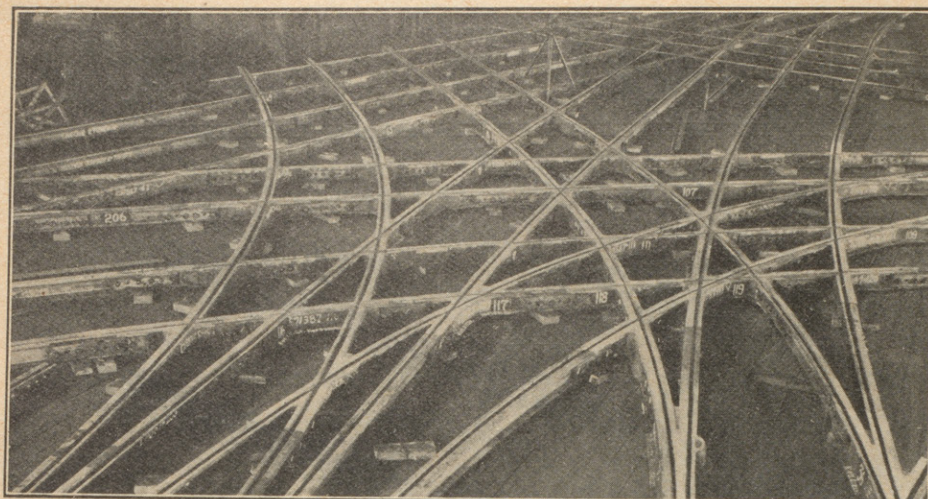
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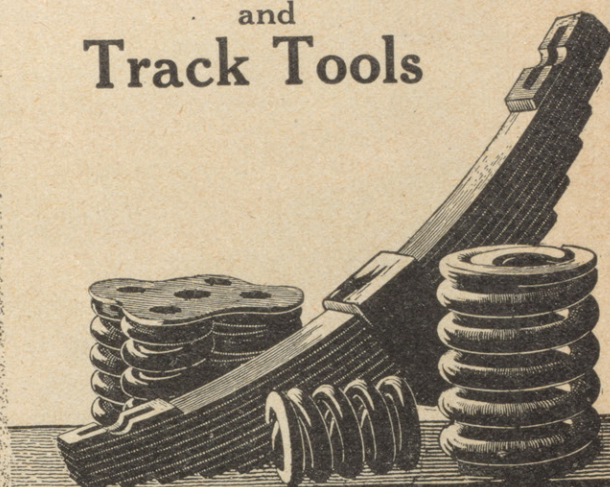
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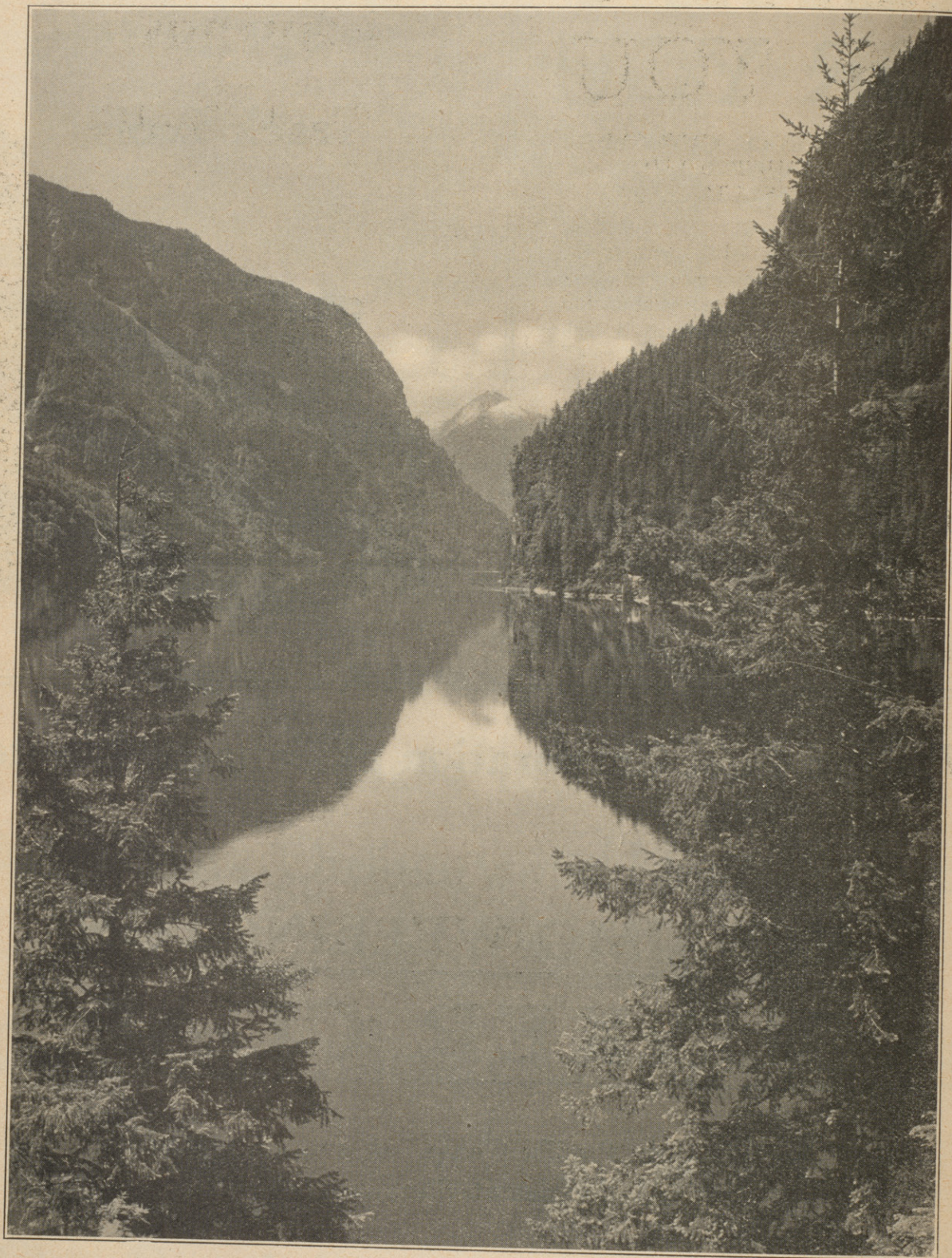
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*"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"*

Jasper National Park, Alberta, in the heart of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, has many such beautiful lakes as this, where the snow-capped peaks and the trees and the sky are mirrored perfectly.—Photo, Canadian National Railways.

CANADIAN RAILROADER

This Magazine

IS SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO CANADIAN RAILROADMEN WHO ARE ENGINEERS, CONDUCTORS, FIREMEN, SWITCHMEN AND BRAKEMEN, MAINTENANCE OF WAY MEN AND TELEGRAPHERS. It also circulates amongst practically all leading Railroad Officers, as well as amongst those in many other walks of life. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

No. 1

Looking Back—and Forward

RAILROADS are now considered to be necessary and rather important features of the life of the world, but they were not always thought of in that way.

In George Stephenson's time his railroad engine, the "Rocket," was regarded by most persons as a monster of the underworld. The phrase "iron monster," then coined, prevailed in the common language long after the original meaning had been discarded.

Less than one hundred years ago a school board in Ohio thus cautioned some young men who wanted to use the school building for meetings:—

"You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in. But such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible, and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would have foretold it by the mouth of His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan, to carry the souls of the faithful down to Hell."

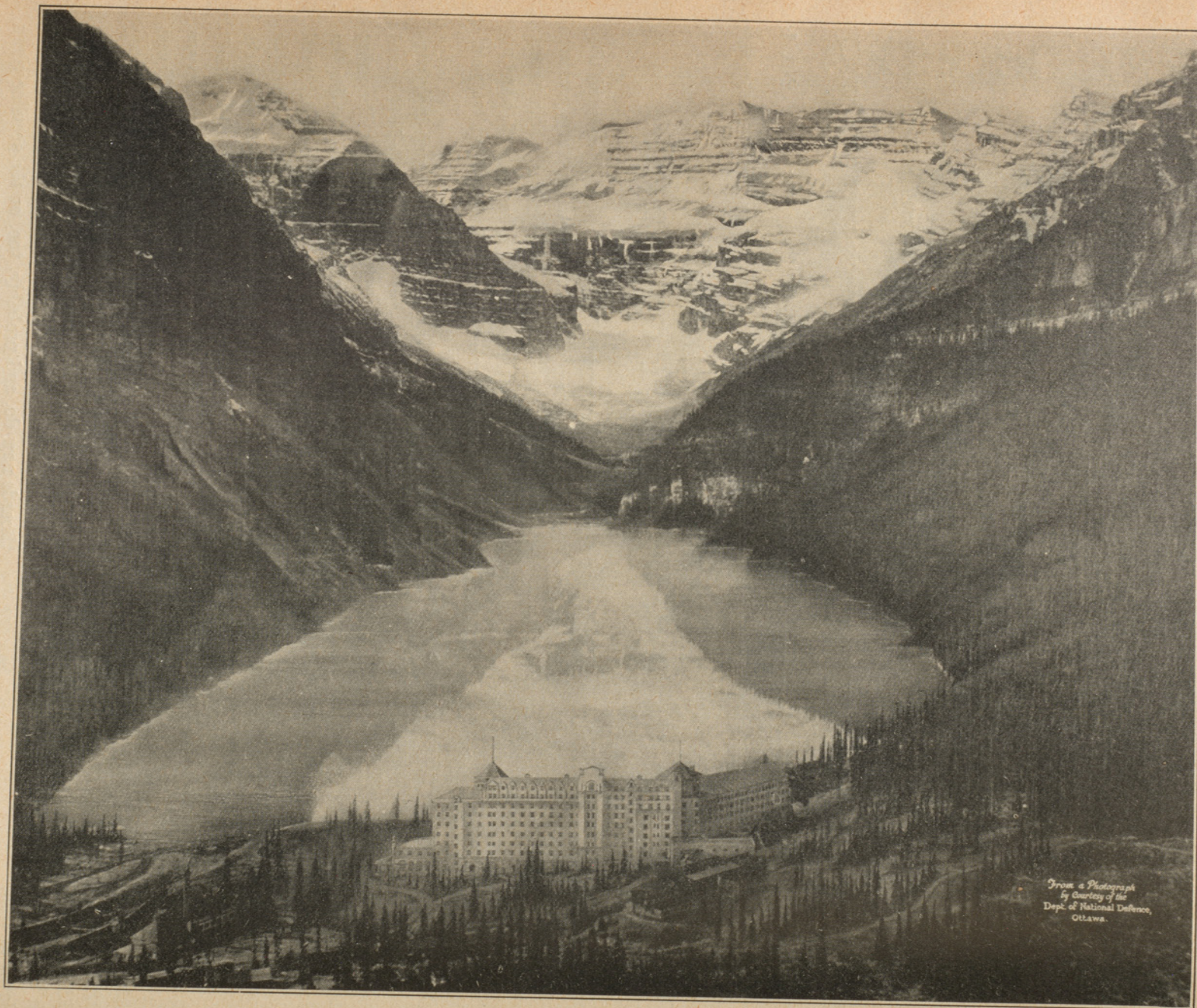
School boards have progressed since then and the outlook on railroads is more intelligent. It will not do, however, to be too conceited about progress. The people one hundred years after this, for instance, will probably

wonder at the present Protestant school code of the Province of Quebec, which says that only taxpayers are permitted to attend school board meetings. This means that mothers who are not taxpayers as well, have no standing in such a meeting, even if they have troops of children in the schools of the board.

Recently six Protestant mothers, at much inconvenience, travelled five miles by sleigh to a school board meeting in the province with the object of discussing conditions affecting their children in a school under the jurisdiction of the board. They were not only debarred from speaking, but would have been ordered from the meeting-room had not a male taxpayer formally asked the permission of the board to allow them to remain on sufferance. Oddly enough, a woman school teacher who was present, supplied information to the board, and was apparently in good standing, while the mothers of the school children remained, perforce, silent.

The chroniclers of a hundred years or less after this will doubtless reflect on the peculiar things that school boards now do, and probably, too, on the peculiar views of railroads that people have in these days.

While we have made much progress in the last hundred years, it is well not to be cock-sure that we are rapidly approaching the millenium.



*From a Photograph
by Courtesy of the
Dept. of National Defence,
Ottawa.*

Here is the first photograph ever taken from the air of Lake Louise, the Rocky Mountain gem that has defied description by artists and poets since its discovery in the early 1880's. In the foreground Chateau Lake Louise, summer resort and centre of mountaineering and trail riding activities. In the background, ten miles distant, Victoria Glacier and Mount Victoria. The photograph was taken by the Department of National Defence, Ottawa.

A November Week in the Laurentians

By E. L. CHICANOT, author of "In the Heart of Nova Scotia" and "Week Ending in the New Bonanza."

THERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in being found so indispensable as with difficulty to be spared for the customary two weeks' surcease from toil. The sense of gratification becomes slightly tinged with annoyance, however, when November looms in sight and one realizes that the conventional holiday season has passed and that merely the fag end of the year remains in which to jam in that restful period to which one's arduous and loyal service entitles one and renders very necessary.

It was, perhaps, a common quality of sacrifice and fellowship that brought the four of us, moved by a profound anxiety to secure something in the way of a change before the year terminated, together a few days before the first of November. We agreed that our mutual institutions might manage to struggle along without our aid for the space of one week, and conferences with our superiors confirmed this with a certain degree of hesitancy that was very solacing. All that remained was to decide where to go and what to do.

There is only one prompting in Canada when one is released from the bonds of a desk and when the tang of late October is in the air, and that is to get away from one's particular brand of civilization into something more closely approximating the primitive. The Laurentians were at our back door and it seemed easy to slip away for a week and get back again before too great havoc had been wrought in our absence. We decided to go into the region of the Devil River and lakes for no particular reason except that we had never been there and that it looked rather alluring on the map, with the river snaking its way over a portion of the chart that was unsullied by names and joining up the five lakes that are as yet known only by numbers.

Starting for the Wilds

The last day of October found the party, swelled to six by the addition of two recruits from Quebec who had similarly bethought themselves of unspent holidays, alighting from a Canadian Pacific train at the village of St. Jovite. Shorn of the habiliments of civilization, they were equipped with a pile of baggage which, it was considered, had been reduced to the minimum for even the most drastic return to the primitive, and an assortment of artillery and other lethal weapons. The evening was spent in attending to the important preliminaries of the expedition—hiring a guide, making up packs, and deciding upon the "absolutely indispensable" things we could manage to get along without. Notwithstanding the destructive character of

much of our impedimenta we were a trifle hazy as to what exactly we desired beyond a thorough soaking in the primordial, but we responded very enthusiastically to the suggestion of returning to our effete and toiling friends with a deer or a moose, as proof of our prowess and an indication of the really wild kind of holiday we had indulged in.

The hotel-keeper was not exactly encouraging on this point. It seemed we had struck the off season between the time when moose may be called with some expectation of a response and the one in which a sort of Bertillon system is effective. "You're asking a big thing of a guide in this weather" he said in answer to our question as to his likelihood of providing a target for our weapons. "There's plenty of game there and if we had snow it would be very different." If his object was to dampen too sanguine hopes he was signally unsuccessful for a buoyant irresponsibility acted as oil. Certainly the weather was extraordinarily mild for that time of year, but no one seemed pining for a change just to add to the chances of the chase.

The first leg of the journey was a twenty-mile drive by motor-bus from the village of St. Jovite. It is impossible to drive twenty miles in any direction in the Laurentians without becoming completely surrounded by scenery which plays havoc with one's stock of superlatives, and this drive was no exception. The bus, loaded down with its freight, human, culinary, edible, protective, lethal and photographic, and crowned with two canoes, took us through a territory that for natural beauty can be surpassed by few areas anywhere. The trail wound between mountains which in rugosity and grandeur are only less impressive than the Rockies, and bordered lakes of varying extent and uniform exquisiteness. We passed out of the region of trim habitation farmsteads to one where the industrious French-Canadian farmer is yet wrestling the wilderness from Nature, and then as patches of cultivation grew smaller and at length signs of human habitation disappeared altogether, we plunged into dense forest where the trail we followed was scarcely discernible. A final mile of wild jolting brought us to the bank of the Devil River.

Thrills Not Lacking

The business of setting out on the next stage of the journey was not altogether without thrills. It is no simple matter to distribute seven husky men and the various appurtenances they consider necessary for a week's absence from civilization over two canoes so that all may be reasonably expected to arrive at the destination in a dry state. It was only



"At length the animal was suspended in all its magnificent size from the fork of a tree." The author is in the foreground.

after one or two imminent spills of top-heavy craft and returns to shore for re-arrangement and re-distribution that a definite start was made with the two canoes very low in the water and those not absorbed in paddling tightly holding both sides and their breath.

Devil River is entirely a misnomer and very much of a libel, since, so far as we knew it, at any rate, it was anything but diabolical. It winds its tortuous way in a tranquil and leisurely fashion through a ravishing country of rugged, awe-inspiring beauty. On one side mammoth piles of rock, clad in spruce and pine, tower over it and come sheer down to the water. The other bank is low while beyond stretches an undulating density of forest. Each bend held some fresh surprise for us in the way of naked loveliness. We were a million miles from modern, everyday life, though the motor bus was scarcely an hour left behind.

Evening shadows were beginning to close in as, after about four miles of paddling, a spot, known as La Vache Noire (The Black Cow) was reached. In addition, the weather had lowered so that no time was lost in erecting the tent and getting the first meal ready. Soon afterward a storm blew up and the rain came pelting down. We made the appalling discovery that our tent leaked and that, no matter what position one assumed, a steady trickle of water seemed to find its way down



"Nothing could exceed the tremendous sense of satisfaction with which we dropped with our packs before the little log cabin."

the back of the neck. This situation, combined with the guide's description of the river route to the end of the lakes which necessitated the dragging of canoes over several rapids and ended in a five-mile portage, further dampened our ardor and engendered a ready receptivity of his suggestion that we abandon the tent and strike across to a little log cabin he knew and which we could make our headquarters.

The morning broke raw but fresh, and after breakfasting we reloaded the canoes and negotiated another couple of miles of river in a manner equally perilous with the first part of the journey. At an abandoned clearing we unloaded, cached the canoes in the brush with the tent underneath them, and commenced to transport the baggage over the portage.

It was the kind of portage one likes to read about in a Morris chair, before a comfortable fire, and pity the poor devils who have to make it. Signs of an old trail there certainly were, though they must have gone back to Champlain's time. Half of the path was under water and one sank frequently and unexpectedly to the knees in oozy bog. All of it led through tangled brush with fallen logs lying across the way and sticking up at more angles than Euclid ever dreamed of. The guide seemed to think it was quite an ordinary thing in the way of portages but we were inclined to set it down as Nature's most hideous conception. Nothing could exceed the tremendous sense of satisfaction with which we dropped with our packs before the little log cabin.

It would have been difficult to have found a more choice place for a permanent camp. The cabin itself was of sturdy log construction, though plentifully ventilated. Before it stretched a brief expanse of low brush at the bottom of which a little creek babbled its way

into a gem of a lake, half a mile away. Directly opposite, towering over all, was one of those mighty rock piles so typical of the Laurentians, its steep sides covered with hardwoods. Preparations to render the cabin habitable were gotten under way immediately whilst the half of the party less lucky at pitching coins returned over the portage for the baggage which had been left on the first trip. By the time these got back everything was in readiness for a stay of indefinite duration, and a huge fire was blazing. Lunch was heartily enjoyed by all.

The meal effectively dissipated any suggestion of fatigue and there was a general eagerness to discover what the woods harbored. Two members, with Alpinist ambitions, elected to climb the mountains whilst the other four followed the guide into the forest. The four had not proceeded very far before coming across unmistakable indications of deer. According to the guide, less than ten minutes had elapsed since the animal's passing. Two were sent down to the lake and two in the opposite direction whilst the guide set out to follow the tracks. The couple moving lakewards soon reached the border and found a convenient boulder upon which to recline.

They had not been there long when three shots in rapid succession broke the stillness, these being followed shortly afterwards by a whistle from the heart of the woods. The pair plunged in and after several further signals located the remainder of the party standing gazing at a large dark crimson stain upon the leafy carpet. "Moose," said the guide, laconically. "Follow me carefully." And he led the way with levelled rifle, the rest of us streaming out behind.

We had not far to go, as the profusion of blood would have indicated. Less than one hundred yards from where the first dark stain

appeared on the sere foliage we came across the recumbent body, half hidden in the brush. We circled cautiously, but there was never the stirring of a limb or the twitching of a muscle. The handsome two-year-old bull of the greatest of Canada's fauna would never plunge his tempestuous way through the forest again. The first day's hunting had brought the party the most prized of trophies.

On returning to the cabin we found the other two already there, one full of bitter curses and self-reproach. His was a heart-rending story. Climbing the mountain, shot-gun in hand, he had disturbed a large buck at rest, to their mutual surprise. The animal, after his first alarm, turned curiously to regard his disturber, and posed long enough for him to discard his shotgun and adjust a heavy German revolver he carried. He missed his shot! Cursing profoundly and writing finis to the affair he turned to go when the deer, having circled about, appeared in the most accommodating manner in another place considerably nearer. The hunter was given sufficient time to sink on one knee, and take careful aim. The weapon clicked but there was no explosion. The most obliging animal could scarcely be expected to wait longer and in a bound he was swallowed up by the brush and probably still wonders exactly what happened. For the rest of the week the party had to listen to reiterations of this sad tale as the narrator sat over the camp fire, stifling his sobs.

All day there had been light, feathery flurries of snow and after a cold night we awoke to find a heavy frost on the ground, which necessitated our breaking fairly thick ice for water for breakfast and such ablutions as were undertaken. After breakfasting a return was made to the moose in the woods, the problem confronting us being how to hoist the carcass to a position where it would be safe until removal. One who has no conception of how unwieldy a thousand pounds of moose can be cannot adequately appreciate the task. It was an hilarious morning as one engineering device after another was tried out without success, and the camp's only length of rope made to work overtime. At length, however, the giant animal was suspended in all its magnificent length from the fork of a tree, but not until the morning was well advanced and the members of the party fairly exhausted.

After lunch four members left with the guide for the forest whilst two remained behind to wash the dishes and generally straighten up the camp. They had scarcely left and the two were attacking a miscellany of hardware in half-hearted fashion with a dishrag, when, not ten yards away, a magnificent buck trotted casually past the back of the cabin and disappeared in the wake of the five hunters.

Soon the snow began to sift down again and by evening there was a steady fall. We emerged from the cabin in the morning to find all nature clad in white and the view from the doorway, taking in the white fore-

ground and the snow-laden branches of the pines upon the mountain, was a glorious one.

The absorbing question now was that of getting the moose out of the country—a question of sufficient difficulty, even though river transportation was only a few miles away. The only help possible of being procured was that of the agent at the "Keepover," an establishment situated on Lake No. 3, where loggers' supplies, etc., were kept during the summer season. Accordingly it was decided to pay him a visit, tramping the five miles and hunting on the way.

This unanimous decision suffered a severe setback when, at no distance from the camp, a moose track was encountered. A companion and I were reluctantly persuaded to continue to the Keepover whilst the remainder split and the guide followed up the tracks. The two of us proceeded slowly along the tote road, making brief excursions in the woods for partridge. By noon we reached the point where Lakes No. 1 and 2 are joined by the Devil River, which, we immediately agreed, would be the objective of our next woods expedition. It is a lovely spot with large expanses of island-dotted water spreading in both directions, and supported and flanked by typical Laurentian eminences. From where we stood we could see at least three little log cabins, long abandoned, but calculated to offer the most excellent of camping headquarters.

Leaving this entrancing spot we proceeded to the next lake on which stood the Keepover, a modern house in the wilderness. We successfully concluded arrangements for the transportation of the carcass from the point in the woods to the river bank. Retracing our steps we met the remainder of the party who had followed up the moose only to discover it was a cow. The air being rather chilly we repaired to one of the cabins we had seen and



"Lunch was heartily enjoyed by all, the meal effectively dissipating any suggestion of fatigue."

there prepared our lunch of the bread and canned soup we had packed along. It snowed over the remaining miles back to camp and no one was sorry to reach it.

The next morning the party, fully accoutred and ammunitioned, set out to meet the teamster on the trail. The moose was loaded on the jumper and two of the party, provided with axes, accompanied it, clearing the path of the more burdensome encumbrances. The rest spent the day in hunting, but though deer tracks were plentiful no animals were sighted and the bag was enriched by only a few partridges and rabbits.

Thursday was a busy day. After an early

breakfast all packs were again made up; depleted this time to the extent of nearly all the provisions we had brought with us, and a start was made back over the tote road, to the river. For some reason the portage did not seem as arduous as on the first negotiation. At the water's edge the moose was waiting, and after a brief respite the carcass was floated and the two canoes, lightly loaded, proceeded to tow it down. After reaching the point on the river where the motor truck was to meet us two of the party paddled back for the members left behind and the rest of the baggage. The party reunited on the river bank, cooked a late lunch, and awaited the arrival of the vehicle to take them back to civilization.

The motor trip was a fitting ending to a strenuous holiday. It had rained spasmodically throughout the afternoon and the trail was not in the best state. A thousand pounds of moose, added to more than that weight in humanity, plus the baggage, is some undertaking for an ambitious truck. Where hills occurred, and there are several to the mile in the Laurentians, we descended and became motive power. In this way we reached the civilization of St. Jovite, a week almost to the hour from when we had left the train.



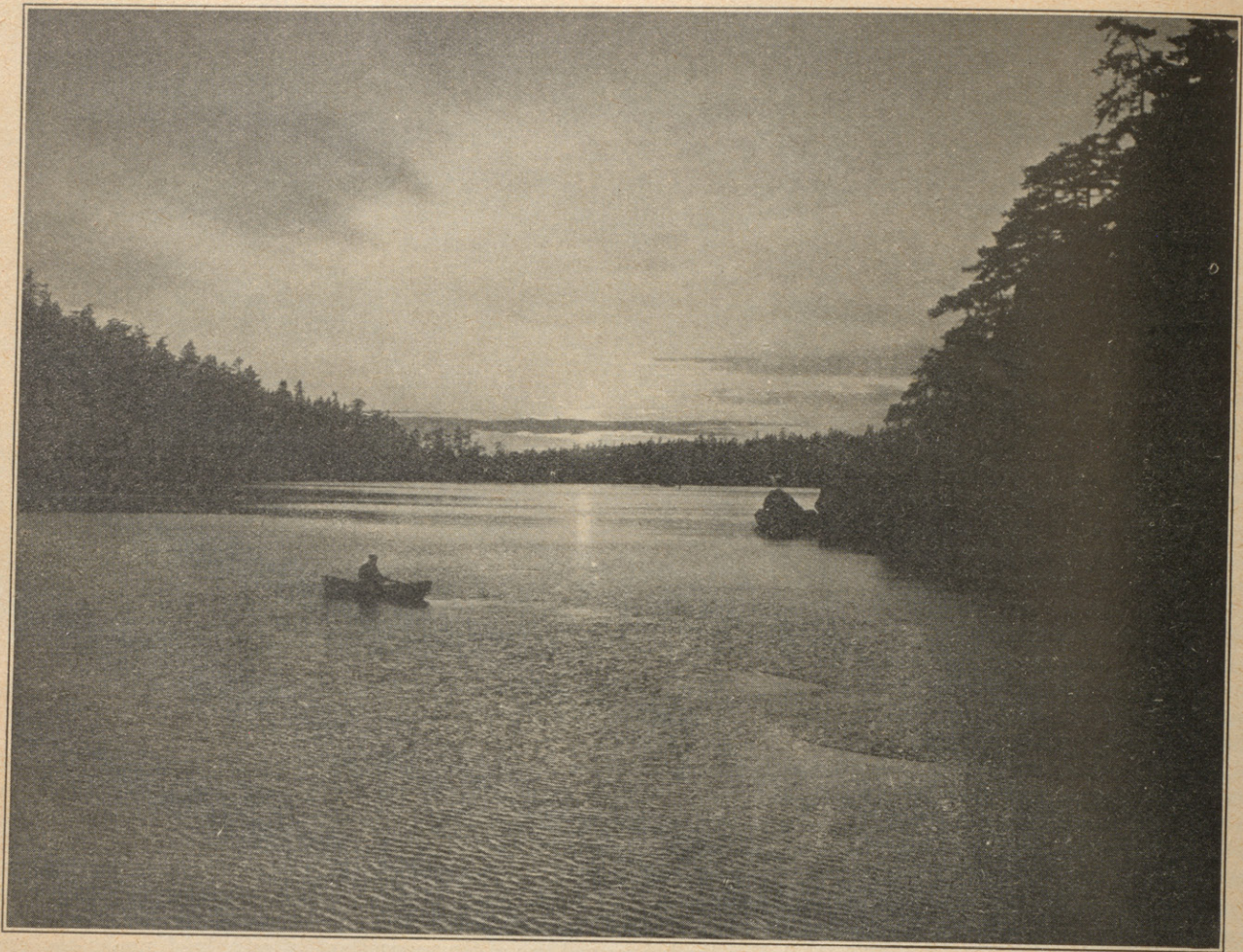
"Before the camp stretched a brief expanse of low brush, at the bottom of which a little creek bubbled its way into a gem of a lake."

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—Robert Browning.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees and the birds, we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



SUNSET IN ALGONQUIN PARK

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"I'm returning your umbrella. I took it by mistake."

"Now your honeymoon is over, dearest, you must insist on your mother coming to stay with us for a month or so."

"I regard the payment of income tax as a pleasant and patriotic duty."

"That hair you found on my coat, dear, came from the head of a pretty typist."

"Good afternoon, I was sincerely hoping I shouldn't see you."

"Yes, darling, I've kissed many girls before you."

"She's much prettier than I am."

"Sure, Pat, an' ye can call me what ye loike, I won't foight ye; I hate scrappin'."

"Say, boy, but that's larger and finer than anything we've got in the States."

"Why, yes, dear, I've been enjoying myself thoroughly at the club. I was not detained at the office."

"Your worship, I wish to state that I was driving at over sixty miles an hour when the constable stopped me."

"Please, sir, may I have the day off. I want to go to a cricket match."—The Listener.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Thomas Carlyle.



E. F. L. STURDEE

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When the "open shoppers" lay siege to a shop or craft their plan of campaign is to reduce the members thereof to starvation and later enslave them. The only permanent line of supply for the besieger is UNION LABEL protection.

Join the Union Label army and fight for decent pay, comfortable homes and healthy children. No higher form of patriotism can be shown.

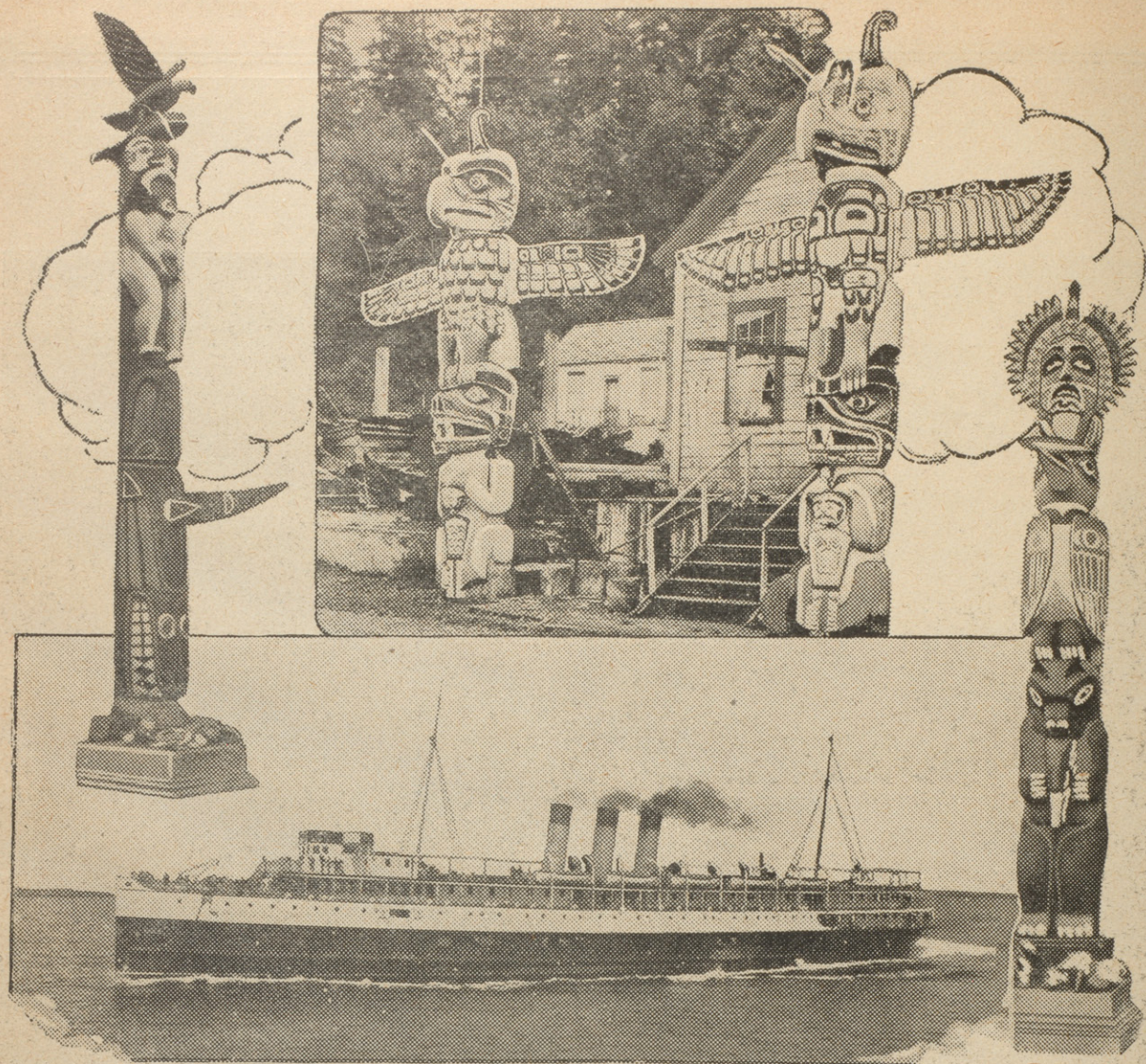
Apathy and indifference, arch foes of the Union Label, are the world's greatest traitors.

The printers' Label came into being in 1891 and its forward movement has been paralleled by constantly improving conditions within the trade.

The Gathering Storm



A remarkable photograph taken by the C.N.R. on the Scenic Seas Route up the British Columbia Coast between the mainland and the off-shore islands. This is a trip of incomparable beauties.



A typical coastal Indian Village scene. Left and Right, Hesquiat Indian totem poles now owned by W. C. Bannister of Vancouver. Below, The Princess Charlotte, one of the Canadian Pacific fleet which plys the Alaskan route.

Mystery it is said, is the keynote of the north. Mystery and silence. And because of its mystery there will always be an attraction, something to draw men on and hold them. For it is no mere legend that the north ever calls back those who have once lived in the snow and the mountains, or through an Alaskan summer. What is true of Alaska is also, to a very great extent true of the east and western shores of Vancouver Island and of the northern mainland shoreline. Scarcely has one left Vancouver or Victoria than there dawns the feeling that here is a new life opening out. As everywhere there is charm, so also is there mystery. One stops off at little coastal villages to explore, or perhaps to fish or hunt, or study native life or industry, and the first thing that one runs into is the mysterious totem pole, that Indian "family tree", which has great significance in the aboriginal history and life of the Indians of the Coast, but which conceals its strange tales from the uninitiated white man.

Two striking examples of Indian art, totem poles which are said to be among the best on the Pacific Coast because of their excellent design, legendry and historical importance, have been brought from the west coast of Vancouver Island to Vancouver, B.C., where Mr. C. Bannister, who secured them from the Indians, has erected them in front of his home. They were made by the Hesquiat Indians and illustrate native legends and tribal history.

The Hesquiat Indians lay claim to being the first natives to see the white man in British Columbia. The tribe's legend of the seeing of these men dates back to 1788. The story told by these Indians is:

"Two Indians were travelling along the west coast in canoes and in a light mist. Suddenly out of the mist there loomed a giant canoe with white wings and skulls hanging from them. All over the decks of the boat scrambled strange-looking creatures such as they had never seen before. They had white faces and stone feet.

"One of the strange palefaces took a long stick and pointed it in the air and it spurted fire. Immediately a seagull fell dead.

"The two Indians in the canoe never recovered from the shock of this quick succession of strange and terrifying scenes and died on the spot."

The totems which Mr. Bannister has secured exceed twenty feet in height and have been set in concrete bases. The Great Eagle on the top of one of the poles was looked upon by Indians as a deity and is seen bringing the whale, which is also an emblem of great strength, to the powerful chief, Cee-Ta-Ka-Nim who was famous as a whale hunter.

When a potlatch, or great giving away feast was held, all of the people of the tribe would gather in the lodge of the chief and a human skull thrown in amongst them. The man who was able to get out of the lodge with the skull was the hero of the potlatch and received the greatest measure of gifts and attention. Cee-Ta-Ka-Nim evidently accomplished this feat as he is seen holding the skull in his hands. The large killer whale beneath is part of his family crest or emblem.

On the other pole the top figure is the official dancing mask of the Hesquiat chief. Beneath is depicted the legend of the Kingfisher and the Great Bear.

The kingfisher was looked upon as a great prevaricator and boaster. One day the bear was walking by a creek where the kingfisher was fishing. The Great Bear said "Tam-Moo-Kee, you are always boasting to everybody of what you can do, yet you never seem to do anything. Now you never hear me boast, but I will show you what I can do." He stood up on his hind legs and started to draw a serpent out of his stomach much to the astonishment and amazement of the kingfisher.

In nearly all Indian legends the characters took on a dual personality, and were able at any time to change themselves into birds, animals or fishes.

St. Patrick: The Apostle of Ireland

By J. HUGH EDWARDS

On St. Patrick's Day wherever two or three Irishmen or more shall gather together on either side of the Equator—for Irishmen are now to be found in every clime—there will homage be done to the name of St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of their race.

It is very remarkable that, though St. Patrick has ranked, for sixteen centuries, as the most dominant figure in the life and history of Ireland, the locality of his birthplace still remains wrapped in an impenetrable obscurity, notwithstanding the plethora of early Lives of the famous saint, some of them dating back to the seventh century and one of them—the biographical Hymn by Fiacce of Sletly—dating still earlier, for it was written by one of Patrick's own contemporaries. According to the saint's own record, he was born in a place called Bonaven Tabernix, but hitherto every attempt in the way of the most careful topographical research, on the part of scholars and biographers, has utterly failed to locate the spot with any degree of certainty. For many years tradition favored Old Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, as the probable locality. In the river that flows near the town there is a rock visible at low water which is known as St. Patrick's stone, and it appears that it is so called on the strength of a local tradition that the ship in which Patrick sailed to Ireland struck against it. In these latter years, however, the weight of evidence has been such as to discard even a probability that Dumbarton was the saint's birthplace.

It is worthy of note that Professor Shahan, of the Catholic University of America, has, on the strength of certain references in St. Patrick's references to the proximity of a Roman settlement, fixed the locality in the Vale of Clwyd in North Wales, near the town of Deva—the modern Chester. The most erudite of all St. Patrick's biographers is Professor Bury—Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge—and, after a most exhaustive examination of the clues in St. Patrick's writings, he came to the conclusion that the locality should be sought somewhere near the Bristol Channel, and his conclusion was strengthened when he discovered the existence in Glamorganshire of three places with the name of Banwen, which probably is a corruption of Bonaven.

It is obviously on the strength of the judgment of such eminent experts as Professor Bury and Sir John Rhys that Mr. Lloyd George, on one occasion, in the course of a speech on the floor of the House of Commons exultingly reminded Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Joe Devlin that the patron saint of Ireland originally came from Wales.

Happily, the mists of doubt and conjecture that have wrapped the locality of the saint's birthplace have left untouched the story of

his life, for the records of his career are not only numerous but absolutely authentic. They are written in his own handwriting. In the Book of Armagh, which is one of the most ancient of Irish manuscripts, having been written in the year 807 by a scribe of the name of Ferdomnach, there is embodied what professes to be a copy of the autobiographical "Confession" as written by St. Patrick himself in his later years. That the writer of the "Book of Armagh" had



P. A. COX

Former general agent for the C.P.R. at Shanghai, has been made assistant Oriental manager with office in that city.

actually before him, as he was penning his own work, eleven hundred years ago, the actual autograph copy of St. Patrick's "Confession" is evidenced from his statement: "Thus far the volume which Patrick wrote with his own hand. On the seventeenth day of March was Patrick translated to the heavens."

From this autobiographical "Confession" we learn that Patrick, who was born about the year A.D. 389, was captured and carried as a slave into Ireland when he was sixteen years of age. He was kept in captivity in Antrim for a period of six years, his daily employment being to feed cattle. During that period, he tells us in his "Confession," he would say a hundred prayers in a day and rise at night from his bed to resort to the woods and mountains in snow, and frost, and rain for the purpose of quiet meditation.

After six years of captivity he succeeded in making his escape. On his return to his old

home he was educated and became a priest. After being consecrated as a bishop, he heard in a night vision the "call" from Ireland again. Like the Apostle Paul, he was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision," for he immediately crossed the Irish Channel once more, to devote his whole life and energies to the spiritual needs of the green island, where he labored until his death in the year A.D. 493.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Jewish and the Irish peoples have one characteristic in common. They have both been scattered, under the lash of oppression, to the uttermost parts of the earth; but wherever they have gone they have clung tenaciously to the faith of their ancestors. Where the Jew settles there is erected the synagogue, and however far the Irishman may roam in search of a livelihood he will invariably be found in steadfast communion with the ancient Church of his ancestors. And just as the Jew has learnt to think of Abraham as the father of his race and the symbol of its faith, so too has the Irishman all the world over learnt to reverence the memory of St. Patrick as the patron of his race and the custodian of its most treasured memories.

HIS BOOKS

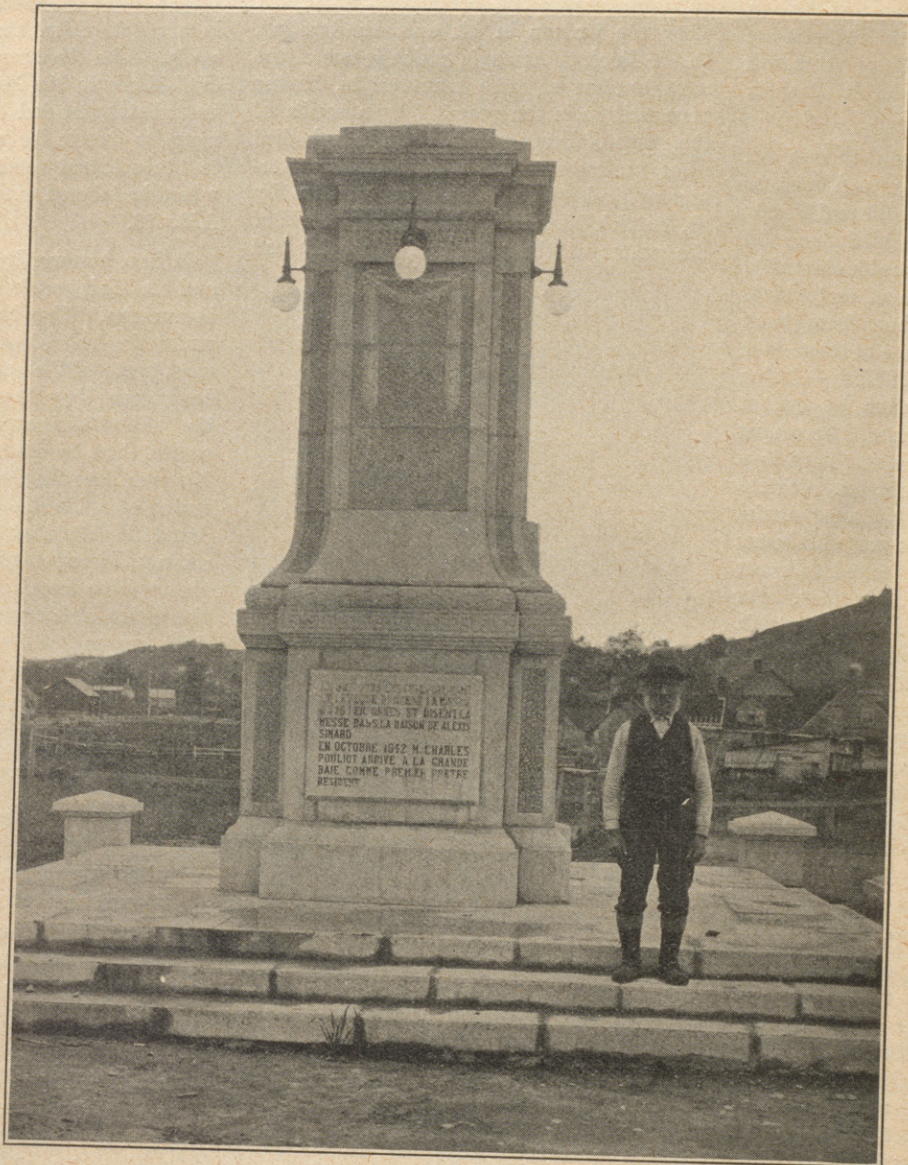
My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

—Robert Southey (1774-1843.)



REMEMBERING THE PIONEERS

The photograph shows the monument at Grande Baie on the Saguenay River, Quebec, erected to the pioneers who founded that country. Standing beside the monument is one of the old timers who is hale and hearty and is over one hundred years old.

Coming: The All Metal Airplane

THE airplane is built, in some respects, like a bridge. And just as the wooden bridge is a thing of the past, so the airplane of wood and fabric is about to give way to that of metal, we are told by Lieut. Corley McDarment, assistant to the Chief of the Information Division, in the U.S. War Department, writing in "The Iron Age" (New York). Not long ago, says Lieutenant McDarment, the general public would have thought of an iron airplane in the same category as a stone velocipede. The first airplane designers would have smiled at the possibility of ever using anything except the lightest of wood and thinnest fabric in flying craft. But the trend of engineering has always been toward replacing wood with metal, and the new branch has followed tradition. The use of metal in aircraft is only a natural consequence in the growth of engineering. He goes on:

"If the Great War had lasted longer, metal airplane construction would have been far advanced. When the smoke of battle had cleared away the world learned with amazement that ironclad monsters of the air were about to be launched. The iron birds were to carry bombs, poison gas, liquid fire and small cannon. The metal construction of the craft was designed to turn aside rifle fire and shrapnel. They were to fly low over the trenches, hostile cities and terminals and work destruction never before realized in either war or peace.

"The Germans managed to launch a few small experimental machines for combat work and the success was such that an elaborate program was laid out for further development along this line. One of these metal airplanes with thin wings was peppered with 400 bullet holes without greatly destroying its flying ability.

"But the iron airplane designs dropped along with everything else when the war ended. Little was heard of them, especially in America, until one day in 1920 a foreign journal carried the report of a giant metal airplane designed in Germany near the close of the war for a raid on New York! It was to fly non stop from Berlin.

"It then leaked out that the Germans had advanced far in the use of metals for airplane construction, but that progress was at a standstill. To-day we are facing the all-metal airplane, not only for military use but for commercial purposes. The wood and fabric people are not doing much talking in defense of these materials, probably feeling no defense is necessary—they stand on their own merits.

"But with such advantages as wood and fabric possess the world may be forced to use metal due to wood shortage. The United States uses four times as much wood every year as is being grown. Only the choicest portions of a whole forest can be used as suitable airplane material.

"The matter of inspecting wood leads to one of the chief difficulties in its use. And the variability of wood is well known. It is affected by its age, water-content, grain, rot and even the soil in which it grows. This is not the case with metals. An engineer can tell within about 5 per cent. what a piece of metal will stand if it has been put through a standardization process.

"Aviation is now crying out to science to help solve some of the perplexing problems arising with the greater and more varied use of airplanes—especially in high-speed work. It will take some years yet before the pure art in airplane construction gives way to pure science. But science is taking a big hand in construction.

"It has been this stepping in of science that has led to greater safety in flying, and to the substitution of metal for wood and fabric in construction. The very first use of the lighter metals came through the desire for lightness in airplane engines. An attempt to squeeze one horsepower into one pound of weight is the immediate object of airplane engine designers. Of course, the next objective will be to get one horsepower out of half a pound of metal. But the use of metals in airplane engine construction is a big field within itself and can not be entered into here. The big problem and the one that may soon revolutionize aeronautical engineering is the use of metals for the airplane alone.

"Metal wings will be the last thing in aircraft design. Metal wings are undoubtedly heavier than those of wood and fabric. They have been used, however, and with good success.

"Metal engine beds and fuselage framework in the form of tubing have definitely come into general use, and now metal spars and ribs have crept into the framework of the wings. These wing members are usually built upon the truss principle, and the skill in making such parts is borrowed from the bridge-builders.

If it can be shown that all-metal airplane wings are more economical, safer, and easier of manufacture than wood and fabric ones, the world will no doubt accept them in spite of the increased weight, says Lieutenant McDarment. Some metal enthusiasts now insist that eventually metal wings can be made lighter and far stronger than the old ones. When this happens metal will be universally used. There is but one other very good argument for wood and fabric over metal besides weight, he asserts; and that is, metal requires more expensive tools. But when quantity production begins, this factor will become negligible. To quote further:

"The wood used in airplane construction certainly does deteriorate with time. Whenever landing gears on airplanes become a few years old, the pilot looks for them to snap off with almost any landing. Rot sets up in wood,

and it can not be detected from the outside. There are species of insects which infest wood and cause failure, sometimes when least expected. Fabric becomes what airmen call 'dead' in time. A so-called dead metal wing is also possible, but tightening a few rivets or bolts would undoubtedly overcome this defect.

"An ideal airplane fuselage would perhaps be one shaped like a projectile which could be heavily padded inside, yet stay intact after striking some object with great force. In fact, metal containers for the safety of pilot and passengers in aircraft are now being designed along these lines.

"Wood is even being supplanted by metal in airplane propellers. Wooden propellers have always given trouble on account of the moisture affecting the glue. These propellers are made by glueing, under high pressure, several layers of wood together, then cutting out the blades; and, with all the care and skill put into the making, no way has been found to prevent splitting. Metal tips have been used with great success, however, for several years. The metal tips are usually of copper, and they offer protection to the thin blade.

"An all-metal propeller has now been produced, and the highest speeds ever made by man have been with this propeller. One of the most interesting forms of metal propeller can be easily bent with the hand like the blade of a butcher knife, but when it is whirling it is quite rigid.

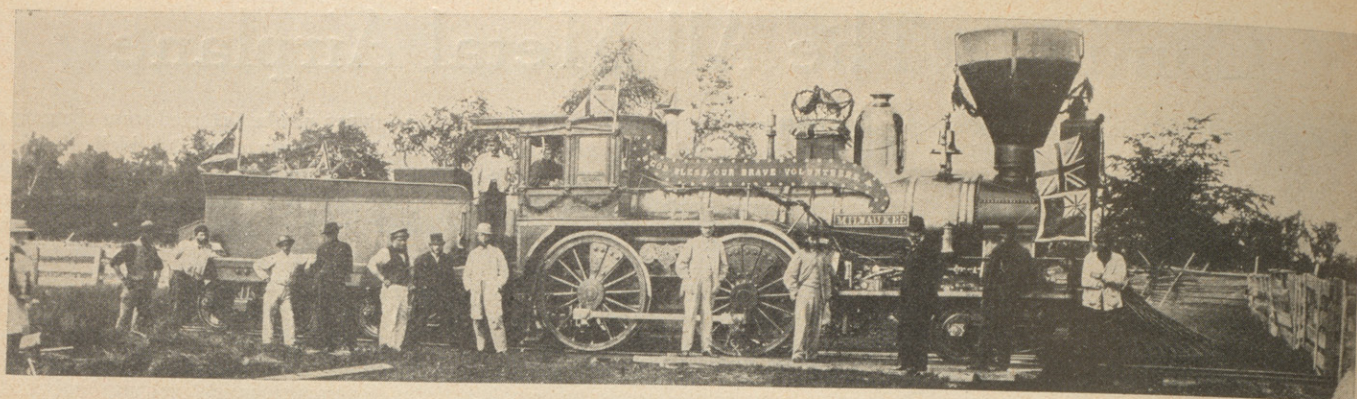
"The fire hazard in metal airplanes should be much less than in those of wood and fabric. In a metal machine, with the fuel containers removed a sufficient distance from the fuselage, time for a landing should always be had after a fire breaks out. An airplane wing made of metal could become red-hot without affecting its lifting qualities in the air.

"Metal does not soak up water like wood and fabric. An ordinary wooden airplane will soak up over 100 pounds of water on a damp day, and flying boats with large wing areas will take up 700 pounds of water on rainy days. Water, of course, runs off metal like a duck's back. While iron is, of course, susceptible to rust, this drawback is not considered as bad as rotting in wood.

"With metal used in aircraft of standard design, a great uniformity of parts would result. Metal parts of an aircraft can be easily manufactured in bulk, but not so with wood.

"But it is a mistake to imagine that ordinary wood and cloth airplanes can be converted into metal machines by merely substituting metal for wood or fabric. An entirely new angle of engineering is involved. The technical data on metal tension and compression, etc., are entirely different. It is a science and, it may be said, an art too, within itself.

"Taking all the factors into consideration, one can scarcely doubt that the future airplane will be of metal construction."



THEN—"The Milwaukee," one of the big engines of the old Welland Railway, photographed June 1, 1866, with the officials, as it was decorated to convey volunteers from St. Catharines to Port Colborne during the Fenian Raid.

My Chat With the King

By WILL THORNE, M. P., in "Tit Bits"

A Founder of the Labor Party and the Father of
Modern Trades-Unionism

ON my return to England from Russia I was asked by Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, to report to him upon the Russian situation. I went at once to 10, Downing Street. When Lloyd George came in he told me he had just had an interview with the King, who, he said, was anxious to see me. I asked, "When?" and he replied, "At once." I said, "Tell him I'll come right away!"

I was wearing my ordinary office clothes at the time, and had no opportunity of going home and changing, for, in addition to the message that Lloyd George gave me, a communication had come from Lord Stamfordham asking me to proceed to Buckingham Palace as speedily as possible. I jumped into a taxi and directed the driver, who seemed a little amazed when I said "Buckingham Palace, quick!"

On my arrival at the Palace I told Lord Stamfordham the object of my visit. He said he knew all about it. I then told him this was my first visit to the Palace, and the first call I had made upon His Majesty.

I also told Lord Stamfordham that I had been led to understand that one had to do a lot of bowing and scraping when in the King's presence. "When you enter the room," he replied, "wait until His Majesty arrives. All you will have to do is to stand up and say, 'Good morning, Your Majesty. I am very pleased to see you.'"

I carried out these instructions when I met the King, and he said to me, "Please sit down, Mr. Thorne. I want to have a chat with you about your experiences in Russia. I expect they were very interesting." For over half an hour I sat chatting with the King, telling him of all I had seen and heard, and particularly of the way the soldiers had been starved and kept short of ammunition.

The King seemed greatly disturbed about the famous Leeds Conference.

A Homely Monarch

"Do you think any ill will come from this Conference at Leeds and the decisions that were made there?" the King asked me. "No," I said, "I've seen these things happen before many times in days gone by, and in my humble judgment there will never be a physical, violent revolution in this country. But there will have to be many political and industrial changes within the course of the next few years."

This seemed to relieve his mind, and he spoke to me in a most homely and pleasant way. I was very pleased. I had expected to meet a haughty, stand-offish man, but I found him a very different person. When the interview came to an end we wished one another "Good morning and good luck."

As soon as the war broke out I wanted to take my share in the work that had to be done. I joined the West Ham Volunteer Force, and was given the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

I shall never forget my first public appearance in this capacity. My uniform, the details of which had caused some very anxious moments at the tailor's—and incidentally on my following pay-day—was finally ready for the event. Straps were cleaned, buttons polished, and my home generally turned upside down in getting ready for parade. Even the bacon for breakfast got burned during an argument as to whether I should wear spurs or not. I had no idea that the dress regulations of the Army were so exacting; but the united efforts of relatives and friends who had some knowledge in these matters enabled

me to emerge from my home in full martial array, much to the amazement of my neighbors.

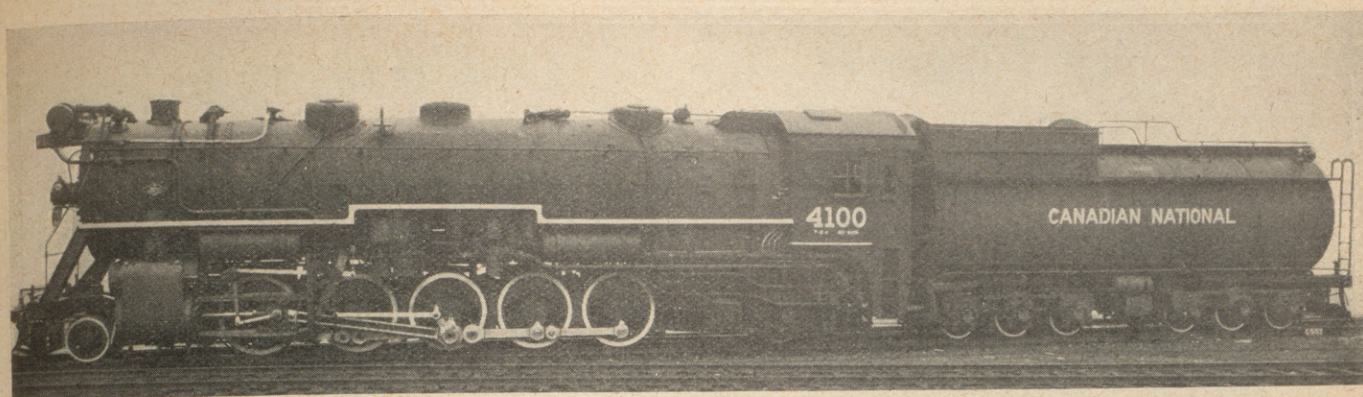
Sir Francis Lloyd, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, was to inspect my battalion, and for once I felt very sheepish. When I arrived on parade I asked the Captain what I should have to do, and he replied, "You will be on parade behind the Colonel. Whatever he does, you follow suit."

Unfortunately, I was placed in front of the Colonel, and had to take sly looks round to see what he was doing—no easy matter when standing at "attention." The climax of my discomfiture, however, came at the taking of the salute. I noticed that men near me were saluting, and inwardly feeling pleased that I had noticed their movement, I saluted also. But, remembering the Captain's advice, I still thought it advisable to watch the Colonel.

In Military Array

Turning round, I saw that he was standing fast at attention. I dropped my hand hastily, and immediately noticed the Colonel's hand go up. I became a kind of human semaphore in my efforts to do the right thing. Just as the saluting was coming to an end I realized that I had been giving the salute with the wrong hand.

I had my photograph taken in full uniform, and when it was circulated I was very pleased with it until it was pointed out to me that the buckle on my belt was on the wrong side of the leather, a breach of Army regulations. The skill of the photographer, who altered the negative before much harm was done, was a small but happy blessing. The troubles I had in such matters caused me to welcome the Armistice, when I hoped my military career would terminate; but on tendering my resigna-



NOW—Engine No. 4100, the heaviest and most powerful locomotive in the British Empire and used by the Canadian National Railways for transfer work in the Toronto Terminals. A striking example in the development of motive power.

tion I learnt that the rule was, "Once a colonel, always a colonel." I have never heard any more of my resignation.

A great advocate of peace is the Countess of Warwick, and I am thankful for my many meetings and associations with her. Often I attended meetings at a flat she had in Carlisle Mansions, where she used to gather together the advanced thinkers of the labor movement. Each year she gave me wonderful help and assistance with my "Children's Sunday" work on the Sunday prior to Trade Union Congress week. On one of these occasions, at Bath, the town's lighting failed, and the Countess and I held our meeting in a tent by candle light.

The Countess often addressed meetings for me. I remember one at the dock gates, near the Custom House, where we had to use an old wagon as a platform and ginger-beer boxes for steps.

The Countess afterwards said to me: "Mr. Thorne, these meetings have been a most interesting and extraordinary experience for me. I was a little bit nervous, especially when speaking to the dockers, and as for those poor children, it looks to me as though they could do with a jolly good feed and some clothing to put on their poor little bodies."

SAFE

Ella—"Something is preying on Dick's mind."

Jack—"Don't worry; it will die of starvation."—"London Opinion."

MYSTERY

"How do you sell this Limburger?"

"I often wonder myself, ma'am."

—"Medley."

UNRELIABLE

Boss—"But you asked for a day off a month ago because your wife was dying, and now you ask for another for the same reason."

Clerk—"Can't help it, sir; I am very sorry, but you can never depend on my wife for anything."—"Buen Humor" (Madrid).

A Gold Cure For T.B.

THE theoretical cure of germ disease is as simple as possible. To effect it, all we have to do is to find substance that will kill the germ without also killing the patient. Unfortunately, most disease germs can not be destroyed in the patient's body without endangering the life that the physician is trying to save. That is, this can not usually be done with any known substance; there is always a chance that some new discovery may be effective against a particular malady. We have already outstanding examples of such drugs, and their extension by practical research in chemistry is sought by those who devote themselves to the branch of medicine known as "chemotherapy." It appears from a notice in a Danish medical paper, "Ugeskrift for Laeger," that a substance called "sanocrysin," an organic compound of gold, has been found unexpectedly effective in cases of tuberculosis. "The British Medical Journal" (London) reports that the results were discussed at meetings of the Medical Society in Copenhagen. The experimental work of Professor Moellgaard on cattle and other animals, and the clinical tests carried out in various tuberculosis institutions with "sanocrysin" are said to have aroused great interest during the past year in Denmark. We read:

"The Danish medical profession flocked to this meeting in such numbers that the 'Domus Medica,' in which the lectures were to have been held, was found far too small. Professor Moellgaard gave an account of the special qualities of sanocrysin as a germicide in the living body. It is said to be non-toxic for the tissues, easily diffused through the body, slowly excreted from it, and very toxic to the tubercle bacillus. It is claimed that no reaction follows when it is introduced into the body by intravenous injection provided the tissues are healthy, but if they are tuberculous a violent reaction ensues, because (so it is supposed) the wholesale destruction of tubercle bacilli floods the body with their toxins. By giving a serum as an antidote to the reaction Professor Moellgaard believes he has

succeeded in greatly reducing its violence. In support of his claims he gave an account of his treatment of animals accidentally or artificially infected with tuberculosis, and he reported two cases of tuberculous monkeys, emaciated and almost moribund, in which the lungs showed signs of extensive disease. Complete clinical recovery was effected, the monkey became lively again, and their weight increased by 50 per cent. The clinicians who gave an account of their experiences with sanocrysin during the past year in hospital practise report that human beings as well as animals reacted to sanocrysin after it had effected a clinical recovery in the same manner as healthy animals which had never suffered from tuberculosis.

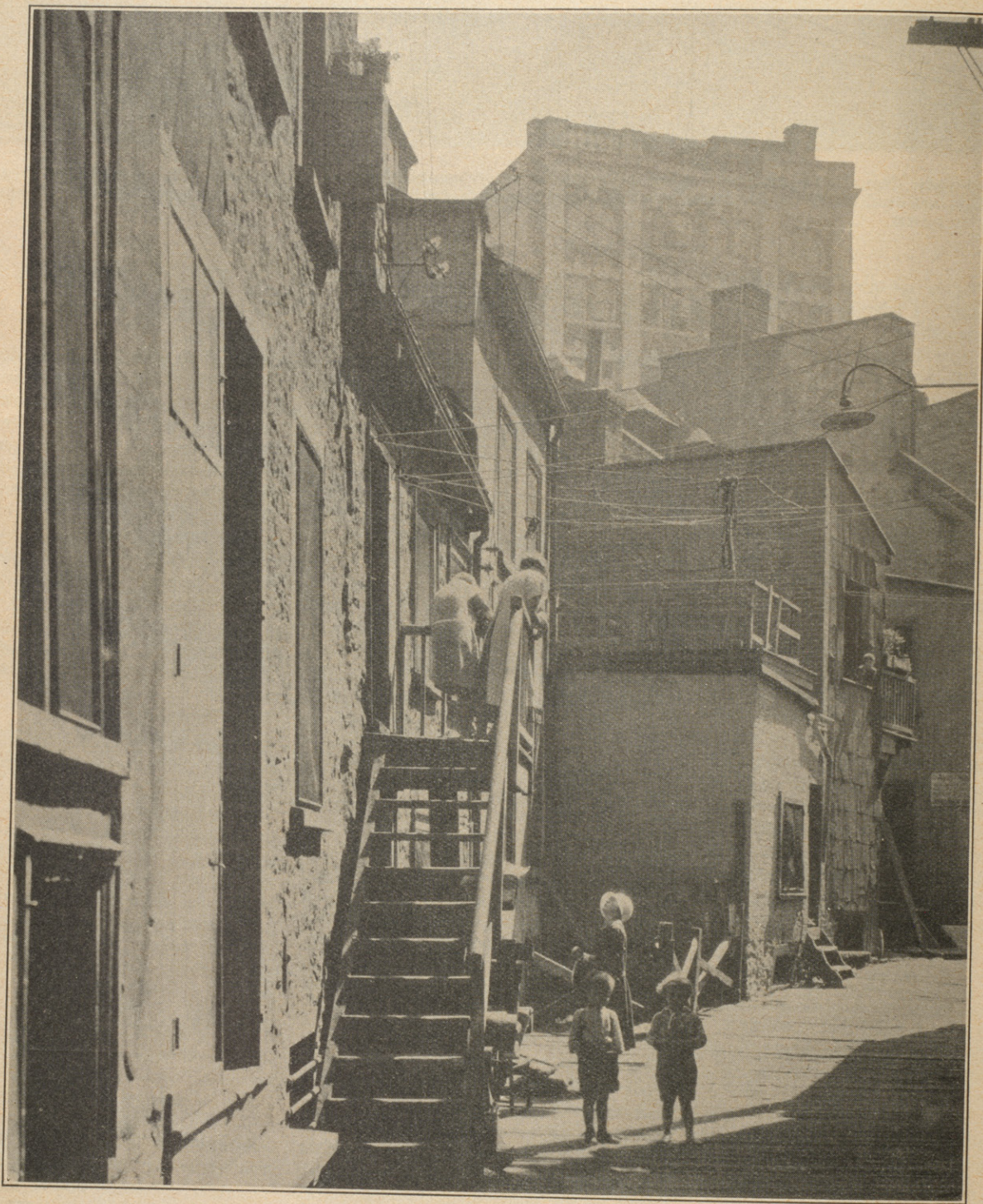
"Tragedies as well as brilliant successes were recorded, and the errors of dosage responsible for the former were discussed. The speaker who was most reserved in his claims and most cautious in his forecasts of the efficacy of sanocrysin was Professor Moellgaard himself, and his attitude in this respect was the more appreciated since the experimental evidence he adduced was such as to tempt enthusiastic research workers to believe that 'sterilisation magna' (large-scale sterilization) had become something more than a mere possibility in tuberculosis."

FOLLOW THE SIGNS

"My goodness!" remarked the old gentleman as he stopped the young lad with the fine catch of trout. "You've had a very successful day, young man. Where did you catch all these fish?"

"Just walk down that patch marked 'Private' and keep right on till you come to a notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' A few yards farther on there's a fine pool in the river marked 'No fishing allowed,' and there you are, sir!"—"The Union Pacific Magazine."

THE OLD AND THE NEW



Ancient and modern Quebec are portrayed in this photograph. In the foreground is seen the Rue Sous la Cap, the narrowest street in North America across which, in spots, one can shake hands without difficulty. Rising behind the old houses which crowd this street, is seen one of the modern office buildings of the city.

In Search of Realism

A King, Brigands, and a Self-Styled Count

By WILLIAM LEQUEUX in "T. P. S & Cassell's Weekly"

IN consequence of a determination made years ago not to describe in my book any place or phase of life which I have not personally seen, I have met with a good many queer adventures while in search of realism.

My early days as an art student in Paris gave me an insight into Bohemia as it was when the Quartier Latin really existed, and the Boul' Mich' rang nightly with our merriment. Afterwards, as a journalist in London and then as special correspondent abroad travelling to and fro to various cities, followed by a brief career as acting King's Foreign Service messenger, and later as Secret Service agent of Great Britain, all gave me a wide knowledge of the world and its ways that has enabled me to write the many novels which bear my name.

Adventures? Yes. I have had one or two queer ones and several that were more or less exciting.

One of the most interesting was my stay of a fortnight as guest of Vatt Marashi, chief of the Skreli, the brigands of the mountains of Northern Albania. How it came about was because the Foreign Office were anxious to have details of the closed country of mountain fastnesses which, before the war, existed between the Montenegrin frontier and Northern Albania. Being engaged in Secret Service work in the Near East—my district embracing the Balkan countries and Turkey—I was asked to endeavor to penetrate the secret of the home of the dreaded brigands, the Skreli.

With that object, and also in order to write a book upon a fresh subject, I went to Cetinje and had private audience with King Nicholas of Montenegro. When I told him of my projected journey, the old monarch—whom I had seen several times before on previous occasions—held up his hands.

"No!" he said decisively. "Why, you would be shot at sight if you dared to put foot across the frontier! The Skreli are terrible people! They terrorize us on the frontier, and are constantly stealing horses and sheep and holding men and women to ransom. We are continually paying big sums to them. It would be sheer madness. Tell your Foreign Office that I say so!"

I tried to argue, but his Majesty was obdurate.

"If I allowed you to go you would be held a prisoner and I would be blamed for it. Besides, they would demand a huge sum for you."

I felt the attempt hopeless, but I begged for audience again next day and spoke of other matters. Three days later I had yet another audience, when I used all my per-

suasive powers to get the ruler to give me his assistance, but it was all unavailing.

Three months later I was again in Montenegro, and again referred to my great desire, when at last he said in Italian:

"I have as a servant here a good fellow named Palok. He is a member of the Skreli. I wonder whether, if I gave him a letter to Vatt Marashi, the chief, and sent him up to the mountains, he would give you safe conduct?"

I was delighted. Palok, a short, thick set, beady-eyed little man of thirty-five, appeared before us dressed in the royal livery. His royal master questioned him. Happily he too spoke Italian. He was ready to go back to his own wild country and deliver the letter, and he would take me to the frontier, where I should await his return.

This he did. Early one morning King Nicholas rode down to the lake-side to wish me "bon voyage" through the land which for centuries had been as a closed book.

He shook my hand warmly and said:

"Signor Le Queux, if Vatt Marashi sends you safe conduct you can trust him implicitly.

Though they are a fierce, thievish tribe, their code of honor is nevertheless perfect. Perhaps he will do what I have asked him in my letter—make you his guest. Addio! I shall be thinking of you all the time. The instant you are back, come and see me. We will waive all formalities. Addio!"

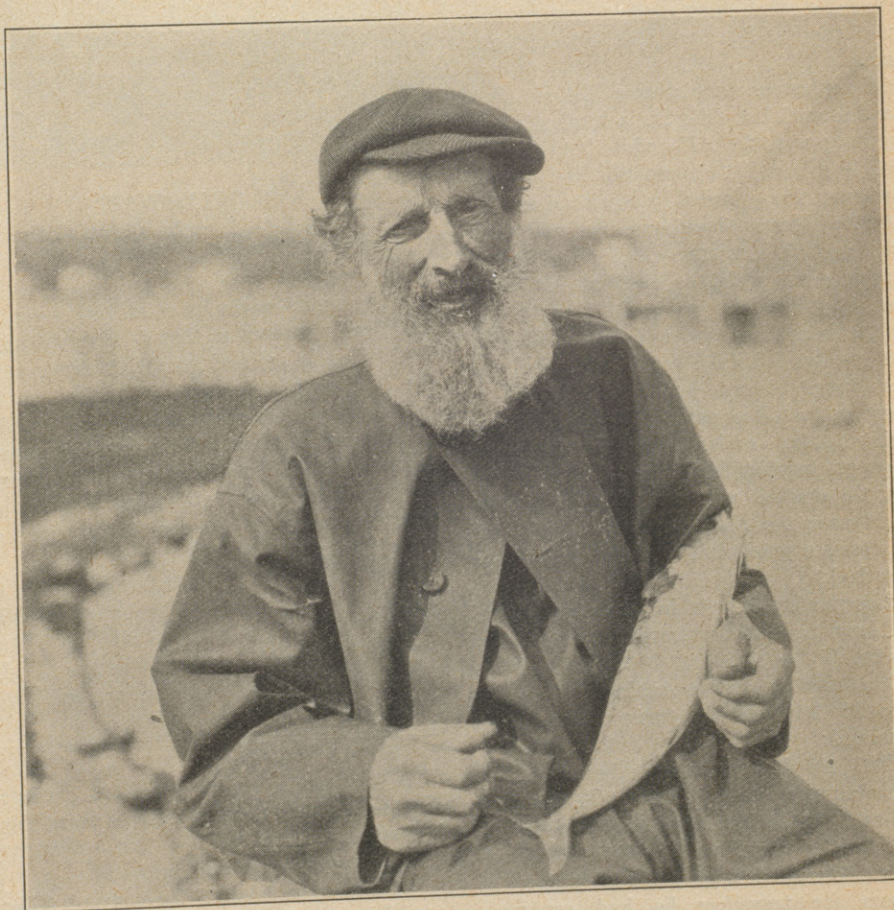
With Palok I set forth. In a dirty little Albanian village at the foot of the great mountains I waited for a week for Palok's return. I lived upon the stores I had brought, and spent the time wandering about over roads and bridges that were built by the ancient Romans.

At last he returned with good news. The chief sent me a safe conduct and invited me to be his guest!

Next day we set out, each with a pack upon a mule, ever ascending steep, tortuous paths, higher and higher into the blue Albanian mountains.

"The signore need have no fear," Palok said many times. "Vatt Marashi, our chief, has given his word."

For two nights we camped in the mountain solitudes beneath the bright Eastern moon,



Cy Dauphinee, who knows the waters off the coast of Hubbards, N.S., like a book, has the very tang of the sea about him.

and on the third evening Palok, while scanning the face of the mountain, suddenly exclaimed:

"Signore! There they are!"

An hour later I came face to face with a tall man, of magnificent physique, dressed in tight breeches of white homespun embroidered in black down the sides, a short white jacket and a white fez, while in his belt was a perfect arsenal of weapons. He was a typical brigand as one sees upon the stage. Behind him were a dozen or so ruffianly-looking fellows with rifles.

A Body of Brigands

The chief, advancing towards me, placed his forehead against mine and said some words in an unfamiliar tongue which Palok translated into Italian.

"Our chief, Vatt Marashi, says that he is honored to have the English friend of King Nicholas as his guest, and assures him that he need not fear to be detained."

Then Palok told me that the men he had brought were to be my bodyguard and that on no account was I to go out alone, for, being a stranger, I was liable to be shot at sight. The Skreli were at war with the Kastrati, a neighboring hill-tribe, and any stranger would be in peril.

I looked at the ruffianly gang and smiled within myself. How strange it all was! Only three weeks before I had smoked in the Devonshire Club and walked down Piccadilly with my old friend George R. Sims. And yet here was I, guest of a band of brigands so formidable that they had a year before routed the Turkish forces sent to exterminate them.

Of my experiences during the fortnight that followed I could write a whole volume, so strange were they. I lived in that brigand's nest, in a bare little stone-built hut high in the mountains, guarded by my band, mixing with the villagers, handsome men with their swarthy athletic women-folk, and taking an evening meal with the chief at his house close by. Then, later, we would sit and smoke on the bench outside, and he would chat with me, the faithful Palok interpreting.

A strange, never-to-be-forgotten experience it was, and a full report of it to-day lies in the archives of the Foreign Office. Now and then, as we sat together in the moonlight, I could hear the crack of a distant rifle from somewhere near the Montenegrin border. Once we heard a good deal of firing, and Palok remarked:

"See yonder! Down in the valley there! We have no doubt entrapped some of the Kastrati!"

One evening, while sitting with Vatt Marashi, he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed:

"Ah! No doubt you have heard terrible things about me—eh? They talk of me in Vienna, Constantinople and Athens, I know."

I admitted that I had heard stories of how he had obtained huge sums of money as ransom for travellers he had captured, especially the twenty thousand pounds paid

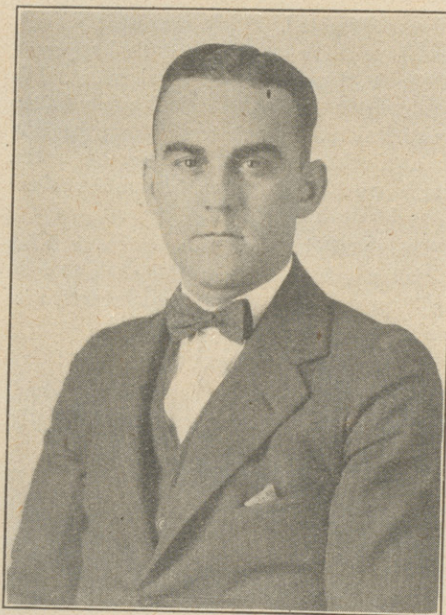
by the United States Government for the release of an intrepid American tourist and his pretty daughter.

"Well—and do you wonder?" he asked.

Youngest C.P.R. Official

LEO SOLLOWAY has recently been appointed Asiatic freight agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with office at Montreal and supervision over Oriental and Australasian traffic via Pacific ports.

Born in Vancouver in 1895, Mr. Solloway has the distinction of being the youngest official in Canadian Pacific service, a distinction which he has won through fourteen years' service in the freight department of the company. He commenced work as a stenographer in the steamship department



LEO SOLLOWAY
New Asiatic freight agent of the
Canadian Pacific Railway.

of the general freight office in Vancouver, in 1910, and remained in that department until 1915, when he enlisted for active service with the 72nd Highlanders.

Returning from overseas in the fall of 1917 he was attached to the steamship export department in Vancouver until 1918, when he was loaned to the British Ministry of Shipping, acting as assistant to the agent of the ministry at the Pacific port.

In June, 1919, Mr. Solloway came to Montreal as chief clerk to the Asiatic freight agent. Two years later he was appointed chief clerk to the general foreign freight agent, and last May was made acting Asiatic freight agent.

"Do you wonder that we raid the Turks in Albania and threaten to massacre every Turk in Scutari?"

My reply was a vague one.

"It is quite justifiable," he declared. "They are Mohammedans—but we are Christians!" and he laughed heartily.

Then I recollected how in Scutari, across the frontier, I had seen printed over the doors of some houses the sign of the cross, denoting that their occupants were Christians of the Greek Church, a sign placed there in case of the massacre which the Skreli so often threatened.

Before I left my strange but most interesting companions I took numbers of snap-shots, some of which appeared in my anonymous book, "An Observer in the Near East," and others can be found in my recent book of reminiscences.

A few of my adventures, while I was engaged in espionage on behalf of Great Britain I have already published. Others are still my own secret. Here is one.

In 1912, just about two years before the war, I happened to be staying at the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople, and came across a smart cosmopolitan adventurer whom I had previously met in various cities. He was a German, a self-styled count who knew many high officials in Turkey who were our mutual friends.

At that time the Germans were very anxious to arm Turkey in view of the coming Great War. But I was equally anxious to know what was in progress in the German arsenals. I saw in my friendship with the count an opportunity, more especially because I was on friendly terms with Tewfik Pasha, then Grand Vizier of Turkey, the official who could give a contract for arms and ammunition. I let my friend the count into the secret of my influence in high quarters, whereupon he urged me to join forces with him. He was the representative of the great Erhardt Gun Factory, in Dusseldorf; therefore, after a show of reluctance, I consented to go to Dusseldorf with him, see the directors, and make the necessary arrangements by which I was to share in the plunder to be obtained from a contract with the Turkish Government.

This I did, and not only was I shown every courtesy as a friend of the Grand Vizier, but I was conducted over the Erhardt factory and also the great Vulcan works as well! I actually saw one of the big Berthas in the making, and in consequence the British War Office were in possession of certain German secrets of which they had never hitherto dreamed.

The European Underworld

In order to write one of my novels I took a journey through Arctic Lapland and around the White Sea. For a second, "The Hand of Allah," I travelled from London to Khartoum and home by the Red Sea. For a third, I travelled from Moscow to Irkutsk by road and back, because the railway was not then built; and a fourth took me to Asia Minor, Tunis and Morocco in search of local color. I think also that I know the underworld of the European capitals as few men know it, for I have among my friends crooks of all sorts and both sexes; and at times I believe my knowledge has been of use to the French police, with whom I am constantly in touch and who very kindly allow me to

watch and assist in the inquiries regarding mysterious crimes.

Though I have been the recipient of many letters threatening my life because of my exposure of Germany's secrets—some of the missives being written in red ink—I have only twice to my knowledge been in grave personal peril.

The first was one night in Sofia when, after dinner at the French legation, I was walking home in the moonlight with M. Demetrius Petkoff, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria. At his door we halted to bid each other good night, when, in the shadow, I espied two men lurking. It did not interest me at the moment, but next morning, as M. Petkoff left his house, he was shot dead. The conspirators were arrested. There were three of them, and at their trial one of them confessed that they were waiting to assassinate him on the previous night, but, seeing that their victim was not alone, the leader hesitated to fire. I no doubt had a very narrow escape.

The other occasion when I was in peril was one night in the "wagon-lit" of the Paris-Rome express, when I had, in a belt beneath my clothes, the historic rope of pearls, worth £90,000 (\$450,000) belonging to the royal family of Saxony. I was taking them from London to Florence at the request of Princess Luisa of Saxony.

I was followed from the Westminster Bank, in the Strand, by a tall, rather handsome man, whom I first noticed on board the Calais boat, and who, to my surprise, I found was to be my fellow-traveller in the same sleeping-berth from the Gare de Lyon. I somehow had an intuition that I was in danger, therefore I went to the conductor and announced my intention of sitting up all night. Afterwards I asked the conductor to examine the suspect's ticket, which he did and found it to be a through ticket to Rome. The train roared on through the night while I sat and smoked with the conductor in the dimly-lit corridor.

At last, about five o'clock in the morning, the express halted at Aix-les-Bains, when my fellow-traveller descended with two other men. It was evident that, finding that I suspected them of evil intent, they thought it unwise to travel farther. I have no doubt that, had I not noticed the passenger on the Calais boat, I should have been drugged and robbed.

The tale is told concerning King Edward, when Prince of Wales, that he attended a bazaar at which one of the reigning beauties selling refreshments requested the Prince to purchase a cup of tea. "What is the price?" he asked. She raised the cup to her lips and took a sip. "Half a sovereign now," she said, coquettishly. "There is a sovereign," said the Prince, "and give me a clean cup."

"If you are going to borrow money, borrow from a pessimist."

"Why a pessimist?"

"He never expects to get it back."



Yukon Won Balto Trophy

Struck with the fine qualities of determination, courage and endurance displayed by the veteran Balto, who battled his way in record time at the head of twelve other dogs driven by Gunner Kesson against most adverse conditions into Nome, Alaska, with dyptheria anti-toxin, Mrs. Frank Clarke of Sheepshead Bay, N.Y., offered an antique silver plate as a trophy to be awarded to the best husky in the winning team in the Eastern International Dog Sled Derby. The trophy was awarded to Yukon, the leading dog in the Manitoba team driven to victory at Quebec by St. Goddard under the Franquelin Paper Company colors and will be held in perpetuity by its owner. Mrs. Clarke intends to offer a similar trophy each year.

Hottest Spot in The World

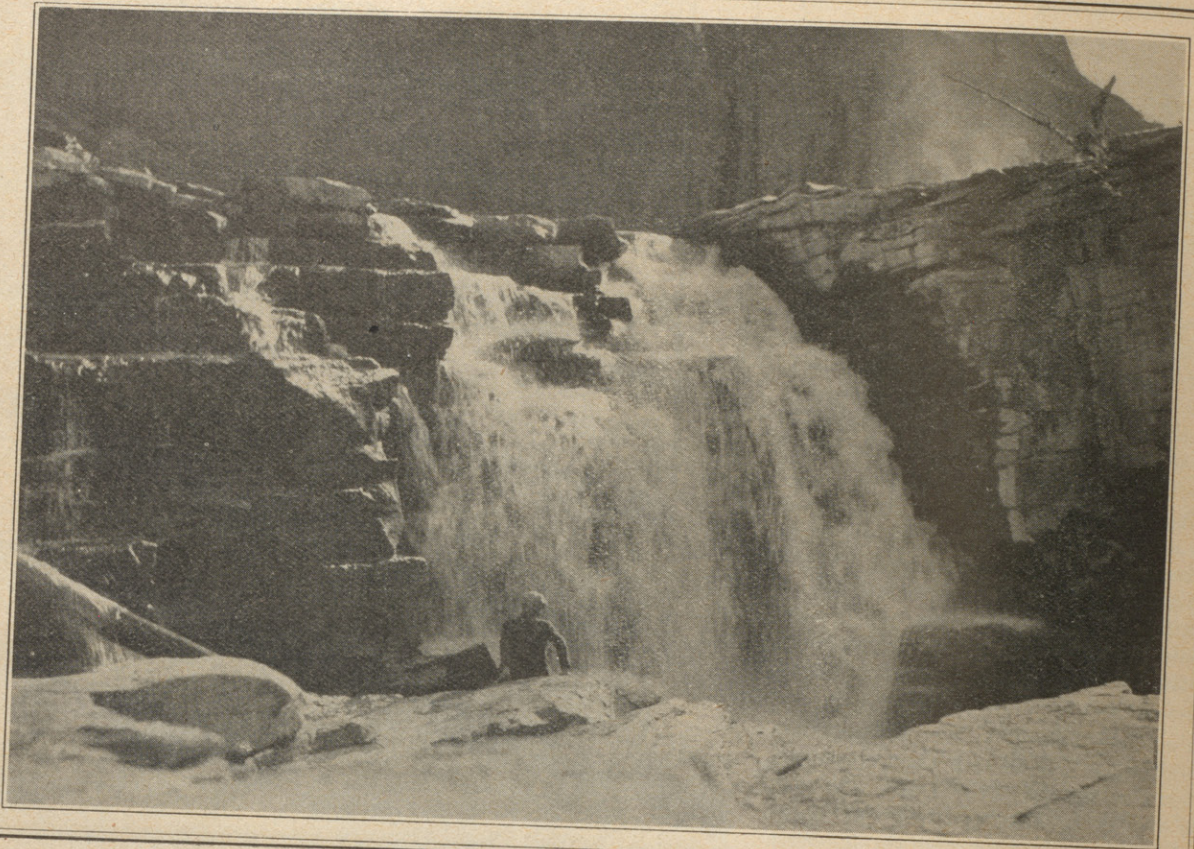
Among the statistics published in a recent issue of the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society is the highest shade temperature ever recorded in any part of the world. Until recently, it is stated, the hottest region of the earth's surface was always considered to be Death Valley, California, where a shade temperature of 134.1 deg. was registered at Greenland Ranch on July 10, 1913. It now appears, however, that even this remarkable record has been surpassed, and that the text-books will have to be

altered. On September 13, 1922, a properly sheltered thermometer rose to 136.4 deg. at the Italian settlement at Azizia, in the semi-desert region of North Africa, about 25 miles south of Tripoli. The highest shade temperature ever officially registered in the British Isles was 100 deg. at Greenwich Observatory on August 9, 1911. In Paris 104 deg. was reached in August, 1765. The world's record cold is 94 deg. below zero in Siberia, so that the difference between the two extremes is no less than 230 deg.

- - Entrancing Scenes in Jasper

ATHABASCA FALLS

At the foot of Mount Kirkeslin in Jasper National Park, Alberta, a fine playground of more than 4,000 square miles, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, the Athabasca River tumbles over the Athabasca Falls, a cascade of never-ceasing foam and noise. The photograph shows the Athabasca Falls.



On the new Jasper Park Lodge golf course, showing one of the fairways with Pyramid Mountain in the background.

National Park People's Playground - -

Photos by Canadian National Railways



On the left—
IN NATURE'S
WONDER-
LAND

Sunlight and shadow, water and sky and mountain rocks castelating into the clouds are features that help to make every corner of Jasper National Park, Alberta, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, one of nature's wonderlands.



On the right—
ATHABASCA
FALLS
CANYON

At the foot of Mount Kirkeslin in Jasper National Park, Alberta, the Athabasca River leaps to a depth of more than 100 feet over the Athabasca Falls.

MOUNT KIRKESLIN

In Jasper National Park, is a beautiful mountain that towers in such a manner as to be reminiscent of the mountains of Japan. It rises from the Athabasca Valley and can be seen for miles around. A splendid view of the mountain is to be had from the motor road which runs from Jasper Park Lodge to Mount Edith Cavell. It is possible to reach the mountain quite easily by horse back from the Lodge.





Little Miss Muffet all ready for breakfast from the Children's Menu and served by a Canadian National waiter, and her dainty frock protected by a Canadian National bib.

—From Canadian National Railways Magazine

Side-Lines

By KENNEDY CRONE

HAVING put "M.A.(Oxon)" after the name of a man whom we will call Bill Poster because he isn't, a printer asked what it meant. I said that the man was a Master of Arts of Oxford University, and that the abbreviation as given was according to Hoyle.

"Why not write 'Oxford' and be done with it?" said he. "It is only two more letters and looks more human."

"Because," I said, "it is often easier to observe small conventions (even if absurd) than to buck them, and life is full of more important things to buck."

Well, the printer departed with a two-cent look, and when the name came into print it read:

"Bill Poster, M.A.(Oxo)."

A BOOK RETURNS.

THE long arm of coincidence brings back to my desk a book that evidently left my possession about fifteen years ago and for most of the absent period lay amongst strangers. It is "The Seamless Robe," by A. Channel. On the fly-leaf is the inscription "To Kennedy Crone from G.M., April, 1909." It was given to me by the late George Murray, the Canadian poet and book reviewer. I never read it, probably because I have always had so many books around me that I have had to use a selective process.

The book has returned to me through Mr. A. Barrow, now of the Freight Traffic Manager's Office, Canadian National Railways. I did not know Mr. Barrow until about two years ago. He says that he has had the book for about ten years but that he cannot recollect where he got it.

WELL, WELL.

THERE is no water service in our village near Montreal. Each house has its own well. Sometimes the well is a hole dug in the ground by the hands of the owner of the lot. More often it is a hole drilled in the ground by pirates who want at least four dollars a foot, and seem to have the knack of drilling as much footage as the traffic will bear, so to speak. To put it another way, you seem to get measured for your well. If you look like a millionaire, you are liable to get a well a mile or so deep. If you look as if you owed the grocer and the candle-stick maker, you may get a well about twenty feet deep. It is extraordinary how water is struck in the ground at the precise depth that the financial status of the man who pays the bill seems to justify.

Bert Manson's well is drilled fifty feet. He must have had his new summer suit on when

the well digger came around. He should have stuck to his overalls and saved a lot of money. However, fifty feet it is. When analyzed it was found to contain some mineralization. Bill sometimes talks of building a sanitarium over his well, and selling the water to rheumatics and other afflicted persons at a dollar a glass, but he has been too busy with his new hen-coops to get any further than talk.

Old Man Snuffles said that if Bert's well was mineralized, so was his. The water from his well had the sort of rotten-egg odor that came from the water in Bert's well, and more odors than that. So Old Man Snuffles had the water analyzed, and it was found to contain lots of unusual things, so unusual that Old Man Snuffles was advised to examine his well very carefully. He did so, and found there was an open space between the main well-pipe and the thinner feed-pipe that goes down inside, so open that reckless frogs had jumped into the main pipe and died there, providing the odors aforesaid.

Just before the examination some daring person had suggested to Old Man Snuffles that there might be frogs or field mice in the well, but he repelled the idea with scorn. He had even declared that if frogs or mice were found in the well, they must have come up from Australia.

A SLICE OF LIFE.

JOB McLENNAN came by his Christian name when the almost-national custom in Scotland was to take the baby's name from the Bible, a custom which changed later and caused some of the names to be the object of jokes. When Job was 11 he had gone to work in the coal pits in one of the small Lanarkshire towns where the male population was largely composed of miners, steel workers and railwaymen; miserable, frowsy, brawling places set like cancers in the fair breast of the Vale of Clyde.

Before that he had gone to school where the fees were twopence a week, a large sum which sometimes could not be paid for such a luxury as learning to read and write.

"I want ye to be lerned," his father had said, "because I see that lerned folk dinna ha'e to get kilt unner the coal, or get brunkittis an' go into decline, or shiver an' sterve in a hoose that's no fit fur pigs. I dinna unnerston' why it should be, but there it is. God's weys are queer. I sometimes wunner if He means us miners to be the puir animals we are, or if it is the faut o' the miners theirsels that they are whit they are. Still, He canna blame us fur whit we dinna ken, can He, eh? Folks say 'God's wull, God's wull.' I'm no so shair. An' I mean nae disrespec' tae God; God forgi'e me if it seems like that."

"But I do see whit the lernin' does. I'm an ignorant man, Job, but I ha'e eyes an' ears an' feelin's."

Job wondered that his father should confess himself an ignorant man; Job felt sure that he should have been a great man, he was to him so strong, so good, so clever.

One day, when Job was almost 14, and was working in the seams with his father, "twa hunner furlongs nearer Hell," as he once heard a miner say, helping to move the broken coal away from the "working face", on "bogies", or trucks, set on tiny rails, his father reported to an overseer that he wanted more timber props. He remarked to Job that props were often slow of coming, though the miners did not worry much about that, despite the dangers of unprotected roofs and sides. Why, he had seen miners working in the gassy pockets with naked lights; yet safety lamps were provided and it was against the rules to use the others. Only, safety lamps could not be fastened to the cap the miner wore and needed more attention in the trimming. A man who was being paid by the ton wanted his light shining straight on his pick point, making for speed, and reckoned time spent on fixing a lamp as waste time.

"There are three hunner an' seeventeen lads in this pit an' yin manager in the offis at the tap. If yin man gangs tae the manager an' says he insists on gettin' props when he asks fur them, the manager micht glower at him an' mark him oot fur a sairheid an' an agitator. If twa hunner o' the men wad go tae the manager, mebbe he'd listen politely an' mebbe he'd find some props that hae been accidentally forgotten somewheres. But miners are short o' thinkin' an' sometimes I'm feared their spine is only guid fur howkin' coal."

Next morning he left the boy in bed instead of hustling him into his clothes. Job, drowsing, heard him say to his mother: "He's fagged oot. He'll lose a day's pay, but mak' up fur it again."

The miner's back was crushed under the unpropped coal that day. It was an awful job fitting out the family in black. Job had to do most of the running for numerous borrowed things for his mother, his three younger sisters and himself. His mother's black shawl was enough for the baby boy. Then Job pawned the big clock and his mother's earrings, Sunday brooch and her wedding ring. With the money, added to security taken on pieces of furniture, the funeral was arranged.

Such a fine turn-out of hearse and one carriage, with prancing black horses, and drivers in big coats and high hats, had never stopped at the McLennan door before. The whole family rode in the carriage, the younger children rather interested in the novelty of the journey. About a dozen miners, in their Sunday best and with hired or borrowed "blacks", mostly out of fashion and too tight or too loose, walked behind the carriage.

The cemetery was a desolate mound of clay on the edge of the town, within sound

of the creaking and rattling of pithead gear, the drumming of the steel foundries, and the clackle and bang of railway engines and trucks. Black smoke trailed across it frequently, and fine coal dust moved in every wisp of wind. The few trees were impoverished, blackened things, and one of the few flowers that seemed to grow with any success was the humble daisy. The grass was thin and sickly. There were only a few tombstones amongst the many graves and these were darkened with the deposits from smoke and dust.

And yet, in the cemetery, if one turned one's back on the grimy and unsightly town, and closed one's ears to the sounds of industry, and tried to forget the odors in the atmosphere, one might see, and be inspired by, a charming pastoral sweep of the valley of the Clyde, with the silver river winding through the bluffs and braes, and every foot of the scene a witness to the rugged history of a nation.

Small wonder that amongst the miners who roamed afield on Sundays were those with odd sides which might, at first thought, not have been expected from men of their type and workaday environment—sides which showed the poet, the orator, the historian, the naturalist, the knight, the theologian.

A minister, who joined the mourners at the graveside and left them there when his duty was over, was evidently anxious to be home again out of a fine drizzle that fell amongst the graves. He recited the burial service with a detached, professional air. Job thought him rather an inadequate representative of God, but, of course, he had not known his father except as a passing acquaintance. God would know all about his father when He met him. Meanwhile, it was a cold, damp, lonely hole to put his father's warm heart in, and he hoped that there had been no delay or miscarriage of the messages to Heaven.

Job had a task comforting his mother. He tried to convince her that God knew what was best and that sometimes he had to seem to be harsh in order to be kind. His mother could not see it that way.

"Tell me," she cried. "will God bring hame the pey on Friday nicht?"

Then, half ashamed of her own thoughts, contrary to those with which she herself had inspired the boy, the very thought that he was now confidently applying to her own case: "Mebbe you're richt, Job. I'm awfu' upset. God will shairely no' desert us." Sometimes she cried about "Jim, Jim, my ain dear Jim!" At others it was: "The breidwinner; the breidwinner awa'!"

New York streets are dangerous to animals as well as human beings; 254,803 cats were found dead in various parts of the city in 1923.



LAC BEAUVERT

In the heart of Jasper National Park, Alberta, is one of the most beautiful mountain lakes on the continent. Its waters are very clear and still and mirror the ranges of mountains which rise on every side and its surface is an ever changing kaleidoscope of color. Jasper Park Lodge, the summer log cabin hostel of the Canadian National Railways, is located on the shore of Lac Beauvert. This photograph is taken from the verandah of the main lodge.

Canadian Power Defends Chinese Villagers



Above is a view of the power development plant at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. The power generated here is used, indirectly, in the defence of the Chinese villages, typical scenes of which are shown below. On the left, off to the market town. Inset, a partial explanation of the enormous rice consumption of this country.

Now what on earth has power development at Shawinigan Falls got to do with Chinese village life? you ask. The answer is that it helps to protect Mr. Chinaman, Mrs. Chinaman and all the little Chinamen from bandits. Yes! it's a long cry from the waters of the St. Maurice Valley to the interior Chinese village, but there you are. And it came about thus. A harassed Chinese head-man driven to desperation and from his native village by badmen from the hills, came down to Hong Kong, or perhaps it was Shanghai, and down by the dock-

side saw men of his race working by night as if by day on the unloading of one of the giant Canadian Pacific Empress steamships.

What wonderful things were these that could so defy the darkness? Chung Li drew closer, and saw that at intervals along the shed in which the stevedores were working much light came from little cans that growled softly in the breeze.

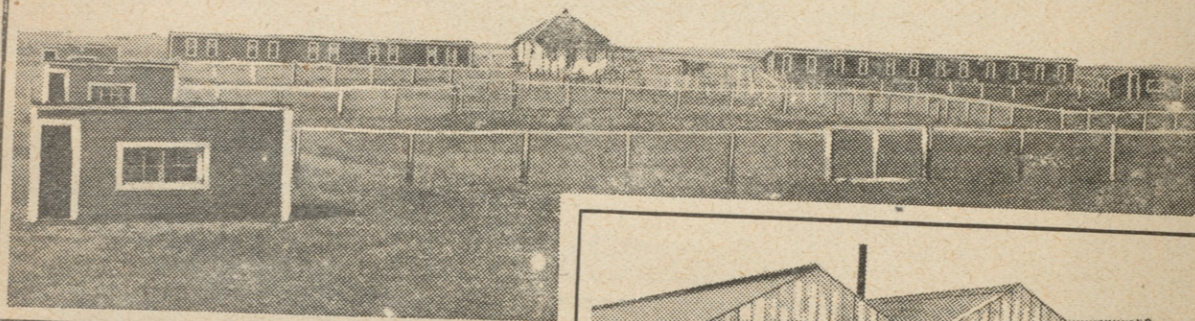
Now everyone knows that electric lights are the invention of the devil and were introduced by the white races to burn the eyes of Chinese babies and shorten the life of Chinese men. Therefore, as

Chinese men were working in the light, it could not be electric. Chung Li drew closer. If he could learn the secret of these bright, white lights what an honor would be his. He would place them round his village at night and no one could draw near without the knowledge of his men. He would confer with the other headmen of the district.

And so it came about that the Canada Carbide Company, which uses the power developed at Shawinigan Falls to fuse coke and lime into carbide, received an order for many flare lights. A deputation of the villagers made a long journey to Hong Kong to receive the shipment as it was discharged from the Empress of Russia, and returned, knowing that as long as the carbide hung out they were comparatively safe from the marauding bandits.

There you have the connection. Shawinigan Falls lighting a Chinese village and protecting it from bandits.

Steak is Knighted---Historians Disagree



Above is a general view of the Supply Farm buildings at Strathmore, Alta. Underneath, a view of the poultry section, and to the right, three of the greenhouses from which come the tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., out of season.

Returning hungry from the chase, one of the Tudor or Stuart kings of England was so pleased with what his chef had provided that without more ado he drew his sword and raised the status of his favorite cut of beef with the words "I knight thee Sir Loin." That the knighthood was conferred there is no doubt, for "sirloin" the particular cut is called to this day, but historians differ as to who conferred the honor. Some have it that Henry VIII did so while in a jovial mood. James I and Charles II are also credited with the act; but whoever was responsible, that one but honored a universal favorite as is evidenced by the fact that sirloin forms a very considerable percentage of the 4,000,000 pounds of beef served annually to patrons of the various services of the Canadian Pacific.

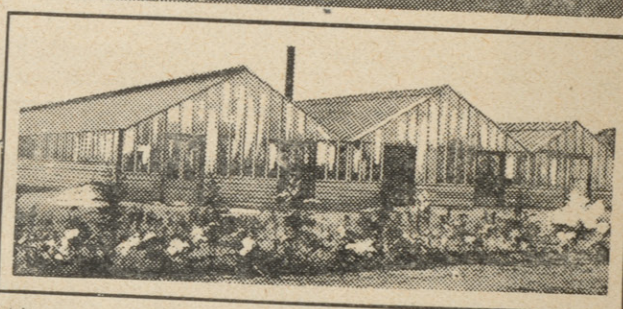
Four million pounds of beef. That sounds like a very great deal, but then it must be remembered that taking its dining car, hotel, Atlantic, Great Lakes, British Columbia Coastal and trans-Pacific steamships all into consideration, the company served well over sixteen million meals last year and that a broiled sirloin steak is not exactly a small portion of meat. At the same time, it takes quite a number of head of cattle to supply 4,000,000 pounds of choice beef, and this same commodity must need quite a little in the way of organized distribution which brings us back once more to the thought of what a gigantic organization the Canadian Pacific really is, even in the light of a food distributor or purveyor.

Last year for instance its requirements of flour for use other than in the making of bread were 5,500,000 pounds. Eleven million eggs were used in

its many kitchens on the land and sea; six million pounds of potatoes were used, 1,722,000 pounds of poultry, 1,842,128 oranges and 378,332 pounds of coffee to mention but a few items which figure on the bills of the commissariat department. Fresh milk to the extent of one and a half million quarts and cream to the extent of half a million quarts were used.

Those who have ever plucked a chicken know how tiresome a job that is. But imagine having to pluck over seven hundred thousand annually. This is a job that has to be done however, because the fame of the chicken dishes served by the Canadian Pacific has created a demand to that extent.

As may be supposed, this company produces as much of its own edible supplies as is economically possible, and much of the dairy products used on the company's dining cars are supplied by the demonstration and supply farms operated by the Canadian Pacific. Thus the absolute freshness and purity of the foodstuffs is assured. Last year this department used three and a half million eggs, 790,000 quarts of milk and 407,000 quarts of cream, much of which came from the farm at Strathmore, Alberta. An enormous herd of cattle is maintained there, thousands of chicken and other poultry and hundreds of hogs which in due time are transformed into fresh pork, bacon and hams. The vast quantity of wheat and other grain grown there, is used largely as feed for the stock.



Uncatching a Cold

HAVE you ever noticed that, as soon as you catch a cold, every other person you meet knows what to do with it? However, if you should catch a cold, never let my friend Ambrose Smithwhistle go near it. Where colds are concerned, he is a regular glutton.

I sometimes think that Smithwhistle collects them, for he certainly makes a great study of them. At the same time, it is a pity a man cannot have a cold to call his own without men like Smithwhistle coming along to entice it away. He talks about colds as if he knew them to speak to.

Now, I don't want to boast about it, but I caught a cold the other day. I must have gone out without my heavy winter pipe and met one of the four winds that happened to be on duty at the time.

Then I met Smithwhistle.

"Hallo!" he shouted, punching me on the back, until I thought my spine would unravel at the end. "You've caught a new cold."

I told him I didn't think it was a new one, and explained that I picked it up cheap, secondhand, in West Kensington.

But that's the sort of man Smithwhistle is. Let him see a man so pale that he could get a job as a corpse, his eyes running, his body trembling like a leaf, and a high temperature, and Smithwhistle knows that it is a cold.

The man is a marvel!

"Well, I'll tell you a good thing for it," he started; "you go to the nearest——"

"Don't!" I snapped. "Quite frankly, I don't want anything that is good for a cold. I want something which is bad for a cold, and very bad for it!"

Just then an omnibus passed very close to Smithwhistle, but, unfortunately, it missed him.

At length, I escaped from the fiend. As soon as I arrived home Miranda decided to send for Dr. Blank. Whenever I have a cold Miranda is always anxious to show it to Dr. Blank. I never knew such a proud soul.

The doctor arrived and said it was a nice day, but he omitted to say what it was a nice day for. He took my temperature.

"Ha!" he muttered. "One hundred point four."

But, though I asked him to tell me what was bogey, he didn't seem to hear. He also declined to tell me how many I wanted for game.

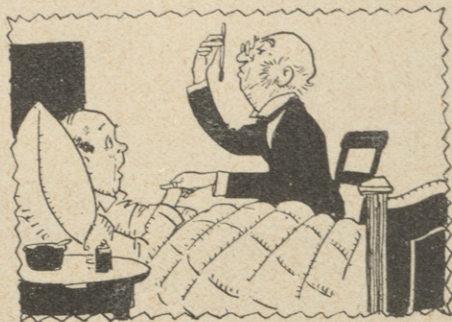
I was advised to take quinine. I drenched the cold in quinine, but every time it dodged and shook itself dry again. Later the doctor squirted some vaccine stuff at it with the pointed end of a syringe, but that only made it madder.

Then, friends started to call in order to tell me how to cure a cold. They were cheery souls who were anxious about my insurance premiums, and reminded me of several

friends whose colds had not been so bad as mine, and who passed away in about three days.

Joyous friends like these are always a blessing to a man—if they will only keep away. After all, it's a pity a man cannot slip peacefully away without being interrupted by high-spirited people like these. They seem to forget that there is no real cure for a cold unless it is total amputation of the lungs!

However, just when I was wondering as to the advisability of living any longer, Ambrose



When I have a cold Miranda is always anxious to show it to Dr. Blank.

Smithwhistle called. Upon seeing me nursing my cold, he laughed. His is one of those high-voltage laughs that would make a Henry Ford car shake to death in seven minutes. It is a laugh that will one day result in his mother learning some sad news about her blue-eyed boy, and I shall attend the festivities if there are no other amusements to be had.

"Talking about cures," he said, his hand wandering dangerously near the whisky bottle.

"Stop!" I shouted, in a voice hoarse with quinine; "I don't believe there is a cure for colds. You can cure bigamy, corns, ingrowing chins, haggis and golf, but not colds."

"Have you tried hot milk?" he asked.

I intimated pretty plainly that I had given my cold hot milk, and that it enjoyed it.

"Have you tried onions?" he went on.

This was getting too much for me, so I reached out for a heavy stick.

"Onions," I replied, "may be the secret of health but the question is how to keep secret the fact that you've been eating them. My cold thrives on onions. Throw it one to play with and it will romp about for hours."

Then he said something about quinine. I had taken so much quinine that, if there is some poor sufferer who has had to go short, I apologise. I have cornered the quinine market. Mr. Rockefeller can corner the oil fields, he can be monarch of oil he surveys, but I have him beaten in cornering the quinine supplies. I have swallowed them all.

Next the unnaturally healthy Smithwhistle thought of one of those brainy ideas that only

come to the ordinary man once in a lifetime. He surveyed me, the sufferer. Then he spoke up.

"You know," he said, "the trouble with you is that you have caught a bad cold. You ought to take something for it."

That was enough for me. I took a heavy golf club, raised it high in the air... but Smithwhistle had passed by. He had flitted. In other words, he had departed—and hurriedly. He seems to have some sort of objection to golf clubs.

Some day there will be an Act of Parliament against such men. They ought not to be allowed.

* * * * *

Some weeks later I met him again. I knew there was something wrong with him as soon as I saw him give the taxi-driver a threepenny tip. I felt that something had snapped in his brain. His eyes had that far-away look in them, his ears stood out at right angles to everything, and his hair bristled up on the slightest provocation.

Then he made a confession. He had caught a cold. Smithwhistle had met his Waterloo, and his cup of bitterness was full. His cup of quinine would be full, too, if I had my chance, for this was the very opportunity I had been waiting for. I would teach him a few cures.

"What you want," I said, "is to go to the nearest chemist; but, no, I'll take you myself."

He was too weak to resist.

We entered a chemist's shop. It was a cheery little place with nice green bottles that just matched Smithwhistle's complexion.

"And what's for you?" asked the chemist's pretty daughter, who was minding her father's stocks and the Grampian Pills.

"My friend has a cold," I explained, "and he wants you to strangle it. You might put him in the lethal chamber and I'll pay willingly."

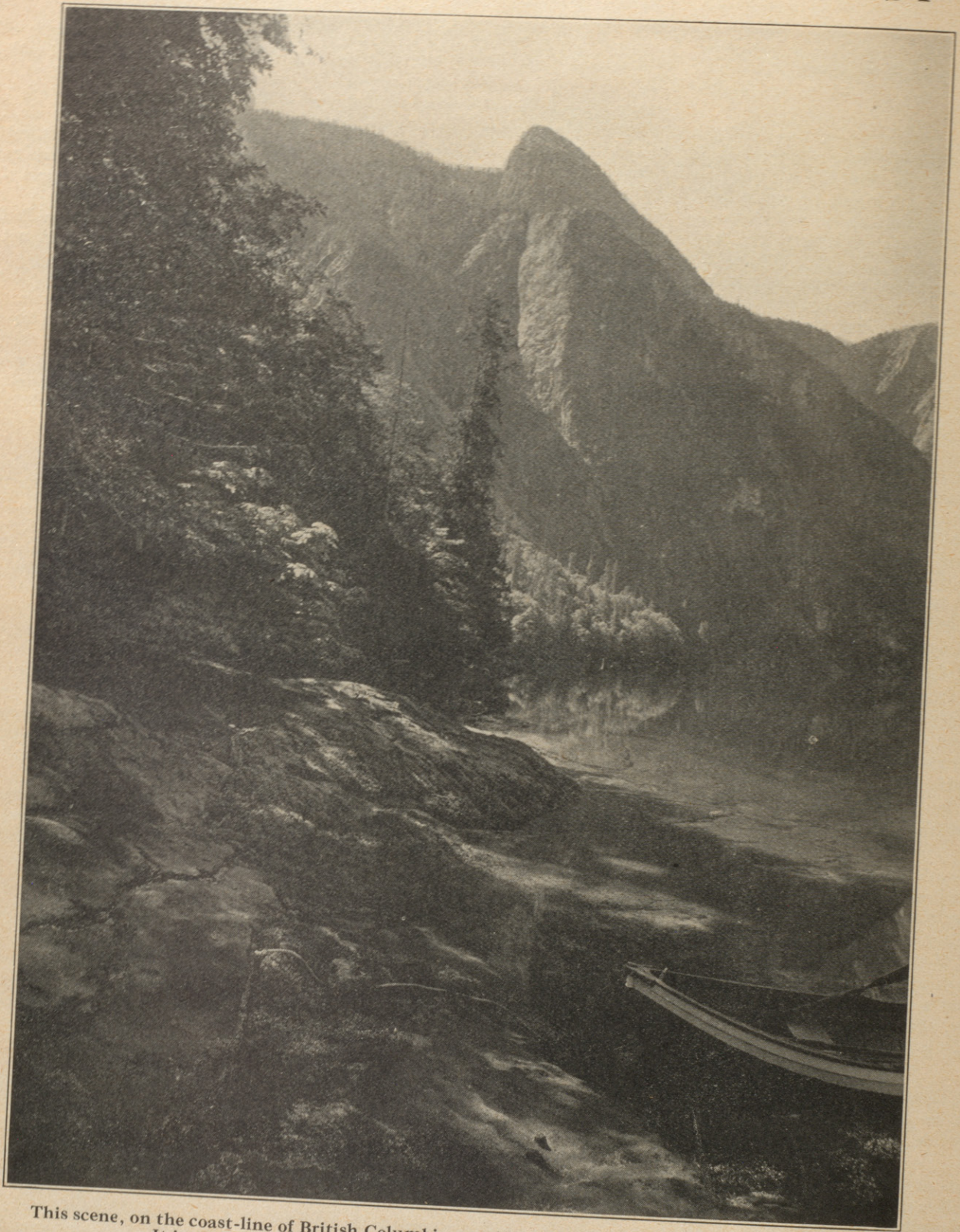
Smithwhistle didn't like the way I said that. Then the chemist came in.

"My friend has a cold," I told him, "and I want to give him a proper cure. I want him to take two ounces of that stuff to-night, make a bath as hot as possible, pour six ounces of mustard into the bath, swallow two ounces of quinine, take two drops of tincture on sugar, swallow an onion, three pills, gargle the throat with Friars' Balsam, drink two ounces of ammonia, paint the throat with it, place some disinfectant on a shovel in the room, boil water in the bronchitis kettle, take two cubic feet of the steam for supper, jump into another hot bath, go to bed, take one onion and follow that up with——"

But just then something whizzed past me. It was the green bottle with which Smithwhistle had tried to brain me!

That's his gratitude! I left him there to cure his own cold, realising that the one thing he didn't seem to like was a dose of his own medicine.

A BEAUTY SPOT OF THE B.C. COAST



This scene, on the coast-line of British Columbia, would be hard to excel in beauty and grandeur.
It is on one of the "Scenic Seas" route tours organized by the C.N.R.

"If They Don't Think, They Lose"

"DID you ever watch the expressions," asks Grantland Rice, "on the faces, of such competitors as Jack Dempsey, Walter Hagen, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth or Bill Tilden in action?" If you have, announces Mr. Rice, you will have noticed about each an atmosphere of "detached concentration." This concentration, according to the veteran sports writer, who is publishing a series of short articles in "Collier's", is fixed upon "a certain programme which they have mapped out," and they do not waste any thought upon outside factors. Briefly, says Mr. Rice:

"They are merely thinking through the job at hand—all the way through to the finish of the act.

"Form, speed, power, skill and strength are, of course, highly important ingredients in building competitive success. But they are not the entire story. There must be a mental force back of these qualities which in the main consists of determination and concentration, two elements which can crash through a concrete wall.

"Here is a sample:—More than twenty years ago Jim Corbett met Jim Jeffries at Coney Island in an attempt to regain the heavyweight title. Corbett had planned a perfect training campaign, and he was at his best when he entered the ring. He had mapped out a certain campaign, which he carried through in flawless style. For over twenty rounds he had outpointed Jeffries by a wide margin. He had the championship in his hands.

"And then," as he says, 'I almost forgot I was fighting Jeffries. I began mentally to lay my plans for a big theatrical tour with flashy posters scattered everywhere. I could see my name and my picture on these posters with big, black type announcing the recovery of the title I had lost to Fitzsimmons. I had won almost every round. There were only two or three rounds to go and there could only be one decision. And then suddenly I came to, and they told me I had been knocked out.'

"Corbett thought through twenty-two rounds and had his hand again upon the crown. But he made the mistake of not thinking through twenty-five rounds, since this happened to be a twenty-five-round fight.

"Why is Jack Dempsey such an annihilating offensive machine? Partly because he is fast and because he can hit with either hand. But also because he has gone into action with a decisive line of thought, with his complete concentration upon a killing punch that may bring his opponent to the floor.

"Dempsey isn't thinking in two or three directions. His entire mental attitude is focused on attack. They have all hit him because he never thinks along defensive lines. He is willing to trade punches with any one he meets, to take in order that he may give.

"When Dempsey went after Willard, he started with the idea of bringing the big champion down at the first chance. Dempsey was looking for the first opening. Willard was uncertain whether to take the offensive or remain on the defensive. He had no definite campaign worked out twenty seconds after the fight had started. On Dempsey's face there was a look of savage concentration. He was thinking through along one set line. There was on Willard's face a puzzled look of doubt and uncertainty. He was either thinking in two or three bewildered directions or he wasn't thinking at all.

"Yet when Dempsey met Tom Gibbons at Shelby conditions were reversed. In that fight Gibbons was thinking along purely defensive lines. His main idea was to protect himself and to keep the fight going as long as he could.

"Dempsey was thinking in several directions. He was badly worried over the money squabble. He was worried over hints and threats of trouble at the ring. He had an armed guard around the ring, not knowing what might happen. He lacked the old concentration which had featured his other fights. He was an entirely different man two months later against Firpo when he came tearing across the ring with the idea of ending the battle in a punch. That wasn't the result of thinking through, but rather of recklessness, of over-eager impetuosity. It was not until the second round that he came to work with his mind focused in the right way on the job at hand.

"It is the same, says the writer, with other sports. He quotes:

"The trouble with most golfers,' says Jim Barnes, 'is that they rarely think of the right thing at the right time, and they rarely think on through the stroke. Even at the top of the swing they are still wondering whether they picked the right club and whether or not they are hitting with just the right force.'

"When Cyril Walker came to the ninth hole at Oakland Hills in his final round of the open championship he walked upon the tee and looked ahead through the valley to plan his next shot. The hole is around 210 yards in length and a heavy cross wind was blowing at the time. Walker was trying to decide whether to use a driver or a spoon. At this moment some friend stepped from the big crowd and spoke to him. Walker, two feet away, never heard him. He had brought his entire concentration to bear upon the selection of the right club.

"Two other friends from a few feet distant called out, but again he heard nothing. He finally selected a driver and once the decision was made he hit the ball with full force in a most decisive fashion. It stopped just two feet from the cup for a 2, and this 2, which sent him out in 34, gave him the needed impetus for a winning march on the way home.

"Walter Hagen is a marvel in this respect. He can be laughing and talking through an open championship one second, and a few seconds later switch his concentration immediately upon his work, eliminating all outside thought. When he addresses the ball he is thinking of nothing else but hitting it in a certain way.

"A few years ago Charley Buell, the slender Harvard quarterback, ran a punt thirty-five yards to Yale's seventeen-yard line. As Buell was tackled he fell and then lay still. In a few seconds the club physician came running out to discover the extent of Buell's injury.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked.

"I'm not hurt," Buell said, 'I'm trying to figure out the next play and to be sure I'm right.' (He was.)

"Ty Cobb is one of the game's greatest examples of thinking through a job. When Cobb starts for second, it isn't merely a wild, blind dash. Even at full speed he is watching the position of the second baseman, which may show where the ball is coming, and he throws his body in or out to carry the play through. He never lets his mind take a nap during a game.

"The same is true of Walter Johnson. 'I have never seen Johnson kick on a ball-and-strike decision,' says Billy Evans, one of the best of the umpires. 'Johnson refuses to let himself get upset over an argument that might easily take his mind away from the main business of the afternoon, which is slipping a fast one over the outside or inside corner of the plate.'

"This is always true. No man can think in two directions at the same moment. The habit of definite decision, and then thinking along the lines mapped out is one of the great aids to accomplishment.

"The entry who can develop the habit of thinking through each attempt and then thinking through the entire contest has a winning jump on any field. Sooner or later he is going to arrive. For concentration and determination combined can break their way through almost any barrier."

Miriam: "What! Working eight hours a day! Darling! Why, I wouldn't think of it."

Mirabelle: "Neither would I. It was the boss's idea."





From the Painting by Millet

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

*Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?*

*Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.*

*What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave to the wheel of labor; what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,*

*The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,—
A protest that is also prophecy.*

*O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies;
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?*

*O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?*

PROF. EDWIN MARKHAM.

The World's Timekeeper

The Story of the Royal Observatory

AT the top of the little hill in Greenwich Park, England, where the Royal Observatory stands, there is always on fine days a small crowd of loiterers and sightseers adjusting their watches to the great clock which makes the time for nearly the whole civilized world.

Thus also you may observe men on the tops of buses passing Big Ben do the same, for there is in all of us an occasional if vain desire to be in possession of the exact time (writes J. B. Sterndale Bennett in "John o' London's Weekly"). At one o'clock each afternoon the ball of the clock at Greenwich drops, a famous time signal which quite untrustworthy historians say was once proved ten minutes out by an ordinary watch. Never believe them, for here is the time-machine recognized as infallible in every quarter of the globe, a machine of intricate organization, built up by centuries of observation, of astronomical study, of the perfection of mechanical instruments.

One must not forget, however, that the Royal Observatory at Greenwich was not altogether founded to provide an accurate time-piece for punctual people. It was founded mainly "to find out the so much desired longitude of places for the perfecting of navigation." Thus runs a sentence in a Warrant of Charles II. for the payment of one hundred pounds a year to John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal.

As late as the middle of the eighteenth century the chief difficulty of the mariner was to discover the longitude of his position. His latitude he could discover with some accuracy from his observation of the pole star at night, or the height of the sun at noonday, but his longitude could only be determined if he could compare the time at the port from which he had started with the time as he could read it at sea from the position of the sun—and there was no reliable chronometer nor any certain method by which he could do this.

Numerous disasters thus resulted to explorers and merchant adventurers, and great prizes were offered to the inventor who could solve the difficulty.

A King's Creation

By a series of circumstances the matter was brought before Charles II., always interested in scientific matters, and with his encouragement the Observatory was founded in 1675. Flamsteed, then only twenty-nine, was appointed Astronomer Royal; and a small building was provided for him to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, a dwellinghouse with an octagon room above it, from which Flamsteed made his observations of the stars.

Here, with his entirely inadequate income of one hundred pounds a year, the added

remuneration of a small living, and the fees of some private pupils, he carried out his great astronomical researches until his death in 1719. The lofty octagon room may still be seen at Greenwich; it is used now as a kind of Board Room, and is hung with many handsome prints.

By 1735 John Harrison, the son of a Yorkshire carpenter, had tested successful chronometers of his own invention by voyages to and from Jamaica, the Barbados, and Lisbon, and later received the large prize of twenty thousand pounds offered by the Government.

There is at Greenwich to-day what is known as the Chronometer Room, where chronometers owned by the Admiralty are subjected to the most rigid tests (including that of their behaviour in hot climates, for they are placed for a time in heated ovens), and in a glass case, reverently preserved, are the beautiful silver-cased chronometers of John Harrison and his pupil, Kendall. It is difficult to realize that these two finely-chased watches made a revolution in navigation and removed a thousand perils from the deep.

Through centuries of research, some of which have naturally been of purely scientific interest, the Royal Observatory has never lost its essential connection with navigation. The results of discoveries of interest to navigators are to this day published in the Nautical Almanac, making them available to all who sail the seas.

By the kindness of the Astronomer Royal, I was able recently to stand by Longitude 0 in what is known in the Observatory as the Transit Room. This is a dark and small chamber containing the large telescope, "the fundamental instrument of the Observatory, the transit circle." Through this instrument, with its accompanying chronograph, the time may be ascertained from the movement of the stars at various times during the night. It is from this little darkened room that the time standard of the world is fixed.

Fixing Standard Time

How came it to be that Greenwich is generally recognized as the meridian and Greenwich time as standard time? Undoubtedly it was very largely due to the supremacy of our countrymen on the high seas, and the superiority and number of their maps. Thus Mr. E. W. Maunder, the historian of the Royal Observatory, whose valuable book, now, I believe, out of print, should undoubtedly be republished:



The hydrographic and geographic surveys carried on, either officially by this country or by Englishmen in their private capacity, have been so numerous, complete, and far reaching as not only to outweigh those of all other countries put together, but to induce the surveyors and explorers of not a few other countries to adopt in their work the same prime meridian as that which they found in British charts.

The meridian having been established on the published maps, when the question arose of fixing a standard time in countries such as the United States and Canada, they decided to keep the Greenwich meridian line, and from that fix their various hour standards. This decision was followed by the principal States of Europe.

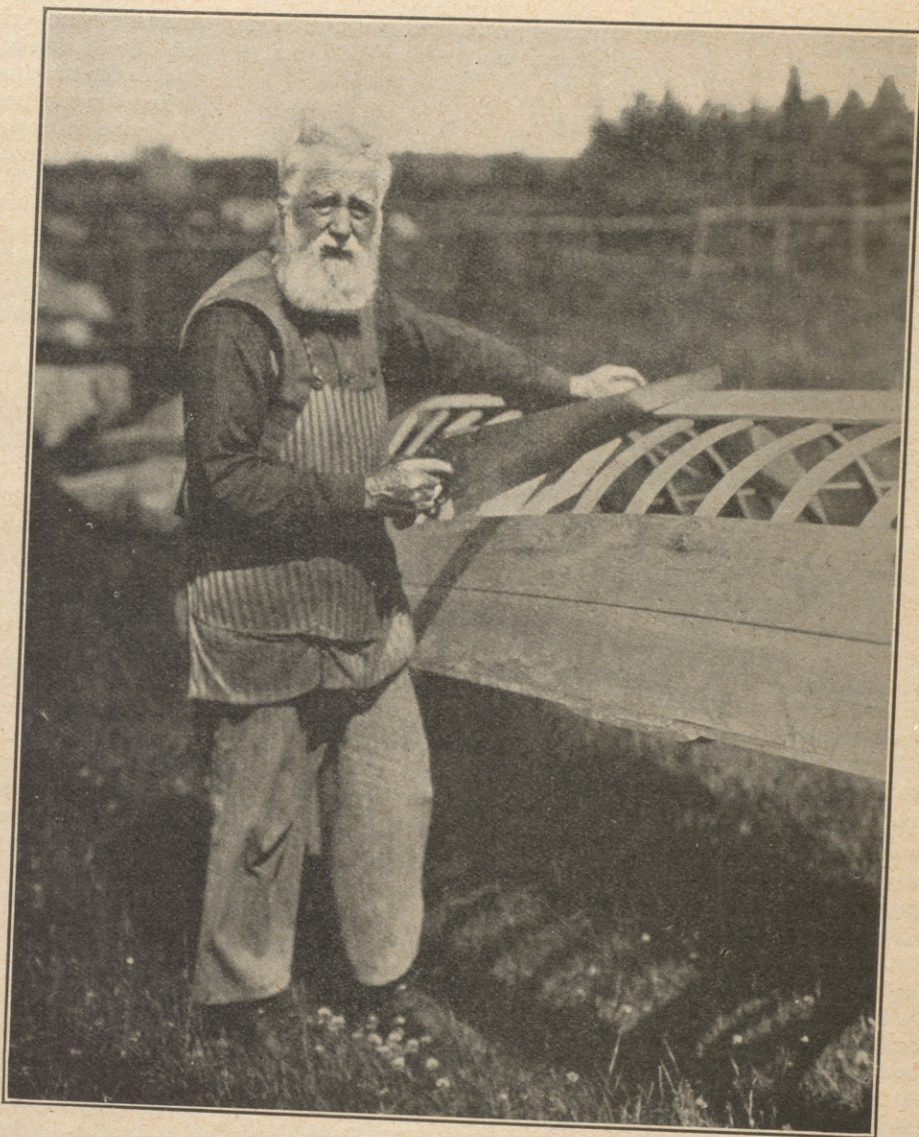
Mr. Maunder adds: "Greenwich is not only Longitude Nought for the bulk of the civilized world, but Greenwich mean time, increased or decreased by an exact number of hours or half-hours, is the standard time all over the planet."

The benefit of fixing such a standard is so obvious that it is surprising for how short a period this country has itself enjoyed the advantages of Greenwich time. It was not until 1880 that Greenwich time was made the legal time for Great Britain; and an older generation can remember the two clocks in railway stations, one registering local, the other railway—that is, Greenwich time. The great advance of railway traffic was a considerable, if not the chief, factor in establishing the necessity for a standard time throughout the country.

The methods of signalling Greenwich time are now highly perfected. The time is signalled daily to the General Post Office. Recently the standard mean time clock has been fitted with special contacts for sending out time signals every half-hour.

A special wire has been laid to the offices of the British Broadcasting Company in London, and the time signals are broadcast from all the stations twice a day, at 3.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. It is amusing to reflect that it is only eighty odd years ago since the time was taken daily by horse messenger to the Houses of Parliament and the Horse Guards from the Royal Observatory at Kew.

During its existence of nearly 250 years the Greenwich Observatory has grown vastly in size and importance. Wren's little building designed for Flamsteed is now but a corner of a very much larger Observatory. The present Observatory has many departments, and is complete even to a practising workshop under skilled direction.



Increasing birthdays seem only to add to the energy of this doughty old boat-builder of Pubnicos, N.S.

"Council for Poor Mortals"

By ROBERT LYND in "John O'London's Weekly"

STEVENSON in one of his early essays declared that Burns wrote "a most difficult and crude patois", that even in Scotland there were very few people who could read him without a glossary, and that therefore an Englishman need not be ashamed to "confess he can make nothing out of the vernacular poems except a raucous gibberish". When he was writing to Mr. Gosse a few years later, urging him to re-read "The Twa Dogs" and the "Address to the Unco Guid", he returned in a playful mood to the notion of the unintelligibility of Burns to the southern reader. He suggested as a good beginning for an article on "The English" in an encyclopaedia:

English, The—a dull people, incapable of comprehending the Scottish Tongue.

At the same time, he made the concession that, in reading "The Twa Dogs" "even a common Englishman may have a glimpse, as it were from Pisgah, of its extraordinary merits".

There is something to be said both for the view that Burns is unintelligible to those who are unfortunate enough to have been born outside Scotland and for the view that, even to those to whom he is unintelligible, Burns is infinitely well worth reading. Burns, indeed, is often unintelligible in words and phrases, but his imagination has an extraordinary way of illuminating them all like the sun shining out among clouds. We understand enough to guess at the meaning of the rest, and, though we probably pronounce the words in a way that would make even Holy Willie smile, we find ourselves inspired by his music with the gift of tongues till the lines cease to be the "raucous gibberish" we at first thought and become splendid with meaning.

The truth is, the difficulties of reading Burns have been greatly exaggerated. Even if, like Mr. Micawber, you do not know what "gowans" are, and though you could not translate "gude-willie waught" into English, you understand "Auld Lang Syne" easily enough. Try, again, what I think is the greatest of all Burns' poems, "To a Mouse, on Turning Her up in Her Nest with the Plough," and you will scarcely find more than eight words to hold you up really badly in its eight verses. "Pattle," "daimenicker," "thrive," "foggage," "cranreuch"—these are the worst of them, and, even with a peep at the glossary, you will be able to understand more of the poem than of many a modern sea-ballad by Mr. Kipling. A generation of readers that does not find the technicalities of Mr. Kipling too much for it need not boggle at the dialect of Burns.

But, perhaps, there is no need to urge people to read Burns. Everybody who reads poetry reads Burns already, and many people who read no other poetry read him. He is a popular poet to a degree that has never been attained by any other poet in this poetic island. He is the only poet about whom I ever heard a song in a music-hall. You cannot imagine a music-hall comedian singing a song about Wordsworth or Milton or even Shakespeare. Burns speaks for the ordinary man as none of them does. You remember the opening of the second verse of the "Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous":—

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals.

In these lines Burns reveals the grand secret of his genius. It is as "counsel for poor mortals" that he has conquered the English-speaking world. He is the defender of that vast company of sinners called mankind, and he defends them all the more effectively because he shares not only their sins but their aspirations after virtue. Few poets but Burns have ever been constantly quoted with equal approbation by Moderators of the General Assembly and by village drunkards. Burns happened to have a miraculously rich gift of sympathy that enabled him to say what good and bad men think better than they can say it themselves. He probably made a greater contribution to the literature of drinking than any other English or Scottish poet, but he also made a greater contribution than most to the literature of simple virtue. He is, indeed, a Rabelaisian on the side of the angels. In another mood, however, when he is writing an epistle of advice to a "young friend," himself being in his twenty-eighth year, he is as moral as John Knox, though, perhaps, more tenderly and comprehendingly so. Stevenson was disgusted by Burns' tears of "unmanly repentance" over his sins, but it is precisely because Burns speaks so frankly not only of his sins but of his repentance over his sins that ordinary human beings love him. In the "Epistle to a Young Friend," the morality that he preaches is not a cold and conventional morality, but a morality learned in sorrow and suffering. Who can doubt that he was reading the lesson of his own life when he uttered that profound warning against the life of a libertine:

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

You will find in Burns' poetry every argument in favor of good morals and every allowance made for bad. Like Stevenson himself, he combined the sensualist and the Shorter Catechist in his nature.

He was the only poet of the eighteenth century who was a candid confessor of the sins and virtues of mankind. He was as frank as Pepys, and had passionate sympathies and antipathies of which Pepys knew nothing. Such frankness in a wit, humorist, and poet is one of the rarest things in literature, and we cannot be surprised that he amazed his own time like a comet, and that he produced such an effect on all classes that, when he arrived late at a hotel one night, the servants got out of their beds and came downstairs to listen to his talk. Men saw in him a liberator—a liberator from the cold prison of a too rigid orthodoxy into the open air of humanity. Never was there a bolder challenge to hypocrisy and formalism in religion than "Holy Willie's Prayer," with its fiercely ironical opening:

O Thou, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
Sends ane to Heaven and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for only guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

There was an attempt made some years ago, I believe, to whitewash Holy Willie and to prove that Burns had wronged him; but the "counsel for poor mortals" came triumphantly out of the discussion that followed, and the clergy themselves nowadays take the side of Burns, as some of them did in his own day.

Burns, however, liberated his fellow-men, not only by his satirical onslaughts on the tyrannies of the time, but by giving expression to their loves, their heartbreaks, their follies, their tenderness to children and all living things, and their love of country. It was as though he had been born into a world that was dumb and gave it speech. He freed human beings, not so much from oppression as from suppression. Scholars have traced much of the poetry of Burns to its origin in other Scottish or English poets. But the great stream of Burns' genius was something new and quite different from these tiny tributaries that fed it. His poetry, indeed, was fed most of all from his own veins, and in the best of it we can hear the beating of a heart extraordinarily susceptible, extraordinarily sad, and extraordinarily gay. The



poets who influenced him never wrote a whole series of verses like:—

Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry
The ship rides by the Berwick-law
An' I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

Or like:—

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border!
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

Or like:—

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Here we have the effect of pure and natural song such as we get in no other poet, not only during the eighteenth century, but during the much more Nature-worshipping and poetic century that followed.

It is strange that a writer as many sided as Burns—a man who was at once singer, humorist, sentimentalist, moralist, and vagabond—should have left us such a comparatively small body of great verse. But, when we think of the range of passion and play in his verse—from the heartbreak of "Ae Fond Kiss" to the comedy of the addresses to the "Toothache" and to a "Haggis"—we realize that very seldom has the whole nature of a man been so abundantly revealed in poetry. His songs are, for the most part, songs of experience rather than of innocence, but innocence of heart seems to go hand in hand with experience in much of his writing, especially when he writes of wild creatures and flowers and the love of Nature. It was in Nature that he found release from the Old Hawk in himself, as he suggests in the

"Epistle to William Simpson":—

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang.

Different readers will always differ as to what poems should be included in the anthology of Burn's greatest works. Most critics would leave out "The Cottar's Satur-

day Night." Others make light of "A Man's a Man for a' That." Henley scorned the "But pleasures are like poppies spread" passage from "Tam o' Shanter." Burns himself apparently thought so little of "The Jolly Beggars" that he never printed it in his lifetime.

His character, like his work, will always have its critics, if regarded in detail. When all has been said that can be said in censure of Burns, however, the fact remains that his was a noble and magnanimous genius, tender, sympathetic, social, with an infinite capacity both for joy and for suffering. He is the "brother man" of his readers, as few poets have ever been, and the poet who can make us love him as a brother has enriched life for us more than we can tell.

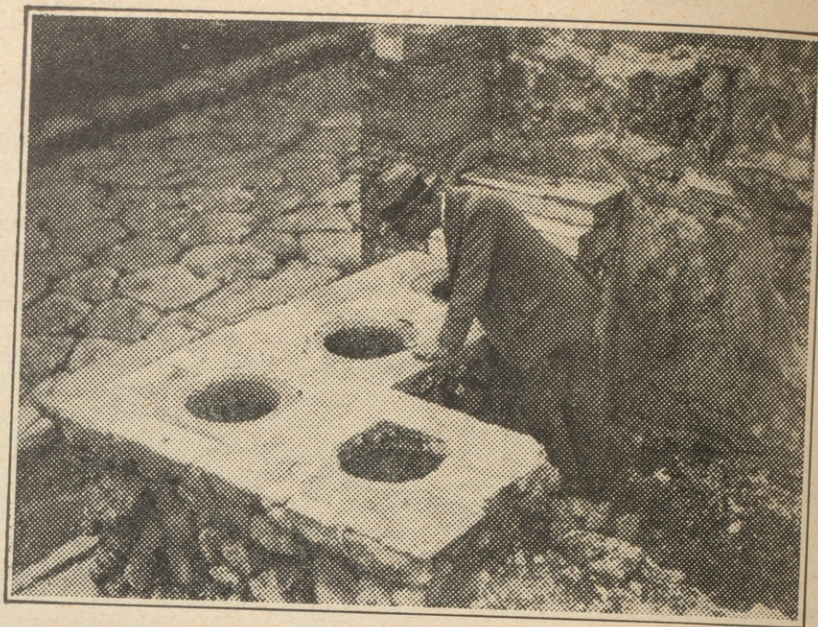
WELL AHEAD!

A Scotsman, not feeling well, called on his doctor, who looked him over and gave him some pills to be taken at bedtime. Whisky was also prescribed, a small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later Sandy again called on the doctor, and said that he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?" the doctor inquired.

"Weel, doctor," replied the patient, "I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' the whusky."



Soup or Lava?

This does not portray a modern cafeteria after a fire. The gentleman, one of the passengers on the "Empress of France" now touring the world, is peering into food containers in a Pompeiian shop. After all, the Romans did stop to eat while they were building coliseums, roads and basilicas, and it is suggested that the gladiator could polish off a "hot dog" or two after dispatching the odd lion or Christian.

Making Sound Visible

A new invention of Professor Fournier d'Albe has made it possible to photograph sounds.

Professor d'Albe is the inventor of the apparatus by which a blind man can read a book, the printed letters reflecting light on a Selenium cell, which produces sounds by electricity, so that the person really reads by sound.

The new instrument is called a tonoscope. It consists of a trumpet of which the end is horizontal; over the end is stretched a sheet of thin rubber, on which is a drop of mercury. The light from an electric lamp is reflected from the mercury on to a photographic plate, and any sound spoken or sung into the trumpet makes the mercury vibrate, a pattern of the broken reflections being produced on the plate.

These patterns are quite distinctive. The note B flat gives a different pattern from the note F; in fact, the drop of mercury follows every variation of music sung or played into the trumpet, so that a moving band of photographic film would record voice or music as a series of different patterns. Professor d'Albe says that the least untruth of pitch is shown in the pattern.

We thus have a new instrument for the study of speech and sound, which may pave the way to fresh knowledge, and perhaps find many good uses.

Side-stepping a Hungry Cannibal

"My name is King Bungalee Boo;
I'm a man-eating African swell.
My sigh is a hullabaloo,
My whisper a HORRIBLE YELL!"

A GIANT naked man-eater crouched behind him on the narrow bridge. It was the wheet of a half-drawn knife that roused the young American to his peril. At one end of the bridge was a crocodile-infested swamp; at the other the cannibal ground his saw-teeth. The American was unarmed, alone in the Congo. Was he scared? Petrified. Did he get away? Yes, he did, and with him he took the man-eater's knife and scabbard—and a photograph of the cannibal.

How he did it, Rexford W. Barton tells in the Boston Post. Two places in the world where you can still "get a kick" out of traveling are Abyssinia and the Congo, says he. It was in the Congo that his narrowest escape occurred, but Abyssinia, the ancient Ethiopia, is even more fascinating, according to this intrepid young explorer. With one jump, you are back in the Dark Ages. Remember, says he, that the veiled Empress traces her ancestry to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who is believed to have come from the Mountains of the Moon in southern Abyssinia. His narrative continues:

Picture a land where stalwart knights ride abroad on gaily caparisoned donkeys, their bare, big toes stuck through small ring stirrups, and followed by a score or more of retainers and men-at-arms, each with a rifle slung across his back; a land where debtor and creditor go about chained one to another in, apparently, perfect amity; where a man's hand is still lopped off for thieving, and gallows stand at convenient points about the capital; where gold-crowned, gorgeous-robed priests dance in religious frenzy around the Ark of the Covenant to the rattle of sistras and the throb of deep-throated drums; where raw meat is the piece de resistance at their great feasts, and a steak hacked from the flank of the living ox is not an unknown delicacy.

Picture a land where slaves walk hand in hand with their masters and men are still surreptitiously bought and sold, in spite of royal decree; where, in addition to rifles, warriors go into battle with long-hafted spears, rhinoceros-hide bucklers and simitar-like swords, four feet long, which they brandish in their left hands; where any passer-by may be called to act as judge between two disputants, to sit on a case at the roadside and his decision is accepted without appeal; where their national beverage, tej, is distilled from wild honey and is similar to the mead of the ancient Saxons.

It is a land where the black man is supreme and carries himself as the equal of the white.

All this lies behind the purple rim of mountain ranges, horizons apart, that protect the land of the Queen of Kings from the encroachments of the foreigner.

But how about the cannibal with the saw-teeth? This jumps the story from the lofty mountain passes of Ethiopia, to the dense green jungles of Equatorial Africa. It happened where the great Lualaba River becomes the Congo, far in the heart of the cannibal country. Barton and his companion, Col. E. Alexander Powell, the war correspondent, had arrived with their shikari at the little trading-post of Ponthierville (white population, seven). One afternoon when the Colonel was taking his siesta, and none of the native "boys" were handy, Mr. Barton wandered off alone toward the great "island-scattered" river. A picture of a crocodile was what he was after, but he neglected to speculate on what might be after him. He carried a camera, but neither a gun nor a revolver. Here is the rest of his story.

Along the greater part of the Congo River the jungle rises in a solid, green, impenetrable wall from the water's edge, and the bank can only be approached by native trails.

At Ponthierville there is a bluff overlooking the river that has been cleared for the white man. The view from there is superb. But it was crocs I was after and there was not a croc in sight. Off to the left, about a mile away, there was a sand-bank shelving into the water and, from a distance, it looked promising.

A native trail led off in that general direction, and I started out at a leisurely walk along its checkered windings.

For days we had heard stories of cannibal atrocities; stories in which the white man and the native both had played the undesirable leading role. Though we had been assured that there was little danger to the white man when accompanied by his own "boys," under certain conditions there might be danger to a man alone.

Of course it is well known that cannibalism is practised regularly among the blacks. There were stories too of a leopard dropping from the branch of a tree onto the unsuspecting traveller. It isn't usual to be sure, but it has happened any number of times. Then there were the stories of pythons, and the deadly little black mam-

bas that haunt the sun-baked, man-made trails. After fifteen minutes' ambling reflection, the river was not yet in sight and I decided I'd be much happier walking in the opposite direction.

As I was about to turn around I noticed an odd frame-work not far ahead, and curiosity got the better of timidity. It turned out to be a native bridge made of saplings and vines. It was very narrow and perhaps thirty yards long. At the other end it came to an abrupt stop in the middle of a large pool of black water. It was at the season of high water and the little tributary creek had overflowed its further bank.

For a time I stood on the end of the bridge. It was one of those scenes that we visualize and associate with the African tropics before we have seen them; and as rare in Africa as it is gorgeous in our imagination; the black, slowly folding water; the suffocating, writhing, dark green jungle meeting in a blue patched dome overhead; here and there a white-trunked bao-bab standing out like a gaunt skeleton in a living tomb; a few clusters of small, trailing, mauve orchids near enough to pick, but as the Congo Belgian says, "Toutes les fleurs mauves sont mauvaises." The only sound was the hum of insects and the occasional shrill shriek of a small gray-green parrot.

An unfamiliar sound startled me into reality. Out of the tail of my eye I saw a figure standing behind me. On the bridge ten feet away crouched a six-foot native without a stitch of clothing on. He was bent forward, his right hand drawing a knife from a leather scabbard. It was the scrape of the knife that I had heard.

The scar-mark down the middle of his forehead was a sign that he was a member of a cannibal tribe. I wasn't frightened, I was just plain scared. I was unarmed, except for the camera, and there was no place for me to go. Though I had seen no crocs in the pool, I didn't want to take the chance of jumping in. The bridge was too narrow to allow me to pass. There was but one thing I could think of. I smiled.

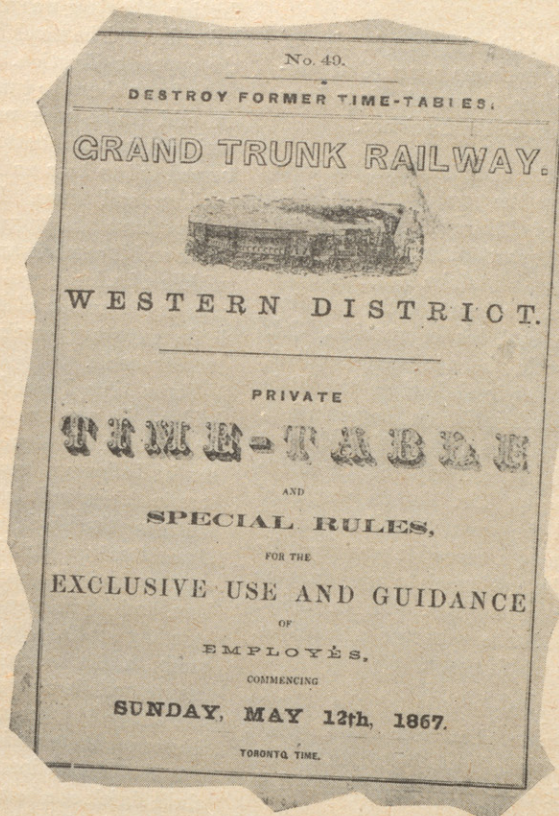
The shenzi smiled back at me and replaced his knife. As he smiled, he showed a beautiful set of teeth filed to points. That, by the way, is not peculiar to the cannibal tribes alone. I had to say something and I wanted to keep his attention from my suddenly weakening knees.

So I started out in English in the most casual voice I could command. I said anything that came into my head, hoping that a tone of superiority and indifference would save the situation.

When the knife had been put away, I walked up to the man and, still talking,

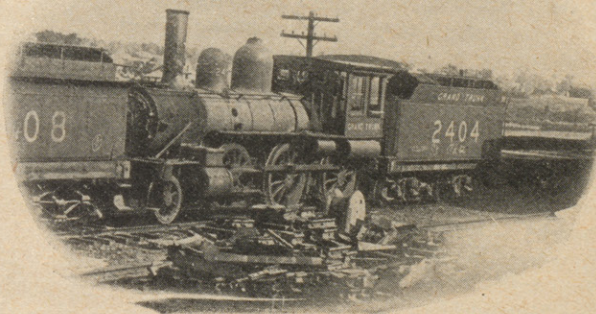
(Continued on page 41)





An employees' time-table of 57 years ago now in the possession of Mr. John Duncan, who spent most of his long life in railroading for the old Grand Trunk.

A relic of the past:
An old engine of the
early days on the
Grand Trunk now
on the scrap heap
at Stratford, Ont.



(Continued from page 39)

pointed to the scabbard. Then very deliberately I raised my left hand and examined it. He showed no objection, so, with my right hand I took the knife from the scabbard, paying no attention to him, but all absorbed in the weapon. He made no effort to stop me.

Then, holding the knife carelessly in one hand, I reached in my pocket and offered him a five-franc note. He refused it, so I doubled the amount. He knew what money was, for that's what the bwana gave him when he brought in ivory and he could exchange it for beads or copper wire or american.

The knife was mine. It took another five francs to get the scabbard. But for the equivalent of 80 cents, it was money well invested. After some hesitation and more demonstration with the camera, in which I clicked it at myself many times, he allowed me to take his picture. It wasn't properly timed, but perhaps I can be excused for that.

I said good-by, pushed by him and walked to the land end of the bridge. There I looked around. He was pulling his dug-out canoe out from under the bridge, where he had hidden it. Perhaps he had suspected me of trying to steal it and he was merely endeavoring to protect his rightful property. But how was I to know that? My "lone-hand" jaunts in the Congo after that were infrequent.

MUST HAVE BEEN A MAN

Mrs. Wharton, the American novelist, tells this war story:—

"The American wounded were being brought in from the second Marne battle, and a fussy-looking woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over the stretcher and said: 'Is this an officer, or only a man?' The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: 'Well, lady, he ain't no officer, but he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs busted, he's got two bullets in both arms, and we dropped him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man.'"

THE STUMBLING BLOCK

A man who had obtained work in a railway yard was told off to mark some trucks.

"Here's a bit of chalk," said the foreman. "Mark each of 'em eleven."

Some time afterwards the foreman came round again. There was a large "1" on the first truck. Nothing else had been done. The man stood gazing up at the sky.

"What does this mean?" asked the foreman. "Only one truck done—and I said eleven, no one."

"I know," said the man, "but I couldn't think which side of the '1' the other '1' goes."

The Making of a Bottle

THE little-thought-of-bottle started out at the dawn of civilization as a goat skin, we are told by F. C. Flint, chief-chemist of the Hazel-Atlas Glass Company, writing in "The American Food Journal." The first transparent glass containers were looked upon with suspicion as being made with black magic. In fact, until very recently, the making of glass has been hidden behind a veil of mystery; but its manufacture to-day is as uniform and definite as the manufacture of steel or lumber products. The most interesting part of the manufacture of glass, Mr Flint tells us, is its geography. He says:

"That transparent film of protection around your quart of milk was assembled from the ends of the earth, and, on being assembled, starts again on its travels back to the far corners. A common example is the Mason jar. In a quarry in West Virginia, the Mason jar starts its career as common sand. To this sand is added soda ash, akin to washing soda, from Ohio, limestone, carefully quarried and properly ground, from Michigan; and feldspar, which is brought from North Carolina. To all these are added nitre, which is mined in the mountain deserts of Chile in South America; antimony, which travels from Utah, and in small amounts cobalt, a metal mined in Canada. Selenium, a sister of sulphur, comes to us from Montana.

"All these go to form the jar itself. Materials of all colors, compositions and shapes are fused together to form the transparent bottle which you have. On top of this is placed a zinc cap which comes from Missouri. Inside of this cap is a little white porcelain liner which is made of all the ingredients mentioned above, and to which are added some fluorspar from the Kentucky mountains, and cryolite, which is brought to us from Greenland.

"When these materials for making the glass are assembled at the glass-house, they are mixed thoroughly in the proper proportions and fed into a huge furnace which is called a tank, because the bottom of it holds the molten glass. These tanks will hold from one hundred to five hundred tons of the liquid, over which a fire constantly plays which raises their temperature to 2,600 degrees. This heat is so dazzling that it is impossible to look into the furnace with the naked eye and distinguish any objects. The batch is continuously fed at one end, while the finished glass is being drawn from the other. It takes the glass from one to two days to travel the length of the furnace, which is from twenty to forty feet.

Formerly Done by Hand

"When the glass flows from the furnace it is not as fluid as water, but more like the proverbial molasses in January. It is this property of gradually hardening on cooling that permits of its being worked into its many shapes, and the glassmaker's art consists

in knowing how and when to shape the glass according to its temperature.

"In the old days glass was blown and pressed entirely by hand. Now, only a few of the art shops working on individual designs can afford to do this. Machines will blow many times more bottles than a man can blow, and do a far more accurate and uniform job than a hand-blower, even with his uncanny skill, could ever hope for.

"Some of the machines which are used appear almost human. They will gather the glass, press it, work it, puff it, and blow it with such skill that it seems animated.

"When the bottle is shaped and drops out of the machine into a conveyor at a dull red heat it is not finished. If allowed to cool in the open air from such a temperature, it would immediately break. For this reason it is placed in a long oven called a lehr, where it is permitted to cool gradually. It travels continuously through this lehr sixty feet from the hot end down to where it comes out at room temperature. From there it is merely selected and packed.

"In a modern factory the glass is handled but once, and that when it is packed. From the quarry, through the batch room, where the materials are mixed, through the tank, through the machines, into the lehrs to the packing-room, no hand touches the material. The bottles are on one continuous mechanical journey.

"In the old days glass gained a reputation for unreliability and friability that it deserved. Very little was known about how to make it and less how to use it. Now, we commonly produce glass from day to day that is accurate in dimension for a few thousandths of an inch and is capable of standing the highest temperatures.

"The first use of glass containers was for ornamental bottles, and it still holds the field supreme. But for every ornamental bottle there are literally millions of more useful, less artistic, just plain-looking containers, made to carry sanitary foods in a pleasant package right to the table.

"Quantity production, mechanical skill, and a study of present-day needs had made possible the use of an article costing but a fraction of a cent, which but a few hundred years ago was considered a luxury. Now with the vacuum seal the most unstable and delicate foods are commonly put up in glass. Part of its popularity is due to the very valuable property it has of withstanding corrosion, and part to the fact that people like to see what they are buying.

"It is truly a transparent rock hollowed out to hold what we desire."



PUDDING Lane

To Plum Pudding Hill the Children hie,
And they climb to the top in the wink of an eye;
And the puddings all whisper, "To make us so nice,
Use raisins and sugar, and soda, and spice,
And milk and molasses, and citron and suet,
And FIVE ROSES flour—
be sure that you do it!"

SERVE any one of those good puddings that have made **FIVE ROSES** flour famous--well-swollen, full-flavoured, digestible puddings!

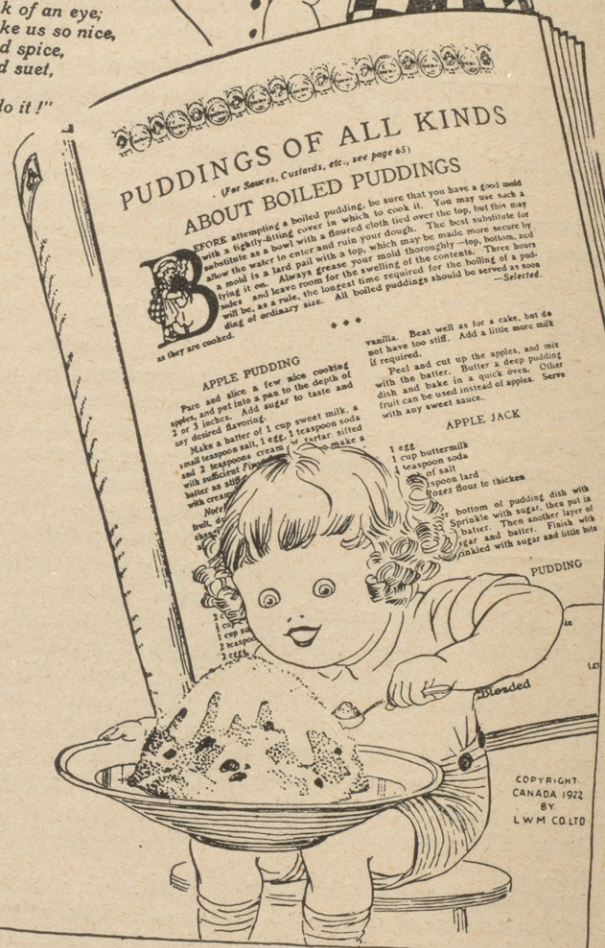
The anticipation of these new dessert delights will reduce the consumption of heavier, more expensive dishes. And the same thrifty flour that makes prize-winning bread, cakes and pies, also makes each pudding a tasty source of vitality.

So get out your **FIVE ROSES** Cook Book to-day. Start on some of the enchanting tours through its many pages. But be sure you get started right. Be sure you get **FIVE ROSES** flour!

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

for Breads - Cakes - Puddings - Pastries

The **FIVE ROSES** Cook Book mailed for 30c.
LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO.
LIMITED, Montreal or Winnipeg.



PUDDINGS OF ALL KINDS

(For Sauces, Custards, etc., see page 65)

ABOUT BOILED PUDDINGS

BEFORE attempting a boiled pudding, be sure that you have a good mold with a tightly-fitting cover in which to cook it. You may use such a substitute as a bowl with a floured cloth tied over the top, but this may allow the water to enter and ruin your dough. The best substitute for a mold is a lard pail with a top which may be made more secure by trying it on. Always grease your mold thoroughly--top, bottom, and sides. Grease and leave room for the swelling of the contents. Three hours will be, as a rule, the longest time required for the boiling of a pudding of ordinary size. All boiled puddings should be served as soon as they are cooked.

APPLE PUDDING

Pare and slice a few nice cooking apples, and put into a pan to the depth of 2 or 3 inches. Add sugar to taste and stir several times.

Make a batter of 1 cup sweet milk, a small teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon cream. Stir well.

Put the batter in a greased mold and bake in a quick oven. Other fruit can be used instead of apples. Serve with any sweet sauce.

APPLE JACK

1 egg
1 cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 spoon lard
2 cups flour to thicken


Put bottom of pudding dish with batter. Sprinkle with sugar, then put in apples and batter. Finish with sugar and little bits of butter.

PUDDING

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In Woman's Sphere



Never Spring-Cleaned

WE HAD all been talking of furniture-polish recipes when the door opened, and our hostess's husband came in. "Talking of spring-cleaning?" he inquired genially.

"I can never understand why some women think it so indispensable for I can vouch for the fact that it is never done in this house, yet it looks all right, doesn't it?" and he looked proudly round his wife's charming room.

"George, how can you!" she exclaimed. "What on earth makes you say that? I have never missed both doing and enjoying a spring-cleaning, and we have been married ten years.

Her husband looked amazed.

"Well, I've never heard you speak of it, and you never have a house all upside down like it used to be at home, so I supposed you never did it," he murmured apologetically. "When I hear other husbands grumbling about the general upheaval I always tell them that you never spring-clean—and how they envy me!"

We all laughed, and assured our hostess that she might never again receive a truer compliment than the one she had just had from her husband.

Never "Caught."

Afterwards she told me that she made it a rule never to be "caught" spring-cleaning by her husband. He left home at 8.30 each morning, and when he returned in the evening all was spick and span again. "I never attempt more than one room at a time," she continued, "and I never devote more than three days a week to the cleaning. More time spent at it is quite unprofitable, because the other work of the house gets behind, and though two rooms may look very clean, the others are quite the opposite!"

"Between 10 a.m. and 3.30 one can do an immense amount of washing and polishing, and it is quite a long enough day's work for any woman if she has been genuinely busy.

"I treat my house to a couple of new cushions every year, and I always turn my furniture this way and that, so that the rooms take on a new aspect. Sometimes I change one of my bedrooms into a sitting-room, and vice-versa. Why, I simply revel in the spring-cleaning, but it is true I never speak of it to him, so it is perhaps not surprising to find that George thinks I never do it!

A Little House for You

I've built a little house for you,
Between the heathery hills;
Its tiny garden sweet with flowers,
The air with fragrance fills.
It has a little wicker gate,
With honeysuckle 'twined;
And oh! it would be fairy-land
If you would but—be kind.

I've built a little house for you,
The quaintest little nest,
Blue are the cosy parlor walls,
The color you love best.
It has a big, old fashioned hearth,
And in a deep recess
A seat, that would be paradise
If you would just—say yes!

—M. E. J. Jelley.

Baby's Bath

Cold baths are quite unfit for babies and young children, who are not strong enough to get the necessary reaction. For baby's bath, during the first month or two, the temperature of the water should be 94 deg. F. If you have no thermometer, test the heat of the water with the elbow, which tests it more accurately than the hand. Do not allow the door to be opened and shut when bathing an infant, as the little one is particularly liable to catch cold then, and draughts may set up trouble in many forms. A folding-screen is a great protection, and should be so arranged as to prevent draughts from either window or door reaching "the scene of action." After the bath lay baby, face downwards, in the lap, and gently massage his spine for a minute or two with the palm of the hand.

The Heart of a Woman

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

FIRST, the heart of a woman is different from any other kind of hearts in all the world.

It's bigger, it's more tender, it's more "various." It's more susceptible. It's more tolerant. It's more long-suffering. It's more kind. It's more generous. It's more lovable. It's more wonderful—than any other sort of heart.

The heart of a woman is the heart of hearts.

If you would know what real suffering is, find a woman's heart that has been broken. Look there into the ashes of its ruins and you shall know. Also, if you would learn of the superlative sweetness of happiness, again search for the heart of a woman who has found the gold behind the glitter of love, and there you shall see such wonder as your eyes have never before seen.

For again I say that there is no heart like unto the heart of a woman. Its patience is that of Job, plus that of a dozen worlds. And

its suffering and forgetting power is greater than the crystallized power of the sun, the moon and all the stars.

Through gentleness it breathes. Through strength it walks.

But the greatest thing about the great heart of a woman is its love. Its walls are lined with it. Its furnishings are of love in its entirety. While, if you would but peep into the heart of a woman where love is, such fragrance would greet your senses as of the rarest myrrh. And you would believe that Heaven is here and now.

The heart of a woman is the mainspring of the world.

Of all the numerous teachers
Doing business here on earth,
Experience is the dearest one—
But you can get your money's worth.

Happy Middle Years

W E ALL have a rooted dislike to the term "middle-aged." It has such a dull "all-is-over-with-us" sound about it.

But if you glance around at your middle-aged friends you'll discover that they are not a bit dull, and as to "all being over with them," they haven't the slightest intention of retiring to a top back shelf and sitting there patiently until some kind young nephew, niece or daughter takes pity on them and takes them down and dusts them occasionally.

Nothing of the sort.

This is the day of the middle-aged.

They are in the forefront of everything.

Arrived at the Tolerant Age

By middle-aged we have arrived at a measure of security both about affairs of the heart and business affairs. And we are thus free to give our attention to people and things outside our own interests.

But, better than that, by middle-aged we have arrived at the tolerant stage . . . we have acquired a wider view of life. . . we have learned that after all there are many sides to a question. . . not just one. . . ours. . . of course, as we used to think in the days of our youth!

You may not have acquired a fortune by the time you are forty-five, but the chances are that you have made a very comfortable little corner for yourself in the world, and have most of the things which spell happiness.

Youth's Turmoil

Youth is a time of turmoil and worry. Everything is uncertain. . . love. . . business. . . and there's that dreadful "gettin'-on" bugbear to be faced.

Youth is a time of strain and experiment. . . of hope and despair, effort and failure.

The middle years are the fruit of all that youth has gone through. . . and unless we have wasted the lessons of youth our middle years should be the happiest, brightest, most care-free of all.

A Glorious Age

It is youth, with all its troubles and trials before it that should have our sympathy. . . not middle-age with its trials and storms safely over. Having seen and tried life in all its varying guises, the future holds no terrors for them, they are equipped to meet it.

Yes, middle-age is a glorious age. . . an age when one can look out with clear eyes and a confident smile!

Polish your Brains as well as your House

I expect you have often been struck as I have at the difference between a man who has "got on" in the world and his wife, says Joan North.

She hasn't "got on" a bit!

She is exactly the same as she was when she married, except for a few grey



hairs, and an added number of years. She hasn't gone one step further in her mental development. And, tragedy of tragedies, she seems quite content to take a seat in the back-ground and yield first place to her husband in everything that spells brains.

"Oh, I never bother my head about politics. Henry knows all about them."

"No, I'm afraid I don't get much time to read the newspapers, but Henry generally tells me if there is anything in them."

"To be perfectly frank, I haven't read a book through for years! Somehow I never settle down to a good read. Henry's a terror for reading. He'd sit up all night reading if I didn't make a fuss about the waste of electricity."

We are all agreed that it is much easier for a self-made man to acquire knowledge and polish than it is for the wife of such a man. The man has greater opportunities of seeing, hearing, learning. He has his club, shop, office or warehouse. He hears things discussed, takes part in the discussions, and unconsciously trains his mind to think clearly. He learns to express his views lucidly.

Also, in the man's case, there is an incentive to acquire knowledge. Knowledge spells power—money—and a share of the world's goods. So the man who wishes to "get on" goes all out for improvement of every kind, while his wife, who has no such incentive, sits quietly at home darning socks and making puddings, apparently quite content to have her thinking done for her by "Henry."

It's all wrong.

And quite inexcusable.

If a man can be "self made," so can a woman. I know heaps who are.

The woman who does not advance with her husband is a drag on him. No matter how she loves him, slaves for him, she is a handicap and will keep him down all his life.

But the woman who makes up her mind to "get on" side by side with her man will take him to heights he would never have scaled without her.

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SAVOURY DISHES

Mock Turtle Goulash.

This is an excellent dish for a hungry family: it offers besides a most delectable way of utilizing left-over meat, cold steak, cold roast of lamb or veal or a combination of these meats will answer nicely for the dish. Cut the meat in pieces for serving; there should be about three cupfuls, and arrange in a casserole with a few very thin slices of green pepper, half a dozen tiny onions, or two larger onions cut in pieces, and a sprig of parsley finely chopped, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Then dilute one can of mock turtle soup with one and a half cupfuls of boiling water, or you may use part water and part tomato juice if convenient, pour over the meat, cover the casserole and place in a very moderate oven to simmer gently one hour. Just before serving, make tiny baking powder biscuits, place these close together over the meat and place at the top of a very hot oven, until the biscuits are a nice brown and well cooked throughout. Serve in the casserole.

Beef and Vegetable Stew with Dumplings

A savory dish, it is quickly and easily prepared and just the thing for a cold day's luncheon or supper. To prepare it will require: Three cupfuls, or one can of beef and vegetable soup with, if convenient, about one cupful of cold beef cut in pieces for serving. If canned soup is used, place in a double boiler with one cupful of water and the cold meat, and simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, preparing the dumplings meantime.

Dumplings.

1½ cupfuls flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 well beaten egg, milk to make stiff drop batter.

Beat these together well, then drop by spoonfuls into the boiling soup, cook rapidly for ten minutes, having the saucepan closely covered. Remove with a skimmer to a vegetable dish, thicken the soup slightly with a paste made of one tablespoonful each of flour and water, pour over the dumplings and serve at once.

Memos for Madame

In washing men's white shirts and soft collars dampen the soiled places and sprinkle with scouring powder, then take a stiff brush and scrub briskly. This not only saves the garments, but they are much cleaner. Try it.

Just Hints.

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water for fifteen minutes and they will require only half the time to bake.

Pour boiling water on oranges and let stand for five minutes. This will make the white lining come away from the skin and they will be easier to prepare.

Renovate Your Oil Mops.

To make old mops good as new just wash them thoroughly and dry well. Then soak in kerosene and leave out in air for several days, and they will pick up the dust and dirt as well as if more expensive oil had been used.



Absolutely

**REGAL
FLOUR**

For Bread and Pastry

Sold Everywhere

**The ST. LAWRENCE FLOUR
MILLS CO., LIMITED**

MONTREAL

WAGSTAFFE'S

Real Seville

**Orange
Marmalade**

All Orange and Sugar --
No camouflage.

Boiled with care in Silver
Pans.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

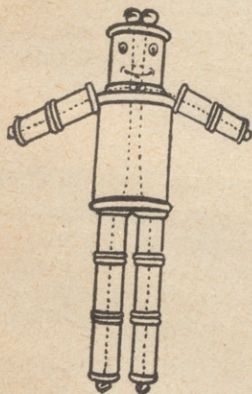


Kiddies' Page



M DEAR Nieces and Nephews:—
Let me introduce Slim Jim Reel.
If you've collected cotton reels of
all sizes you'll soon make a model of
him. A big tacking-cotton one will do
for the body, an ordinary one for the
head, and little silk ones for the arms
and legs.

Make a knot in a piece of string and
put the other end through the head reel,



then through the body reel, and then
through the three little reels for a leg,
and fasten up with another knot. Begin
again at the head with another bit of
string, and fasten on the other leg. Use
two reels each for the arms, join them
with string in the same way as the legs,
attaching the ends to the body by wrap-
ping them round the neck strings. Draw
his face in ink.

With best wishes to you all.

Your loving

AUNT FLO.

HIDDEN PROVERB

A word of a well-known proverb is
hidden in each line of the following:—
I know I am a happy child
My penny's nice and new,
I take a broom and sweep the leaves
My little doll sweeps too.
How clean it looks all through!

"Mum, the new vicar spoke to me this
morning."

"That's very nice of him. What did
he say?"

"He said—'Stop sniffin'!'"

The Engine Driver

I M GOING to drive a big puff-puff,
When I am really old enough.
Oh, don't you think it will be fun
At sixty miles an hour to run?

Through fields and woods I'll hurry fast,
Till London Town we reach at last;
Then through the tunnels rush and roar,
And on as quickly as before.

Sometimes I'll stop for half a tick,
To let the girls get out and pick
The pretty flowers along the bank,
While I fill up my water tank.

Then off again—shoo! shoo! shoo!
I'll steam away for Waterloo.
Just think of having rides all day
And never anything to pay!

RHYMING RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in Peter, but not in James,
My next is no sport, but is always in
games.

My third is in daddy, so dear to your
heart.

My fourth is in pudding, but not in tart.
My fifth is in Wembley—perhaps you've
been there.

My last is in apple, in cherry, and pear.
My whole is what will surely be
A joy whenever you go to the sea.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

What sort of firearm does the earth
resemble?—A revolver.

Why is it dangerous to take a nap in
the train?—Because a train runs over
sleepers.

What is that which never answers any
questions, yet requires many answers?
The door-bell.

When is a man like the letter B?
When he's in bed.

What is the best tree for preserving
good order?
The birch.

Why is shoe-making the easiest of
trades?

Because the goods are always soled
before they are made.

When is a horse not a horse?

When it is turned into a stable.

Why do you laugh up your sleeve?

Because that's where your funny bone
is.

A Drawing Game

I WONDER if you have seen the
American Indian method of writing
letters on skins and stones. It is
called "powwow," and is really made up
of drawing or signs. For instance, if
some chief were to write to ask you to
take tea with him, he or his servant
would draw a figure with outstretched
hands and a teapot. Or, if he wished
to walk with you to see the sunset, he
would draw two figures, two pairs of
footprints, and a sunset.

The game I am going to describe to
you is rather more simple than "pow-
wow," but is very similar.



Each player is provided with pencil,
paper, and half-a-dozen nuts; and each
thinks of a word of two syllables, or
more, which he represents by drawing.
The word illustrated is "Foxglove,"
really "folk's glove," meaning the glove
of the good folk, as the fairies used to
be called. A capital L written above a
sketch of an Oxford don would be Lon-
don; a needle and a book would be
"needle-book," and a pound of butter and
a fly would represent "butterfly." I
am sure you will be able to think of lots
more. And just think what good draw-
ing practice this will be. Even those
who cannot draw very well may join in
the game. "Elsie" needs but an L and C,
written together, and XLNT stands for
"Excellent."

Five minutes should be allowed for
each word; at the end of that time all
drawings should be handed to one player,
who holds up each in turn to be guessed.
If one has to be "given up" the owner
claims a nut from each player. And so
the game goes on until you are all tired
of it, or until one player has become pos-
sessor of all or nearly all the nuts.

"What's the food like?"

This is almost the first question one man asks another about a camp. If it's a camp which is fed by Crawley & McCracken there's never a doubt as to the answer;

"The food's great."

For twelve years our aim and object has been to give the men in the railroad, mining, lumber and construction camps of Canada a square deal—to give them all the service their arduous work entitles them to—to give them abundant, hearty, well-cooked meals of the kind they like—to study their welfare and comfort to the last degree.

Crawley & McCracken Co.
LIMITED

Power Building

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SHOE MACHINERY

SHOE SUPPLIES

SHOE REPAIRING MACHINERY

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WELL-APPOINTED ROOMS FOR FUNERALS

TEES & CO.

UNDERTAKERS

912 ST. CATHERINE ST. W.

MONTREAL

Motor Transit Co.



MOTOR STAGE OPERATING
PASSENGER COACH AND COMMERCIAL BODY BUILDERS
GENERAL OFFICE 825-128 EAST MARKET ST.
Los Angeles

October 29, 1934

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. J. E. Jellish,
District Engineer, Portland Cement Association,
548 South Spring St., CITY.

Dear Sir:

For some time I have been familiar with the efforts and accomplishments of your association in extending the use of concrete pavements. Our own experience in operating motor stages over the concrete roads of Southern California may interest you.

The Motor Transit Co. is probably the largest system of motor stages in the United States. The service is on a regular passenger schedule, through the scenic regions of Southern California. Operating about 125 stages daily over more than 1000 miles of highway, our cars carried approximately 2,200,000 passengers, a total of almost 6,000,000 miles during the year 1933.

Our stages encounter many different road surfaces, on their regular runs, and all have had most favorable impressions of the riding qualities of unadorned concrete. No other type contains the smoothness of concrete, nor does any other surface give such sure safe grip for the tires in all weather—so necessary on the mountain-side and steep roads we travel.

Records we have kept of our tires show that the wear is reduced to a minimum if they ride over concrete, and the difference is especially in favor of concrete in hot weather.

Gasoline and repair records which we keep very carefully show a marked difference in the cars operated solely on plain concrete and those which are used largely on the softer surfaces.

From our own experience, outlined above, and from studies of pavement surfaces which have been made in several different parts of the country, independently, and without any assistance from your organization, we are convinced that the most satisfactory pavement on roads and streets is the plain concrete surface now so generally built in California and the other leading states.

We wish you success in your work of extending the already large mileage of concrete, because each mile will benefit every automobile owner in the state.

Very truly yours,

MOTOR TRANSIT COMPANY

By *J. H. Hume*

VP & GM

FDR:DEA

Concrete Pavements Reduce Haulage Costs

THAT concrete pavements save wear and tear on vehicles and tires and thereby reduce haulage costs is evidenced by the above letter. It gives the experience of a large vehicle owner and operator whose business necessitates a keen study of road surfaces. The records of this man's business prove the desirability of concrete from a transportation viewpoint. Its durability and freedom from costly upkeep make it even more desirable from the viewpoint of the taxpayer.

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Phillips Square, Montreal

Sales Offices at:

Montreal

Toronto

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Calgary

Start Your Improvements Now.

Build With Concrete and Save Money.

CANADA CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

The Enchanted Valley Of Bear River



"A quiet little town, open to the sky. If ever an enchanted valley existed Bear River."

Swiftly and evenly the car shot forward; blue-green pastures and fruitful farms faded into distance.

Keen fresh air!—scent of wild flowers!—sunny orchards!—a sublimated log cabin or two perched precariously on the edge of a wooded hill that overlooked a turquoise bay!—miles of fragrant, dark-green woods. Up one precipitous pine-crowned height—down another! Glimpses of laughing turbulent water—thickly-wooded groves veiling it from sight. We were on our way to Bear River.

It was very silent. The clatter of the car seemed muffled as we plunged through little velvet valleys where fir trees spread on all sides, and the pungent fragrance of the pine arose, sweet and keen and piercing.

The feeling grew that one crossed a threshold into a region that lay outside the prosaic happenings of life; life here, one thought, must be very gentle, subtly mysterious. That faint dismay which one sometimes experiences when face to face with Nature's miracles of majesty—snow-crowned, inaccessible peaks, roaring seas!—was absent here. The spirit of Acadia was peace; peace, unutterable, unbroken, soothing.

Sunset fell as we travelled through the heady hills that looked so steeply down on the far-flung tossing waters. The sky was a tremulous glory of topaz and rose and feathery lavender; the soft, blue mountain ridges in the distance trembled and dissolved in the molten gold.

Dusk fell; and the character of the country changed. It became oddly rugged and inhospitable; the trees grew taller and menaced us; the roads were narrower. Signs of habitation ceased. The normal world began to fade a little as the first grey stars crept out.

The steep ascent through a tunnel of dark, solemn trees—a jerk—a pause—Bear River lay beneath us.

We were suddenly upon it; the effect was almost dramatic. Hardly half an hour before we had been floating up and down green hills bathed in rosy splendor; now the first faint stars had risen, the moon was shining in spectral splendor, and the lights of Bear River glittered beneath the stars like elfin fireflies.

A little quiet town, open to the sky, like a lonely flower; lying in a cup-like valley with broken lines and ridges. Cleared meadows of emerald green surrounded it; the surface of a rippling river held the shadow of encircling woods and cliffs; the atmosphere was crystal clear, the calm profound.

If ever an enchanted valley existed it lay here before our eyes.

Silently we moved down the steep slope toward the firefly lights. Night moved with us; the lonely ridges watched; a little, singing stream that mirrored the first stars called out as we passed her. A night-wind, bearing fragrance, woke in the distant woods and swept forth to touch our faces; the air grew sharp with perfume. Silently we crept into the enchanted Nova Scotian valley, through which the Dominion Atlantic Railway runs.

Not On The Menu

By TALIB, in the *Sovereign Magazine*

THE first person I caught sight of when I strolled on to the terrace of the Cafe des Palmiers for an aperitif before lunch was Farington.

We had been friends for a good many years, and I had had abundant opportunity to admire his ability as the brainiest member of a well-known firm of private enquiry agents. But anyone less resembling the traditional sleuth it would have been difficult to imagine. As he lounged at the little green table, under the huge red-striped umbrella, he looked, in his smart grey suit, with his hat tilted a little forward over his keen handsome face, like one of the everyday crowd of well-dressed pleasure-seekers who congregate on the Riviera.

I had only arrived by the luxurious "Blue Train" the night before, and had no notion that he was in the place. However, I was not in the least surprised to see him. His professional duties took him from time to time to most parts of the Continent, and the Riviera had always been one of his favorite hunting-grounds during the season.

He was as glad to see me as I was to see him.

"This is fine, Jimmy!" he cried, as I drew up a chair to the little green table. "Funnily enough, I had just been wondering whether we should run into each other. I knew it was about time for your annual trip south. Tell us all the news. But first, what will you have?"

"Any darned thing that's cool!" I told him, mopping my forehead.

He laughed, and signed to a waiter and ordered drinks.

"By George, yes!" he agreed. "The sun's putting in a bit of work here! How's England?"

"Oh, as usual in March," I answered. "Wind, snow, fog. A depression coming from the Arctic—"

"I know. And another from the Baltic. Well, let 'em come! We don't care. Look at that!"

He waved a commendatory hand in the direction of the bay, where in the glorious sunshine pouring down from a cloudless sky white-sailed yachts were skimming gracefully over the clear blue water. "You can't match that anywhere else during this part of the year. Here's to you!" he added, as the waiter arrived with the cocktails.

Sipping the iced nectar I asked him: "Is it business or pleasure this time?"

Farington grinned. "Well, a little of both, perhaps. I usually combine the two, you know."

"Searching for the missing coronet of the Russian Grand Duke?"

"Absolutely nothing doing in that line!" laughed Farington. "Russian Grand Dukes

haven't got any coronets these days. Most of them haven't even got any boots! Look here, Jimmy," he went on, pulling out his cigarette-case and drawing his chair a little closer, "you're an old and trusted pal, so I don't mind telling you. I've got my eye on one or two people here. Do you remember reading in the papers last November about a big bank hold-up in Lisbon?"

I didn't. So far as I knew, or cared, big bank hold-ups in Lisbon might be as common as revolutions.

Farington regarded me with mock disapproval. "No," he grunted, "an idle rich like you wouldn't! Well, perhaps you recollect that jewel robbery in Regent Street a few weeks ago?"



HAPPY THOUGHTS

The best angle from which to approach a problem is the try angle.

Some speakers electrify audiences; others merely gas them.

You can't get out of trouble by using soft soap; it requires grit.

A clergyman is often a man who talks in other people's sleep.

A woman recently sued for a divorce on the ground that she was in a trance when she married. If marriage won't bring her out of the trance, divorce won't.



Of course I remembered that. A real sporting effort! Two men had driven up in a car in broad daylight; one of them had smashed a shop window with a brick; and they had cleared out in full view of everyone, with a handful of diamond rings.

"They haven't caught either of the blighters yet," I commented.

Farington nodded. "That's true. But there's a pretty strong suspicion as to who one of them was. And we've reason to believe that he was also one of the gang in the Lisbon affair. Spectacular crime seems to be his hobby."

"Then, why on earth hasn't he been arrested?" I asked.

"Because, my dear chap, at present there's nothing but suspicion. There's no real proof against him. He wasn't caught in the act; and so far he's been clever enough not to commit himself."

"And you think he's hiding somewhere here?"

"Hiding?" Farington began, and then he suddenly shut up like the proverbial clam. "I can't tell you any more just yet," he said. "In the words of England's latter-day oracle, wait and see!"

I knew there was no use pumping him, and for awhile we sat talking of other things and watching the crowd, a pastime that always fascinates me. In front of us was the big Casino square, with the newspaper and flower kiosks along one side of it. From where we lounged, with a hundred others on the flower-scented terrace, listening to the string orchestra playing inside the cafe, we could see the cars disgorging worshippers of the Goddess of Luck at the steps of the Casino.

In the centre of the square a couple of stout gendarmes shepherd from imminent death and destruction the more energetic and infantile portion of the populace intent on feeding the Casino pigeons. A soft balmy breeze from the bay fluttered the scarves of smartly dressed women parading with their escorts.

Farington began to tell me about the people; his knowledge, as usual, was encyclopaedic. The obese rubicund individual descending the Casino steps was a magnate of the financial world, who a week before had broken the bank. The tall aristocratic lady with snow-white hair was a French vicomtesse. In her day she had been a famous society beauty; but that day had long since passed, and now her only pleasure was gaming at the tables. How soon the old family "chateau" would come under the hammer was merely a question of time.

He broke off suddenly in his recital as a girl came out of the cafe and started to walk across the square.

"Ah, there she is!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me for a minute."

He rose from the table and went quickly in pursuit. While they stood talking together I had a glimpse of the girl's face—one of the prettiest I had seen for a long time. After a few moments conversation I saw her nod gravely, and her companion raised his hat and returned to me.

"Who's the beauty?" I asked, as he re-seated himself.

"She is a beauty, isn't she?" he agreed enthusiastically. "And a real good sort, too! She's Roxane—at least, that is her professional name. Mademoiselle is half English. She and her partner Martello are giving exhibition dances at 'Les Plaisirs,' the new restaurant de luxe a few miles out of the town. And that reminds me—I was going to ask you, if you haven't anything better

to do, to dine with me there to-night? You'll find it quite amusing, and I'll introduce you to Roxane."

I was delighted to accept his invitation, and after another cigarette and more desultory gossip we went our respective ways in search of dejeuner.

Dinner had already commenced when I followed my host into the brilliantly lighted dining-room. He was evidently a favored client, and the smiling maitre d'hotel came bustling forward to usher us to our table.

Farington shot a keen glance over the assembly, and then bowed and waved a hand in the direction of a couple sitting at the far end of the room.

"There they are," he said. "Roxane and Martello. You'll see them dance presently."

They were certainly a fine-looking pair, as they sat together at the small table close to the orchestra reserved for the professional dancers. And, judging from the greetings and handshakes bestowed on them by the guests passing to their places, Roxane and her partner were not lacking in friends and admirers.

While the meal progressed to the soft sensuous strains of the string band, the popping of corks, and the gay chatter of jewel-decked women, I had an opportunity of observing them. The girl, with her red-gold hair and lovely laughing face on which late hours and over-heated rooms had as yet been powerless to leave their impress, looked scarcely twenty. In her short dancing frock of mauve and silver she seemed the embodiment of youth and pleasure, though a careful observer would have noted the firm oval chin and steady grey eyes. He would have estimated her a girl quite capable of looking after herself amid the thorny circumstances that beset the daily life of a professional dancer.

Her companion, Martello, was evidently a good deal older—thirty, perhaps—a handsome, well-built figure in immaculate evening dress. His rather swarthy clean-shaven face, dark flashing eyes and crisp black hair were proof of at least a trace of southern blood in his veins. A man of energy, one would have said, a man of quick passions, dangerous, and a lover of women. Looking at him, one was led to suppose that a dancing partner must be chosen mainly for proficiency in his art; otherwise, one might have been inclined to wonder how such a dainty refined girl came to be associated with him.

However, the company that evening were not assembled for purposes of psychological speculation. They had only one purpose—to amuse themselves and revel in the luxuries of life. Dinner at "Les Plaisirs" was the latest fashionable diversion for the distraction of people weary of the gaming-tables, the opera and the soirees dansantes of the town a few miles distant.

And the site had been well chosen for a palace of pleasure. The main building stood on a low hill with flowery terrace-gardens. From the open windows of the restaurant,



through which the cool breeze wafted the scent of orange-blossom, one could see the blazing lamps of the great domed Casino, and beyond it the harbor shimmering under the moon and the twinkling lights of yachts riding peacefully at anchor.

A short motor drive brought the guests to the foot of the hill; and from there a lift bore them upwards to the covered passage which led to the interior of the building. Away from the racket and bustle of the town, a perfect chef, a perfect cellar, and a perfect dancing-floor were at the command of fortunate beings whose purses happened to be suited to such perfection.

The company that evening was, as usual, cosmopolitan; and my host once more found himself acting as cicerone. At the table next to ours an American millionaire was entertaining a party of guests, including a world-famous prima donna from the opera. At another a young Italian nobleman, just back from a Mediterranean cruise, was chatting light-heartedly with his friends, untroubled by what his creditors were saying about him in Rome.

At "Les Plaisirs" one did not think of such things! Two middle-aged diplomats with their wives and daughters, released for a time from the cares and responsibilities of the Legation, appeared to be discussing anything except politics. Wealthy English tourists, leaders of society, well-known novelists and painters, demi-mondaines gorgeous in the creations of the Rue de la Paix—they were all there, the crowd of sybarites who for some months of every year make the French and Italian Rivas their playground.

And in and out among the guests sauntered Poussin, most efficient of maitres d'hotel and a privileged person, recommending a special dish to monsieur, retailing to madame the latest bit of scandal, complimenting mademoiselle on her dress, yet all the while keeping an eagle eye upon his staff of deft-handed waiters.

In the centre of the vast gilt-mirrored room, surrounded by tables glittering with glass and silver, was an empty space; and from time to time, at a sign from the leader of the orchestra, Roxane and her partner would perform one of their exhibition dances, displaying for our edification the newest steps of the fashionable craze of the moment. To the more material delights of the banquet it was an added pleasure to catch the two graceful swaying figures, as in perfect step they kept time to the rhythm of the music.



It was when we had reached the stage of coffee and cigars that I first noticed something strange about the girl. To most of her audience, no doubt, she appeared the same as ever, joyous and care-free as she bowed to them prettily in acknowledgment of the compliments showered upon her. But it seemed to me that I could detect a look of suppressed excitement on the soft flushed face, a shade of anxiety in the steady grey eyes.

As they passed close to our table on their way to their end of the room, my companion spoke to Martello and invited him and his partner to have a glass of wine. It struck me at the time as rather curious that he had not given the invitation directly to Roxane; however, he introduced me to them both, and for a while I sat talking to her about one thing and another, leaving Farington to entertain Martello.

To Martello I took an instinctive dislike. As he sat opposite to me I noted with aversion the two white teeth, the two red lips, the cruel sensual curve of the mouth. But especially—his eyes. There was no doubt about it; the man had the shifty, dangerous eyes of the professional crook. More than ever I wondered what Roxane could possibly be doing in that galley? All of a sudden she seemed to have grown silent and distraite, and she scarcely addressed a single word to Farington.

I remarked on this after they had left us, but my host made light of it.

"Oh, she's probably only tired," he said. "It's a strenuous kind of existence."

Somehow, that did not seem to me to be the correct explanation. I cannot give any reason for it—but I began to sense that something strange was about to happen, the unpleasant feeling one sometimes gets that warns one of an impending disaster.

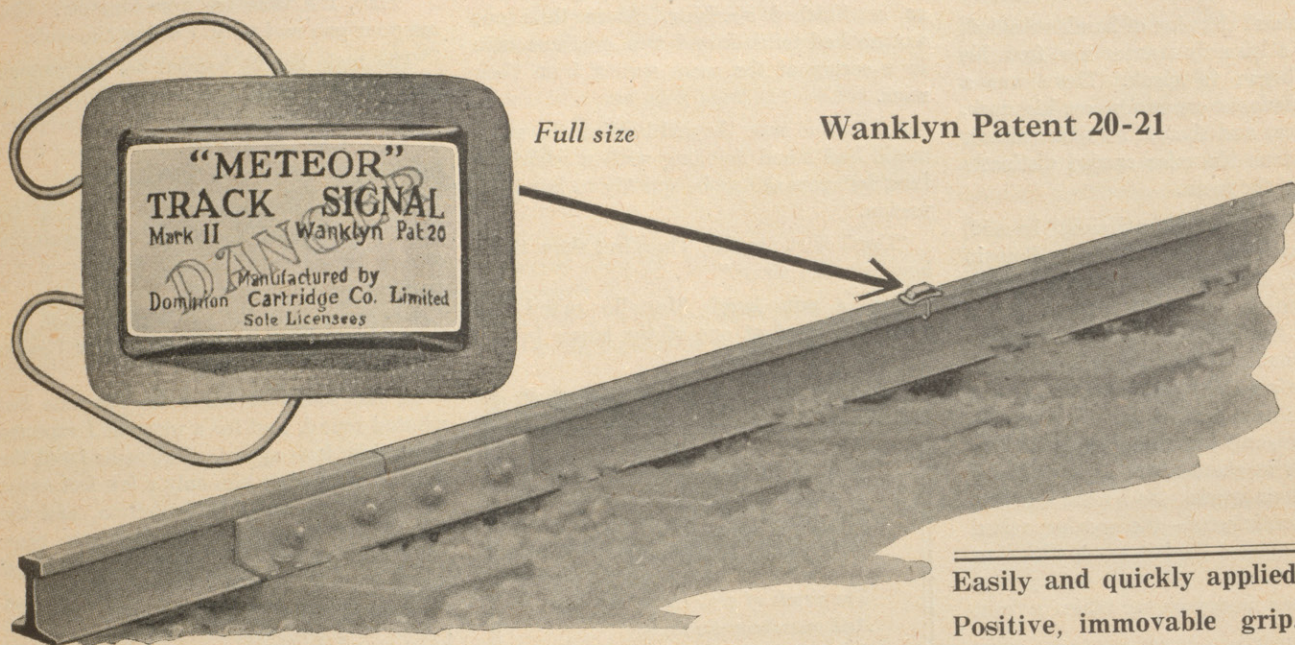
I looked across the room. The girl was leaning forward, her elbows on the table and her chin resting on her hands. She was staring straight in front of her, with her lips pressed tightly together, and it struck me that she was making up her mind to something. Then I saw Martello touch her on the arm, and she turned towards him with a slight start as he drew his chair closer and began to speak rapidly with a wealth of southern gesture. He finished speaking, and dropping the end of his cigarette into a finger-bowl, called to Monsieur Poussin, who was talking to some guests at a neighboring table.

The maitre d'hotel, with a bland smile on his pale good-humored countenance, came and stood beside them, offering a bunch of carnations to Roxane. After a few moments conversation he turned, and, rapping on the table, addressed the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it is to me, and I hope to you also, a matter for deep regret that our season here is so nearly at an end. But we shall look forward to welcoming you again at 'Les Plaisirs.' Meanwhile, I am asked by Mademoiselle, whose superb

(Continued on page 52)

"Meteor" Track Signal Will Protect Your Trains



"Surest and best rear end train protection ever offered"

(Endorsement of Railway Official)

Easily and quickly applied to Rail.
Positive, immovable grip.
No dangerous flying debris.
Water and Weather proof.
"Loud Detonation."
"Arresting Flash."
"Distinctive Smell."

OFFICIAL TEST

As reported to the Board of Railway Commission for Canada, by Chief Inspector of the Explosive Division, Department of Mines, Dominion of Canada:—

"The Detonation was found to be reliable under trials, the conditions of which were more severe than those likely to be encountered in actual service.

"The volume of sound is well above the average, sharp and arresting, accompanied by a brighter flash than given by any other torpedo tested and plainly seen from the cab of the locomotive.

"The detonation was not affected after the signals had been subjected to special treatment, for exposure to rain, snow, steam, saturated atmosphere and rough usage.

"No "dangerous" debris was projected at the trials, and the results were superior to those obtained with any other torpedo tested.

"The brass wire swivel spring is of a form which renders the operation of attaching the signal to the rail simple and quick, and cannot be knocked off by the wheel of the locomotive."

After tests under service conditions on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, practical railroaders affirm that no engineman can possibly run over one of these signals and fail to recognize that a signal is intended.

This opinion from men who are familiar with the use of track signals fully endorses all that has been said in favor of the "METEOR."

The "METEOR" differs from all other torpedoes. It appeals to three senses—Hearing, Seeing and Smelling—and thereby makes assurance trebly sure.

The "METEOR" has been adopted as "Standard" on the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the Canadian National Railway over their entire systems, also by other Canadian Railways.

CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: CANADA CEMENT COMPANY BUILDING, MONTREAL

(Continued from page 50)

art has so often delighted us, to announce to you that she and her amiable partner have prepared for you a surprise. What it may be I cannot tell you. Possibly, a new dance surpassing in beauty anything that we have yet seen. But I shall leave Monsieur Martello to explain to you."

As the general clapping of hands subsided, Martello in a leisurely manner rose from his chair and began to speak. There was a whimsical sardonic expression on his dark, clean-cut face, and though he spoke almost in an undertone his voice carried distinctly to all parts of the room.

"It is true, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that, as our excellent Monsieur Poussin has told you, Roxane and I have for you a surprise. But I fear"—he paused for a moment—"I fear that it will not be altogether a pleasant one. However, I will be brief. Most of you are rich; you have money and jewels; while my partner and I are poor. It is, therefore, only just that you should help the poor, that we should have a share of your money and your jewels. So I must ask you, ladies and gentlemen,"—the speaker raised his voice and uttered the last words with slow deliberation—"I must ask you—to lay your jewels and your money on the tables in front of you!"

Like a flash he whipped out from his pockets two small automatic pistols and, handing one to Roxane, held the other pointing in front of him.

A tense silence, broken only by a nervous laugh from one of the women, followed this amazing announcement. People were looking at one another. What did the fellow mean? No one knew what to make of it. Was it a joke? If so, it was a joke in the worst possible taste, and even a popular artiste can easily carry a jest a little too far for his popularity.

"Are they doing this for the cinema?" I whispered to Farington, as I half rose from my seat.

Immediately he clapped a restraining hand on my arm.

"Sit still!" he commanded sharply. "Sit still! You can't do anything."

But Martello had noticed me, and with a sweep of his arm levelled his pistol in my direction.

"Don't move!" he ordered ominously. "If you do, you must take the consequences."

An angry murmur broke out among the men punctuated by the shrill cries of women. A bomb dropped in the place could hardly have caused greater consternation. And, while they sat there, slowly realising that the man at the end of the room was addressing them in deadly earnest, the cool sardonic voice went on again:

"Let me remind you, ladies and gentlemen, of where you are. You are some miles from the nearest town. There are no police within call. You cannot summon assistance, for my partner has seen to it that the telephone

wires are cut. So, you see, you are at our mercy. Our car is waiting, and within half an hour we must be over the border into Italy. We do not wish to hurt any of you; but we have arms and, if necessary, we shall use them. Once more I order you to lay your money and ornaments on the tables."

The murmur broke out still more angrily as he finished speaking. More than one woman had fainted, and two or three men in a corner of the room sprang from their seats.

Up to this time the girl holding the automatic had stood listening with a white set face; but now she spoke quickly to her companion.

"Don't hurt anyone, Tino; but show them how you can shoot."

With a grim laugh Martello raised his pistol and fired at one of the lamps in the



*It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils,
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.*

*The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.*

*It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.*

*A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets!*



corner from which the men had risen. There followed a crash and a tinkle of falling glass as they sat hastily down again.

As one looks back on it now one realises that it was just like something one sees at the movies, or reads of in stories about the backwoods. At the far end of the room stood the man and the girl, their backs to the musicians' dais and their weapons menacing the lines of guests along each side of the wide open dancing-floor. To have attempted to cross that vacant space would have meant courting suicide.

So, there we were, a room full of people powerless to do anything against a pair of armed determined robbers! Like a person in a dream I can see the wretched Monsieur Poussin, his jaw dropping and his eyes bulging from his head, the waiters motionless round the walls, the musicians huddled upon the platform.

The American millionaire burst in with a laugh. "It's a hold-up all right, I guess!" He tossed a well-filled pocketbook down in

front of him, and stared across at Roxane. "You little devil!" he ejaculated admiringly.

People were following his example, and the piles of valuables were growing as the women in desperation divested themselves of their jewellery.

Then the girl spoke again:

"Tino, it's time we were starting. Give me your gun and go and collect the stuff."

The male bandit handed her his weapon, and taking a large canvas bag from behind a flower-stand moved out into the room. Roxane, with an automatic in either hand, followed a yard or two behind him.

But when she reached the centre of the room she stopped dead; and then, springing swiftly to one side with the lithe grace of a panther, held him covered.

Her voice rang out like a pistol shot.

"Stand where you are, Tino! Or I swear I'll shoot!"

At the sound of her voice Martello had whirled round, and for a moment I expected to see him leap at her. But as he faced the weapon levelled at him only a few feet away, he seemed to realise his position, and the look of astonishment on his face gave place to a glare of baffled fury as he found himself trapped.

"You devil!" he snarled at her. "Why have you done this?"

Her answer came promptly in two words: "For Veronique!"

Superb in her scorn and her bravery, she never took her eyes off him, and he seemed to crumple under her gaze. Then she called over her shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Farington."

To my amazement Farington rose from his chair. He was perfectly calm, and wore a triumphant look such as I have seen before when he has come to the end of a successful case.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his cool, pleasant voice, "there is no longer any need for alarm. That man, Martello, is a well-known crook. You may safely take possession of your property again."

Drawing a whistle from his pocket he blew upon it, and the door opened to admit a French inspector with a couple of gendarmes.

Farington pointed to the motionless figure in the middle of the room.

"There's your man, Monsieur Lapont," said he.

The police advanced to make their arrest, but before they could lay a hand on their prisoner, Roxane, letting the pistols drop clattering to the floor, took a quick step forward and struck him across the face.

"In memory of Veronique!" she cried.

It took all Farington's tact and persuasiveness to convince the distraught Monsieur Poussin that this extraordinary affair, far from diminishing the attractiveness of his establishment, would prove a most excellent advertisement. When we left, excited knots of guests were still discussing the incident. Roxane had disappeared.

As our driver slipped in his gears and the car glided off homewards through the warm

starlit night, Farington turned to me with a grin.

"An item on the menu that you weren't expecting?" he queried. "But wasn't she a little brick? You know, she really stage-managed the whole affair, though of course I knew more or less what was coming."

"Martello was the man you were talking about this morning?" I asked.

Farington nodded. "Yes. Well, he's committed himself properly this time! It will be Devil's Island for him after the French Courts."

"That's all very well," I objected. "But, all the same, I'm rather sorry—in a way. He may be a crook; but he was a bold one; and I frankly admit that I didn't like his partner giving him away. I suppose Veronique was her rival?"

A grave look came over Farington's face. "You don't understand Roxane," he said quietly. "Veronique was her younger sister."

Why a Wasp is "Wasp-Waisted"

STARTLING observations of blood flowing backward instead of forward in the body of a caterpillar have led Dr. John H. Gerould of Dartmouth College to an explanation of the age-old mystery of why many insects have narrow wasp-like waists, he told members of the American Society of Zoologists recently, we are informed by Science Service's "Daily Science News Bulletin" (Washington). We read:

"The wasp-waist is a device for producing blood-pressure, Dr. Gerould said. While examining a caterpillar, which was about to complete its metamorphosis into a butterfly, he discovered that instead of flowing forward in the body as is usual at this stage of its life, the blood flowed backward between the two sections connected by the narrow wasp-like waist. Later the flow started forward. This intermittent flow Dr. Gerould compared to the traffic at a crowded street-crossing which flows intermittently back and forth, because there is no room for opposite streams to pass each other. Such a narrow waist affecting the blood-stream in this way would seem to be a disadvantage to the insect, but it is really indispensable when the butterfly, bee or fly emerges from the chrysalis stage of its metamorphosis. Its wings have developed as tiny, flat, crumpled bags. To expand them they must be filled with blood from the abdomen. The constricted waist is the dam that holds the blood in the thorax while the heart steadily pumps it forward through the waist into the expanding wings. In other words, the wasp-waist assists in producing the blood-pressure necessary to expand the wings."

DEFINITION OF MODERN TERM

A parking space is where you leave the car to have the tail-light knocked off.—"Memphis News Scimitar."

Edinburgh at Dusk

Still as a painting, misty blue and grey,
The twilight city dreamed beneath the hill,
Elusive memories of departed day
Lingered a little while as memories will,
And dumb with longing for the promised
Spring
The trees stood meditating 'gainst the sky,
So still it was the birds forbode to sing,
And silence, like a Sabbath, drifted by.

It floated round each pointed towering spire
That ached to soar a little nearer Heaven,
It lit the western clouds with homely fire,
And whispered words of peace and sins forgiven;

Till from the dusk a million lamps aglow
Pierced through the gloom like flaming
swords of light

That leaped to life in serried rank and row
To guard the shriven city through the night.

—John F. Cranston.

Like the star which shines afar,
Without haste, without rest,
Let each one wheel with steady stay
Round the task which rules the day
And do his best.

Amazing Velocity

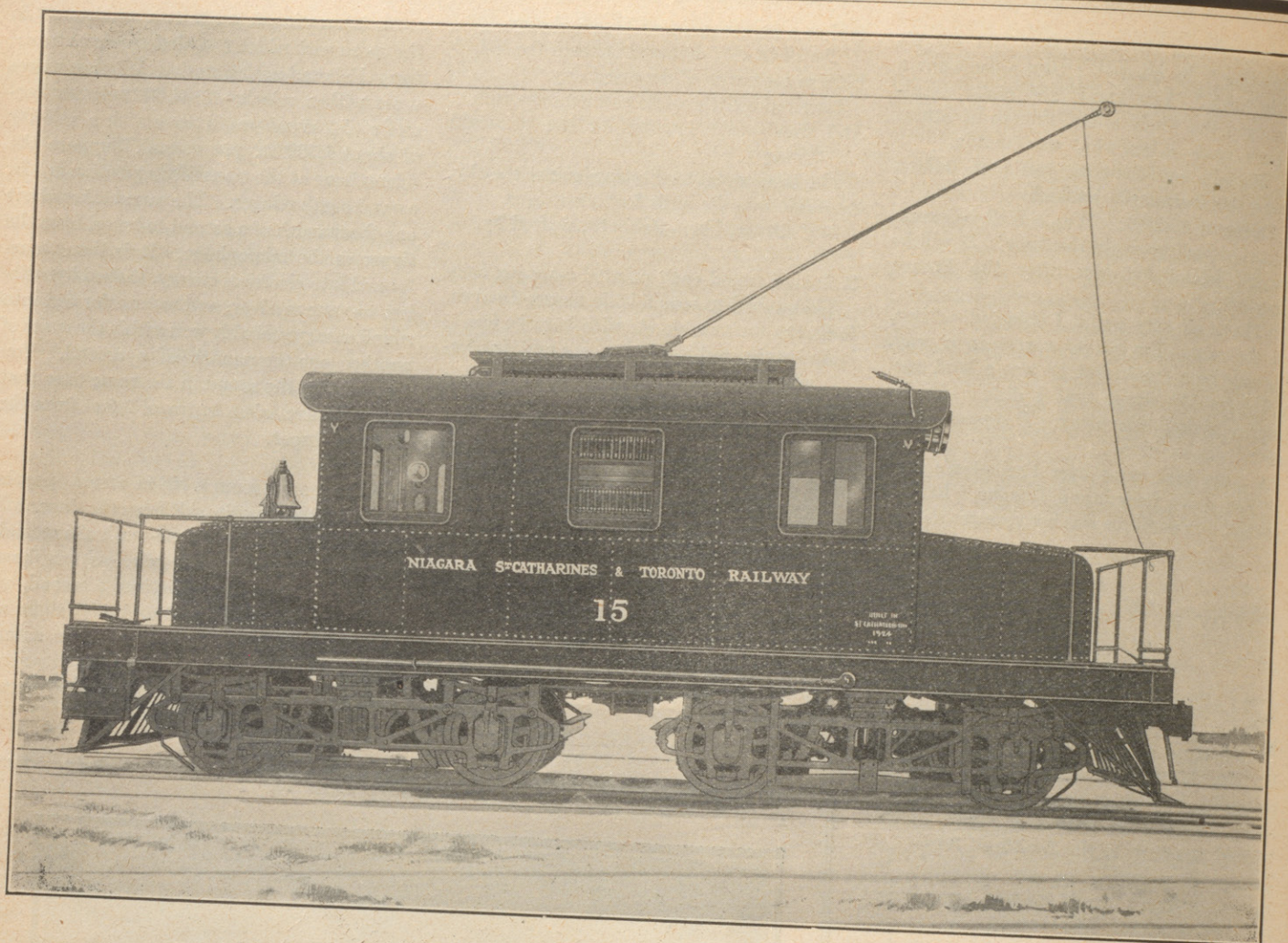
An interesting fact about a wireless set is the speed with which the wireless waves travel from the broadcasting station. Wireless waves move with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second whilst sound-waves move with a velocity of about 1,100 ft. per second. Suppose the microphone at the transmitting station is 1 ft. away from the singer. The sound takes about one-thousandth of a second to travel from the singer to the microphone. It is then transformed into electrical energy, flashed by wireless to your receiver, and re-transformed into sound energy probably well within the space of another one-thousandth of a second. You then receive the sound in the same time that it would have taken to travel 2 feet from the singer's throat.

If the concert room is 100 ft. across, people sitting on the opposite side from the singer will hear the sound in about one-tenth of a second, whereas you, with your wireless set, have heard it in about one-fiftieth of a second, or, in other words, the sound took fifty times as long to reach a person sitting in the actual room as it took to reach, by wireless, a person perhaps 200 miles away!—Modern Wireless.



Huski-joring

Still another winter sport innovation from Quebec. The expense of maintaining a team of husky dogs will probably prevent this from becoming a popular pastime, but from the point of view of novelty, huski-joring is absolutely the last word.



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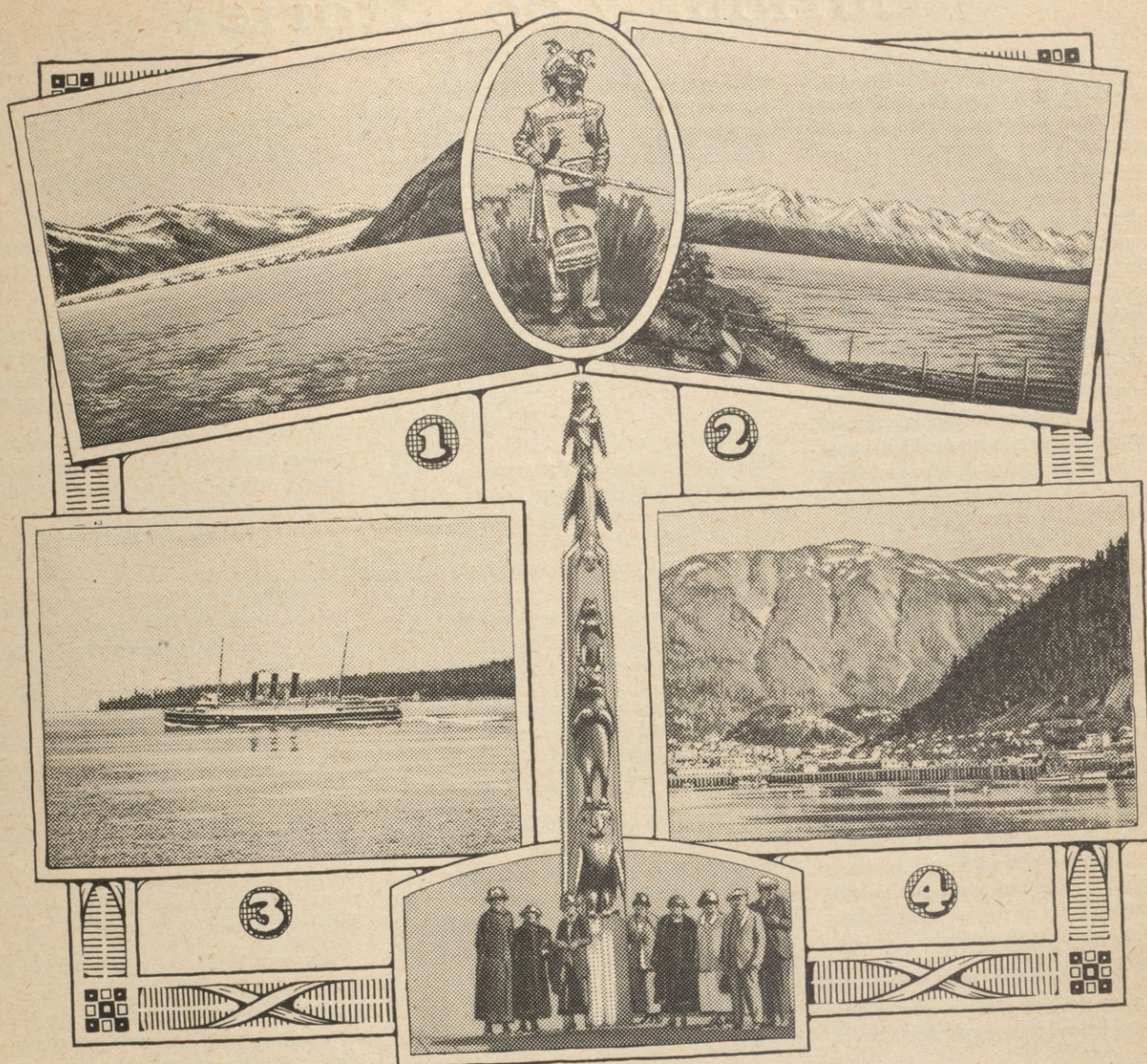
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Alaska is no longer a far off country. It is a very near neighbor to Canada. It will be even nearer this summer. Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, Traffic Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways, has announced that commencing on June 22nd, the company will inaugurate a weekly steamship service between Prince Rupert and Alaska and that the oil-burning steamships, "Prince George" and "Prince Rupert," which have already established a reputation as being among the best-appointed vessels on the Pacific Coast, will be engaged in this new service.

Going northward the ships will reach Prince Rupert at 10.30 on Wednesday morning, following the Monday of sailing from Vancouver, and tourists will be given an opportunity to see something of this new Pacific port, as the steamer does not continue on its northern trip until four o'clock that afternoon. After passing Old and New Metlakta and Port Simpson, an old Hudson's Bay Post, calls will be made at Ketchikan, a typical Alaskan town built at the foot of the mountains. Proceeding from that point the steamships will touch at Wrangell, beautifully situated near the mouth of the Stikine River and possessing many associations with the period when Alaska was a Russian possession. The next point touched will be Juneau, the capital of Alaska, and a modern city with good motor roads and many points of interest, including the Mendenhall Glacier and mines which have made this country famous. On the way from Wrangell to Juneau there will be an opportunity to

see the grandeur of Taku Inlet and the famous Taku Glacier, over a mile wide and 90 miles long.

The ships will arrive at Skagway at seven o'clock Friday morning and will remain there until seven o'clock Saturday night, thus giving ample opportunity to passengers to see this famous town and to visit to the White Horse and the Atlin Lake District. On the south-bound journey the steamers will reach Vancouver at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, making a complete ten-day round trip.

The photographs show some of the scenes along the route of this magnificent sea voyage: (1) The Taku Glacier, one mile wide and ninety miles long, one of the largest and most beautiful glaciers in the world. (2) West Taku Arm, a stretch of water from which rise great ranges of snow covered mountains that, seen in the sunshine, present a sight never to be forgotten. (3) The "Prince Rupert" which with the "Prince George" will be used in the Vancouver—Prince Rupert—Alaska service by the Canadian National Railways this summer. These boats are oil-burners and are among the best-appointed vessels on the Pacific Coast. (4) Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a thriving city, up-to-date in every respect with many sights to interest the visitor and with fine motor roads extending into the mountains to famous mines and other points of interest. (Top centre), An Aboriginal of Alaska in full ceremonial regalia and (lower centre) one of the many curious and striking totem poles to be seen in the business section of Wrangell.

Curious Zoo Stories

IN the head of an octopus is a horned beak, with which the sea monster kills and eats its victims, and very curiously it is this beak which leads to our being able to obtain some wonderful scent.

The great enemy of the octopus is the whale, which, when it has swallowed many thousands of octopuses, feels all the better for his meals except for the beaks that he cannot digest. He, therefore, packs them up in a waxy kind of stuff and throws them away.

The substance is known as ambergris, which is found floating on the sea or is driven ashore by the winds. It is hailed with joy when discovered, and used for the making of scent. The very best kind, known as golden ambergris, is worth \$50 an ounce, or twice as much as gold. And all because a whale has swallowed a lot of beaks that it cannot digest!

Mr. L. G. Mainland gives us this interesting piece of information in his recent volume of "True Zoo Stories." The author also explains how the London, England, Zoo authorities persuade the lovely moon moths to feed in the Insect House. These fairy-like things, he says, live in imitation sunshine in a glass case amid flowering plants. There is not enough nectar in the potted plants to satisfy their hunger, and if the raw honey were placed in their home it would soil their wings and make life a misery to them.

This is what is done: honey is mixed with water until it can be sprayed on to the plants from a squirt. Then the moon-moths seek these glistening spots of nectar, uncoil their spiral tongues, and take their meals delicately.

A Diet of Worms

Mr. Mainland tells us that the winter dinners of the sea horses (the wonderful fishes in

the Aquarium) have to be prepared months in advance. The little water creatures on which they live in summer vanish as the year gets older, so some tiny white worms are placed in bowls and fed on milk and cooked potatoes. These multiply until there are enough to carry the aquarium sea horses through the winter.

Some of the married couples at the Zoo have rather big adventures. Consider the case of the giant toad and her mate. "The wife," says Mr. Mainland, "was far larger than her husband, though he was pretty big himself. One day she felt a bit 'peckish' and finished off her lunch by swallowing her own husband. She simply loved him, she seemed to say, as she grinned happily at her keeper, with the old man's hind legs sticking out of her mouth. By good luck the keeper was in time. He grabbed the wicked wife, turned her over on her back, and worked his thumbs up and up towards her mouth until he squeezed the poor chap back to the light of day. It was like squeezing the pip out of a ripe cheery."

Mr. Mainland adds the comforting fact that the husband toad did not seem very much the worse for playing the part of Jonah, and soon recovered his usual spirits and appetite.

The uncertain climate of England puzzles the tortoises! After being buried for the winter under little hills of sand they used to rouse themselves during a little warm spell caused by sunny days in December or January, and walk out of their mounds expecting to be fed. The Zoo authorities, however, now work on a different theory. The tortoise house is kept warm throughout the cold weather, and the creatures are kept awake and fed.

WHY FISH ARE SLIPPERY

"Why are fish so slippery?" was a question cut to a fishmonger the other day by a lady customer. The fishmonger did not know.

Three out of four of the people who eat fish are probably like the fishmonger; they don't know.

The reason, however, is simple. The slipperiness is due to a sort of mucus exuded through the scales. It is of the greatest importance in protecting the fish from fungus, a skin disease to which they are liable.

If the fish is so injured that some spot becomes uncovered by the protective mucus, a barely visible fungus will probably lodge there; and thereafter it spreads very rapidly, finally extending over the gills and killing the fish.

Another use of the mucus is to diminish friction when the fish is in motion through the water, and so to increase its speed.

BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES

The wheel of Time is not always going forward; sometimes it rolls back. Despairing of ever getting their books published under the Soviet regime, a number of Russian authors have been copying their works in manuscript, and have established a "Bookshop of Authors" in Moscow.

This recalls the early days of the Renaissance, when the revival of the old learning led to a great demand for "scribes" to make copies of the poets and philosophers whose work, after centuries of neglect, had once more come into its own.

These scribes for some time could command quite high prices for their work, and, even after the printing-press had been introduced, continued to put up a brave fight against that "soulless machine."

In this they were encouraged by some of the great nobles of the time. The Duke of Urbino, for instance, who kept forty scribes employed in copying parchments, was accustomed to say that he would be "ashamed to have a printed book in his library."

He: "It wouldn't be much trouble for us to marry. My father is a minister, you know."

She: "Well, let's have a try at it, anyway. My dad's a lawyer."

'Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll;

The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole.

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The Lightning-Rod's Inventor

IT is to Benjamin Franklin, the great American scientist, that the credit belongs of inventing the first lightning conductor. In 1747 a London scientist, Peter Collinson, presented to the Philadelphia Library a glass tube of the kind then used for producing electricity by rubbing with silk or skin. Franklin was delighted with this, and became so engrossed in experimenting with it that he declared he had little leisure for anything else.

With him collaborated three other pioneers—Kinnersley, Hopkinson, and Syng. Between them, within six months they found out the power of metal spikes to throw off "electrical points," as they called them; they invented an electrical machine, better fitted than tube-rubbing for throwing off the electric spark; and they discovered what is now known as positive and negative electricity. Then Franklin began his attempt to identify lightning with the electric spark produced by mechanical means.

All these discoveries and experiments Franklin reported by letter to Collinson, who laid the letters before the Royal Society in London. When these learned men laughed at them in derision, Collinson persuaded the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine" to issue a little book on the subject, which was published in 1751. This had such a vogue that it was translated into French, German, Latin, and Italian.

The first actual experiment was made by the scientist D'Alibard, on May 10th, 1752. On top of a hill he raised a rod, ninety-nine feet high, and "a thunderbolt having passed over the place where the bar stood, those who were appointed to observe it drew near and attracted from it sparks of fire, the same kind of commotion as in the common electrical experiment."

Franklin himself did not at first put his invention to any practical test. He thought a hill of some height was necessary for the purpose, and this was not to be had in Philadelphia. When he did put it to practical proof he used neither a steeple (his own original suggestion) nor even an iron rod, but a specially-made kite.

George III disliked Franklin's political opinions, and was anxious to discredit his scientific discoveries as well. He therefore ordered the lightning conductors on Kew Palace to have blunt instead of pointed ends. When he asked Sir John Pringle, then President of the Royal Society, what he thought of the change, Sir John told him plainly that "the laws of Nature are not changeable at the royal pleasure." This annoyed His Majesty so much that he suggested Sir John had better resign his presidency of the Royal Society. He did so, and the breach between them was never healed. "Sides" were taken over the quarrel, the Court naturally supporting the King, while the wits sympathized with Sir John.



Hon. MARGUERITE SHAUGHNESSY

Daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy, Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who acted as sponsor at the launching from the Clydebank yards of John Brown & Co., of the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Princess Marguerite" recently. The new vessel is a twin screw, oil burner and will be an important addition to the Company's Pacific Coast fleet. The ship comprises five decks and has an overall length of 368 feet.

I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things, sorrow, misfortune and suffering, are outside my door. I am in the house and I have the key.—Charles F. Lummis.

The successful man keeps his mouth shut and his mind open.

Warmed by a Star

It is a little known fact that the earth receives heat from the stars. So small, however, is the amount of warmth imparted to our world from the nearest star that it would take 1,000,000,000,000 years for it to boil a pint of water.

The heat felt is about equal to that of a candle burning fifty-three miles away. The heat of the stars is measured with an instrument called a thermocouple, which consists of two pieces of wire soldered together to make a circle. These pieces of wire are of different metals one piece being of bismuth and the other a mixture of bismuth and another metal.

The light coming from the star is allowed to fall through the lens of a large telescope, on to one of the joints of the thermocouple, and the heat is just sufficient to set up a current which can be detected by a very delicate galvanometer.

Owner (to Contractor)—"Why, I was so scared when I saw that scaffold fall that my heart came right up in my mouth."

Contractor—"Hope you didn't chip any of your teeth on it."—The American Contractor.

Dan—"What'll we do to-night—stay at home?"

Nan—"No. I've got a terrible cough. Let's go to the theatre."—The American Legion Weekly.

A musical expert thinks that solo singing by young girls is a severe strain on the nervous system. It even affects the audience like that sometimes.

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Why America Has Developed Slang

WHAT is described by an American newspaper as "one of the encouraging signs of the times" in the United States is the proper use of the English language. Women's clubs, it is stated, are turning attention to the spoken word, and everywhere schools are stressing the importance of correct diction.

Of late years America has borne much criticism for changes in pronunciations and meanings of words which, no doubt, were inevitable in the course of the amalgamation of peoples of many tongues. There have been introduced many new words, because, we are told, "our commercial and scientific progress has necessitated added nomenclatures, and here our many activities have developed picturesque slang, the expression of a buoyant and humor-loving people."

But for some time past certain eminent American literary men have been engaged in investigations of special interest in this connection. These include, among others, such authorities as Dr. John C. French, Associate Professor of English at John Hopkins University, and Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, lexicographer and editor of the "Standard Dictionary."

These learned men have been estimating the size of the average business man's vocabulary, which is supposed to have contracted in proportion to the expansion of the vocabulary of the average young person, who is quick to adopt slang. They agree that many routine letters sent out from the average office employ a vocabulary of only four hundred words.

Good Diction Important

Professional men, however, naturally, find that they go far afield in the dictionary. Physicians, lawyers, and clergymen are "familiar with 8,000 to 10,000 words outside their professional cant," even though they may not use a varied vocabulary in the regular course of their work. This is a generous estimate, for other learned men have found that 4,000 or 5,000 words covered the general intelligence of most persons.

It is pointed out that the latest dictionaries contain nearly half a million words, most of which are seldom written and rarely spoken, but many people will agree that this is as it should be, for it is probably wiser to have a small vocabulary in which the words are properly used and properly pronounced.

Nothing is more noticeable in these days, when education is so widespread, than really good diction. Theatrical producers complain that American actors and actresses reveal localisms and slovenly habits of speech that bar them from high place. For this reason, we are told, many Englishmen have supplanted Americans on the New York stage.

"Evidently," remarks our American contemporary, "it is time to pay attention to our speech. If the tired business man pronounces his four hundred words correctly, and employs them wisely, if his grammar is above reproach and his voice well modulated as he

imparts his sentences to his patient stenographer, he has attained more than the mere acquisition of a large amount of idle dictionary material."

Most people will agree with the writer that the price of elegance, distinction, and charm in English conversation is constant watchfulness. From the time a child begins with its first syllables to old age there will be always much to learn in this language of marvellous possibilities, the language in which the greatest of literatures has been written.

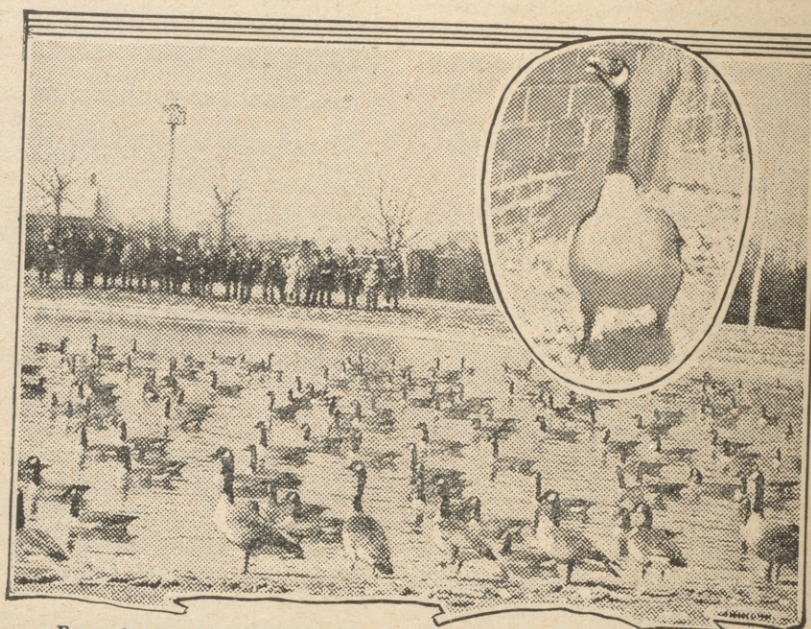
SHE'D READ BOTH

Mrs. Maples had a treasure of a maid, and she was extolling her virtues — especially her trustworthiness — to envious friends when the girl herself entered the room with tea.

"Oh, Jenkins," said Mrs. Maples, "will you run upstairs and fetch that letter I left on my dressingtable?"

"Er—er—which one, mum?" inquired Jenkins. "The one about your brother's wedding, or the vicar's letter about the bazaar?"

Host to a Host of Game



From the dining room of the Miner home. An appreciative gander, inset.

What is, perhaps, the most wonderful hotel in the world, is located on Jack Miner's farm at Kingsville, Ontario. The guests come from as far north as the Arctic Circle and from as far south as the Gulf States. They carry no baggage, are not required to register, pay nothing for board or lodging, stay as long as they wish, and when they get ready to leave, they take the elevator for the sky — and off they go in beautiful winged flotillas, honking and quacking their happiness and gratitude.

This is Jack Miner's wild goose and duck sanctuary, and it is one of the sights of Canada. The birds learned that he was a friend of theirs, communicated that fact to their acquaintances, and now thousands of them in their spring and autumn migrations visit his little watering resort for a few weeks' lay-off and recuperation. Jack's feed bill runs pretty high. It takes from 1,000 to 2,000 bushels of corn per year to satisfy his feathered visitors and not slight anybody. But he loves the birds and the birds love him, and where mutual affection exists, he figures the matter of expense doesn't count.

All the wild birds that visit Jack Miner appear to know him personally, and are as tame as kittens when he is around. He has studied their vocalization, and he declares that he understands what many of their throat sounds mean. There is no doubt in his mind that they talk to one another. Many of these birds return to him year after year in their biennial trips across the country, the tags on their bodies showing this. Many, however, are shot or meet with other misfortunes and do not return.

So it is seen that Jack Miner exemplifies a high type of Sportsman. He is protecting bird life and striving to preserve it for future generations in striking contrast to the thoughtless who slaughter our beautiful and fast-diminishing game life, often from pure wantonness rather than from necessity.

Jack Miner is not only a naturalist but a humanitarian, philosopher, raconteur and fun-maker. Humor bubbles and foams from his conversation cup. Optimism and kindness ooze from his pores. He has no college diploma and was kicked out of school by old man Necessity at a very early age. But despite these literary handicaps, he's one of the best informed men to be met, and as a public speaker and entertainer he has attained continent-wide fame.

Billiards--A Game with a History

BILLIARDS is no longer regarded as a pastime of profligates, or a recreation not indulged in by gentlemen.

That the evolution of billiards has been slower than that of most games may be attributed to the prejudice that periodically has existed against it. The poet Spenser refers to it in unflattering terms in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," in which he says of "The Ape":—

A thousand wayes he could them entertain
With all the thriftless games that may be found,

With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit.

This antique allusion can appropriately be linked with a later Spenser, the philosopher, whose opinion of the pastime was adroitly, if possibly unfairly, expressed when to a man who claimed skill at the game, he rejoined that the accomplishment connoted a misspent youth.

Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair," points in effect a similar moral in recounting the proficiency of Rawdon Crawley, who, it will be remembered, contrives to live passing well on nothing a year, an economic paradox partly explained by his dexterity with the cue:—

"Crawley, from being only a brilliant amateur, had grown to be a consummate master of billiards. Like a great general, his genius used to rise with the danger, and when the luck had been unfavorable to him for a whole game, and the bets were consequently against him, he would, with consummate skill and boldness, make some prodigious hits, which would restore the battle, and come in a victor at the end. . . . Those who were accustomed to it (his play) were cautious how they staked their money against a man of such sudden resources, and brilliant and overpowering skill."

In "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife," a questionable impression of the game as it was played at that period is conveyed by the lines that follow those describing how the doctor dined at Tulip Hall with Lady Tulip and the daughters of the family:—

At length the temple of perfume
Was quitted for the billiard-room.
Ladies command, he must obey,
So Syntax took a cue to play,
Tho' he did not the laugh approve
As he proposed to play for love.

Though when the pastime they had done
He was informed, and to his cost
The several parties he had lost
As they were coolly counted o'er
By the tall Miss who kept the score,
Whate'er he fancied in their feats,
He could not say he thought them cheats.

When it comes to tracing, or attempting to trace, the beginnings of the game, one is faced with much complexity. It is safe to assume that billiards is of considerable antiquity; beyond that explicitness does not venture. There is pictorial evidence that prototypes of the billiard table we know today were in existence two hundred and fifty years ago. It has been claimed that croquet and billiards have a common ancestor in the game of "paille maille," which was the vogue four hundred years ago.

In or about 1570 a French artist named Devigne drew up rules for a table game in which small balls were knocked through iron hoops. The pastime caught the fancy of Louis XIV., to whose attention it had been commended by the Court physicians, and almost immediately it became fashionable. Soon afterwards "cushions", as we call them, were fixed to the tables, and a third ball was introduced. The balls, made of wood or ivory, were set in motion with the aid of a flat-ended cue, and it was in all likelihood this version of the game that Shakespeare had in mind when, in "Antony and Cleopatra," he prompts Cleopatra to bid Charmian, her maid, "Let us to billiards."

In the latter years of the seventeenth century billiards seems to have risen somewhat in general esteem. Charles Cotton, in the "Complete Gamester," published in 1674, states that there were at that time few towns or great houses that did not possess a public billiard table, for the pursuit of this "most gentile, cleanly, and ingenious game."

Even so, the progress of billiards was singularly slow. It did not become a widely-known game until the end of the eighteenth

century, when John Thurston foresaw the possibilities of improved tables and implements.

A cabinet-maker by trade, with premises in Newcastle Street, Strand, Thurston revolutionized the game in a comparatively short time. The wooden bed of the table, the coarse covering, the badly-planned cushions, and the clumsy cues were all abolished in favor of slate slabs, rubber cushions, and pointed cues, and although the game subsequently switchbacked more than once from vogue to decline, its hold on the imagination of players was never appreciably weakened. Now, without a doubt, the position of billiards among our popular pastimes is as secure as that of any other, and perhaps more so than most.

"MASS" PHOTOGRAPHY

An American inventor recently perfected a wonderful photographic printing machine, which is capable of turning out 4,000 prints in an hour, or more than 30,000 prints per working day.

Although this marvellous high-speed machine was invented primarily for commercial work, such as the printing of press photos, it can be adapted quite easily for use in establishments that print amateur photographs on a large scale.

The machine not only does the actual printing, but also develops, washes, and fixes the negatives that are placed in it.

The high-speed printing operations of this latest invention are most efficient when performed in a room where the light is brighter than that necessary for usual photographic work. A yellow diffused light gives the best results.

By using one of these machines one man is enabled to do the work usually done by fifteen.

"I hope they don't give my little boy any nasty nicknames in school?"

"Yes, mother; they call me Corns."

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

Romantic Lady—"Do you ever see pictures in the fire?"

Embittered Art Critic—"No. But I've seen lots that ought to be."—"Punch" (London).

Mrs. Harriman's memories include a story of Mark Twain, whom she met in Bermuda. The newspapers in America criticized him for playing on the golf links with a noted capitalist. "What ails them?" Mark Twain asked. "Of course his money is tainted! It is twice tainted; it 'tain't yours and it 'tain't mine."

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Way to Success

By S. H. D. J., in *The Weekly Scotsman*

MOST people in this very commonsense modern world are quite convinced that they will never be permitted to juggle with "the sorry scheme of things," and aver that it is of no use wishing for impossibilities; so, in pursuance of this practical philosophy, they say to themselves, "Now, if that would happen," or "If I had this, I would undoubtedly be able to succeed in life."

Legions of men and women go through life thinking of what they intend to do, waking up in the morning with a wonderful programme, and going to bed at night with that programme still untouched, full of a better programme for the next day.

And they blame anything or anyone but themselves. Bitterly they revile the fate that caused them to be born to a place in the scheme of things wherein they lack money, or will-power, or strength, or whatever it is that they want and do not possess. Half of their lifetime is spent in imagining the great and glorious deeds they would perform could they but exchange their present circumstances for some ideal condition in which their own peculiar talents would have opportunity to develop.

It is a source of great disgust to them that the golden opportunity they so ardently desire, but never pursue, provokingly defers its visit until to-morrow—that elusive to-morrow of the proverbs which never comes.

It is to these, so befogged in the mists of vain dreaming, that I venture to recommend a passage from Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," in which Teufelsdröckh, speaking in the rugged language of German-Scottish, delivers himself of this mighty philosophy:—

"The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free."

THE CALL OF SPRING

I AM waiting for life, with my arms flung wide,
To welcome whatever he bring,
I am eager with health, I am vital with hope,
With youth and the magic of Spring.

I AM challenging life, in the power of my youth,
Which can riot and triumph and thrill,
I have courage to fight, I have strength to endure
The troubles which fortune may will.

COME to me, Life, come to me, Love,
Bring me the knowledge you give,
I welcome your smiles, I welcome your tears,
I am waiting, expectant—to Live.

—Fedden Tindall.

Fool! The Ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself; the Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matter whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so that the Form thou givest it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the

imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the Gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth—the thing thou seekest is already with thee, here or nowhere couldst thou only see."

And a little thought brings me to the conclusion that the end and aim of man's existence is, or ought to be, to make the most of what he has; and the measure of success in life is, therefore, the amount of good (or bad), the power, the wealth, or the beauty one wrings from these possessions.

Make Your Opportunities

How ridiculous most of us are, then! Sitting waiting like noodles for some kind fairy to come along and transform every condition of our existence into the conditions we think would make triumph and achievement inevitable. We have always an "if" on the ends of our tongues. It is not a success word.

Where would your successful man have been had he waited long and sullenly for his great opportunity to come along and open for him the Gates of the Golden Road to a Full Life, instead of just quietly settling down to the business of building his own road? He would probably be still waiting. "They fail and they alone," says the poet, "who have not striven."

Most people offer two reasons in defence of their inaction. One that circumstance and environment are all powerful; two, that we cannot all be successful. Both are wrong. Though environment plays a conspicuous part in the development of one's character, that character remains entirely individual, despite all the force of circumstance, and the ultimate criterion of success is the power to rise above environment and circumstance, and, if we strive to achieve, the result of such striving, compared with what our position would have been had we remained flabby and purposeless, is the measure of our success.

"Make the most of your opportunities" is good advice, and it is in following it that we usually discover that what Horatio did not know about heaven and earth is as nothing compared to what we do know about ourselves and our capabilities.

But to think is to make a start, and if you are not convinced that you can make your own opportunities if you will, then take stock here and now of your desire and the means you have, or can acquire, to fulfil it. Just get it thoroughly into your mind that you want a certain thing, and cast about for means to get it.

Think of it! Lie awake at night telling yourself how much you want it, and cudgelling your brains for the means thereto. Never let the thought leave you that you want that something, and by the stars and your soul you are going to have it. You'll win!

Visitor (to fond mother): "That boy of yours seems to have a rare thirst for knowledge."

Mother: "Yes. He gets his thirst from his father, and his knowledge from me."

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TORONTO . CANADA

Stamp Out the Slums!

By ALEX M. THOMPSON ("Dangle") in the
Sunday Chronicle, London

SIR HOWARD FRANK says that self-evident truth that: "Good housing for the Workers pays. At present slum dwellers fill the hospitals and sanatoria" (he might have added the prisons) "and cost the country vast sums of money for medical treatment and for the maintenance of their dependents." The slums not only "disgrace our civilisation," as King Edward said, but they are a national curse, inflicting damage on the whole community, a cause of wholesale degeneracy, breeding slackers and wastrels instead of efficient citizens. They are as deadly and ruinous as war.

The London County Council has made efforts to cope with the evil. It started out in 1921 to build 29,000 houses in five years. Up to now it has only built 9,000. The chairman of its Housing Committee has issued a pamphlet explaining this failure. But what we want is not pamphlets, but houses. Now a new non-party organisation has been formed in London, under the title of the London Housing League, which proposes, by conquering the difficulties of labor and material which have defeated the Council, to provide fifty thousand homes and "to secure for every family a se-

parate dwelling, not necessarily a separate building, but having its own sanitary and domestic conveniences."

The scheme is ambitious, but manifestly right. The men, who, after fighting for England, returned to herd their wives and their children into filthy slums, under outrageous rents to sub-landlords who had shirked the war and pinched their jobs, are entitled to all that the new society promises.

Build First

If the promoters are unflinchingly bold and resolute they will succeed. But they will have to ignore or override all selfish interests, capitalist or labor. The one and only interest they have to consider is that of the homeless people.

My heartiest wishes are with the new society. I would have them especially heed Sir Howard Frank's suggestion that "the money spent on clearing slums or in advancing cheap credit to industrial firms to enable them to move into the country and house their employees must be regarded as a national health insurance."

The way out of the slums is into the country. That shrewd business man, Henry Ford, has lately urged this solution of the problem for the wholesale exodus of the business concerns, lock, stock and barrel, into the fresh air, the scrapping of the plague incubators in which the city millions are smothered, the building of clean little garden cities round factories where the workers might vary the monotony of repetition jobs by diverting their time between mill and field.

One other urgent idea; let the new society take care to build before it destroys. Many eager reformers in trying to save people from conditions which, as Tennyson said,

Soak and blacken soul and sense
in city slime,

have sent them to seek refuge in the slush and chill of railway arches. A building scheme proves its usefulness not by the number of bad houses it pulls down but by the number of good houses it puts up. The best way to create slums is to drive the inhabitants of crowded tenements into worse crowding by demolishing their "homes" before providing others; the best way to destroy them is to provide cheaper and healthier lodging.



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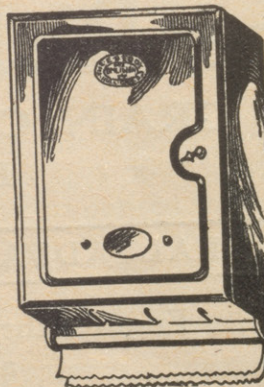
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Father of Penny Postage

"POSTAL reform represents the greatest social improvement brought about by legislation in modern times." It was thus that Justin M'Carthy paid tribute to Rowland Hill, whose name is recalled freshly to mind by the present agitation for the return of penny postage.

Hill, who was born at Kidderminster in 1795, was one of those men whose personality is eclipsed by the magnitude of their achievements. Everyone is gratefully aware of the boon that he conferred on mankind, but of the man himself the average person knows strangely little.

As a boy, and, indeed, throughout the greater part of his life, Rowland Hill was physically weak. For some years he was confined to his bed with spine trouble, and only an inherent doggedness of spirit kept him going. Growing up, he had an acute consciousness of his educational deficiencies, which he sought to remedy by self-study so diligent that at one period his health was gravely jeopardized. Astronomy, history, architecture, literature, surveying—he digested each with a mental hunger that would not be appeased.

In 1822, having meanwhile become identified as a teacher with the school founded by his father, Hill, in conjunction with his brother, published a work entitled "Plans

for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in Large Numbers," which led to their system of education being adopted in several foreign countries, including Sweden, France, and America.

He resigned his headmastership in 1835 and accepted the post of secretary to the Colonization Commission for South Australia. In his out-of-office hours he evolved his penny postage scheme.

At this time, it has to be remembered, the Post Office, to the great mass of people, was a useless institution. Forgery and corruption were rampant, and it was common for poor persons to go in dread of receiving a letter, so heavy were the fees. Hill had conceived the idea of a travelling post-office as early as 1826, suggesting that railway carriages should be adapted to the purpose. But it was not until 1840 that his plan, first propounded in a pamphlet entitled "Post Office Reform: Its Importance and Practicability," found official approval.

For some years previously he had been met with nothing but rebuffs from the Government, and almost everything short of offering him personal violence was done to prevent his scheme materializing. Probably it will now never be realized how much Hill suffered in those pioneering days, for suffer he certainly did. With consummate patience and

determination, however, he prosecuted his campaign, until in the end, as Mr. Gladstone wrote, his reform ran like wild-fire through the civilized world. For his services Hill received a Government grant of £20,000.

The question of the origin of petroleum is very complex. In many cases we have reason to believe that the petroleum was not formed in the strata in which we find it. The bulk of the soil of a field may have been produced under fairly uniform conditions; but each minor occurrence may also have passed through its own history of production and development under special local conditions. As regards parent material or materials, we have only suppositions.

The oils—as distinct from petroleum—we commonly deal with are all of organic origin, vegetable or animal. Petroleum may have the same origin, and of late the view has been gaining ground that the occurrences of petroleum and coal are interrelated. But the advocates of an animal origin of petroleum have by no means given in; the possibility of an inorganic origin also continues to find support, and the great variety of petroleum suggests various parent materials and modes of production. At present there is no agreement, not even on essential points.

—Engineering.

"A penny for your thoughts, old chap."

"Well, I—er—was thinking of asking you for a loan of five dollars."

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A Collar Centenary

THERE are too many' centenaries, remarks a writer in the London Daily Telegraph, protesting that "the ingenuity of those antiquaries who are always seeking something for us to commemorate is too imaginative." But this year, just the same, he says, "they have dug up one great piece of work."

We are to celebrate the centenary of the collar, the male collar, the detachable collar. Manifold are its shapes and sizes, but it has had only a hundred years of development, and every species of it, soft and starched, plain or colored, single or double, tall or low, is sprung from one example and the thought of one epoch-making mind. The world knows nothing of its greatest benefactors. How many of us ever heard of Hannah Lord Montagu? It sounds a very improbable name. But there was one. In the year 1825 she was on duty as the wife of a blacksmith in Troy—New York's, not Priam's. Ex-officio, she washed shirts, and every shirt of that barbarous age had a collar annexed, incorporate, united. How many million women there were in the world struggling with these collared shirts we will not calculate. To one, and only one, Mrs. Montagu, of Troy, did it occur to notice that the shirt kept clean longer than the collar. So rare is genius. Mrs. Lord

Montagu took appropriate action. She operated on those shirts. Thenceforward no males under her control had a clean shirt until the matter was urgent. A clean collar, it was swiftly proved, provided ample respectability for every man.

The value of this reform was quickly recognized. Soon Mrs. Montagu was selling detachable collars to other ladies with males in their care. In a dozen years collar factories were needed to meet the demand. Such is the case made out for the commemoration of the lady of Troy. It is probably accurate. To prove that Mrs. Montagu was unique and original is in the nature of things not possible, but no one ever heard of any other inventor of the modern collar, and the thing certainly came in about that time. Collars, and collars standing and stiff, there were long before, but they had always been an integral part of the shirt. We honor Mrs. Lord's invention not so much for its influence on the laundry bill as for the variety which it has brought to male appearance.

Consider the family portraits of the neckcloth and stock period. The precise significance of those kindred words we will not discuss. Cowper went into stocks in 1780. Members of Parliament still wore neckcloths in the 'thirties. For the first

fifty years or so of the nineteenth century every genteel man wore about his neck a sort of bandage, white or black, above which rose more or less the points of a shirt collar, and the victims of this fashion look extraordinarily alike. At the end of that time the detachable collar was common. At the Cratchits' Christmas dinner we find Peter "getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar into his mouth." This object of art was his father's, and lent for the day. Peter yearned to show it "in the fashionable parks." Here seems to be the earliest example of a phenomenon subsequently common, the delight of a boy in his first stand-up collar. When that emotion had been discovered, when the various and decorative possibilities of the detachable collar were understood, its supremacy was assured. By the middle of the sixties the stocks were gone, and the semblances at least of most of our later collars can be detected in the fashions of the time. From that period in human history men ceased to be so distressingly similar.

Many eminent doctors advise that it should be made a punishable offence to go about in public places with a cold in the head. Such an authoritative suggestion is not to be sneezed at.

Perpetuated Salaries

THOSE farsighted enough to invest their small yearly savings in a SUN LIFE PENSION INVESTMENT BOND have no dread of the cessation of their salaries. The small amounts deposited now mean a substantial monthly income to replace the salary later on.

If the Total Disability Benefit be included it will "make assurance double sure."

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Forgetting as a Fine Art

THE art of forgetting, though few people realise it, is quite as useful as the art of remembering.

We have all heard of Goldsmith's parson: "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."

The poet may have had Dr. Johnson in his mind when he wrote these lines, for the great man had a prodigious memory which he was very fond of exercising in conversation. Macaulay, too, had so exact a recollection of everything he had ever read that he scarcely had use for a reference book when he was writing the "Edinburgh Review" essays. It was only when they were issued in volume form that he troubled to verify his references.

But most people have less roomy minds, and for them it is best to arrive as early as possible at an understanding with themselves as to what is worth remembering and what should be forgotten.

Lord Birkenhead gave a useful lead in this direction not long ago, when he confessed that he would be quite unable, if called upon, to pass the examination for a "call" to the Bar; he also expressed his belief that, should the Archbishop of Canterbury be required to qualify again for ordination, he would be ignominiously "ploughed."

This only means, of course, that these two eminent men have forgotten most of the useless knowledge with which they were crammed when they faced the examiners, and have exchanged it for something more serviceable.

Most of the learning that we acquire laboriously at school and college may be scrapped with advantage when we go out into the world.

That is not to say that our education served no useful purpose. But in the world of affairs each man and woman must choose what is the most useful knowledge to cultivate. It is said of the late King Edward that he never forgot a face or a name, and was able on the instant to recall anybody who had previously been presented to him. That is a princely attribute, cultivated by all "born to the purple," and enjoyed in full measure by our present king and by the Prince of Wales.

To the politician, the commercial traveller, or the detective a memory for faces and names is also of enormous use.

Then there is the technical knowledge which every man in a profession or a trade must have at his fingers' ends. It is the most important of all. I once knew an eminent stockbroker who could seldom remember his telephone number and who sometimes forgot his home address. But he was never at a loss if you asked him for the latest quotation on 'Change of any one of two hundred stocks and shares.

SAVINGS

THE Bank of Montreal numbers among the customers of its Savings Department thousands of men and women in every part of Canada.

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Music for Health

CLASSICAL music, not ragtime, is recommended by a woman doctor, Agnes Savill, of London, as a cure for the mentally ill. Her ideas are presented by Dr. Kate C. Mead in "The Literary Digest International Book Review", and are quoted from Dr. Savill's "Music, Health and Character." We read:

"Dr. Savill herself had always been bored by any kind of music, except Scotch songs. After she had studied medicine and psychology and arrived at the mature age of thirty-odd years, she was taken unwillingly to a Chopin recital to hear the great pianist, Busoni, whose program she had studied on her player-piano in order to listen more intelligently. His playing revealed to her mind entirely new and pleasurable sensations. Since that time she has tested the curative and invigorating powers of music in times of stress and strain both on herself and on many shell-shocked or neurasthenic patients, with excellent results. She finds certain kinds of music much more helpful than others, and she singles out the etudes of Chopin, Beethoven's symphonies, and Bach's concertos as most effective in translating the voice of the Infinite into terms which the human mind can comprehend. She also finds that classical music is the only kind that has a curative effect on intellectual people. In order, however, to appreciate classics in music the mind must be educated by frequent repetition of the score by the fingers of a skilled pianist, and for the best medical effects there must be no distractions of sound, light or conversation. She suggests that in some individuals the effect is caused by the ideas and memories which the music arouses, but it varies with the age, constitution and education of the individual as well as with his musical experience."

Stars We Cannot See

Two hundred millions of millions of miles away is a star called Algol. It is the second brightest star in the constellation of Perseus, and it has the curious habit of varying in brightness at regular intervals.

After much research we know now that Algol consists of two stars—one bright, the other dark. They are each about a million miles in diameter and about two million miles apart. They revolve around one another, and when the dark star is between us and the bright one, the light we receive from the latter diminishes.

There are several other stars of the Algol type, and it is simply through our researches that we are aware that there exist in the heavens dark stars—stars which give no light at all and are in themselves totally invisible.

How many there may be we do not know, for it is only by their power of eclipsing bright stars that we can recognize them at all.

IN ABSENCE

All beauty of the earth from dawn to dusk,
That makes life gay,
Is brown and shrivelled as an autumn husk
When you're away;
And from the heavens' wide and wondrous arc
The color dies,
Nor any gold or silver stars the dark,
Wanting your eyes.

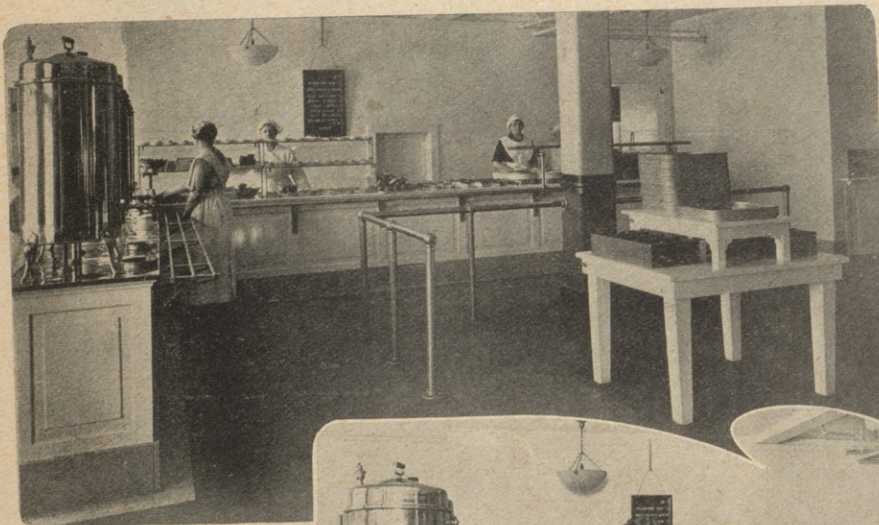
Barbara Drummond.

Sir Oliver Lodge says that man is still an unfinished article—
It's not the motorist's fault, anyway.

The Problem of Nourishment for Workers

THE problem of the noon-hour lunch for workers in a big city, more especially female workers, was never a simple one. Those institutions that have made provision for wholesome and health-giving meals for employees have perhaps made as useful a

contribution to industrial relationships as could well be made. Not many of them, however, have a problem of quite the same complexity as an organization providing a twenty-four-hour public service.



The cafeteria counter ready for the noonday rush

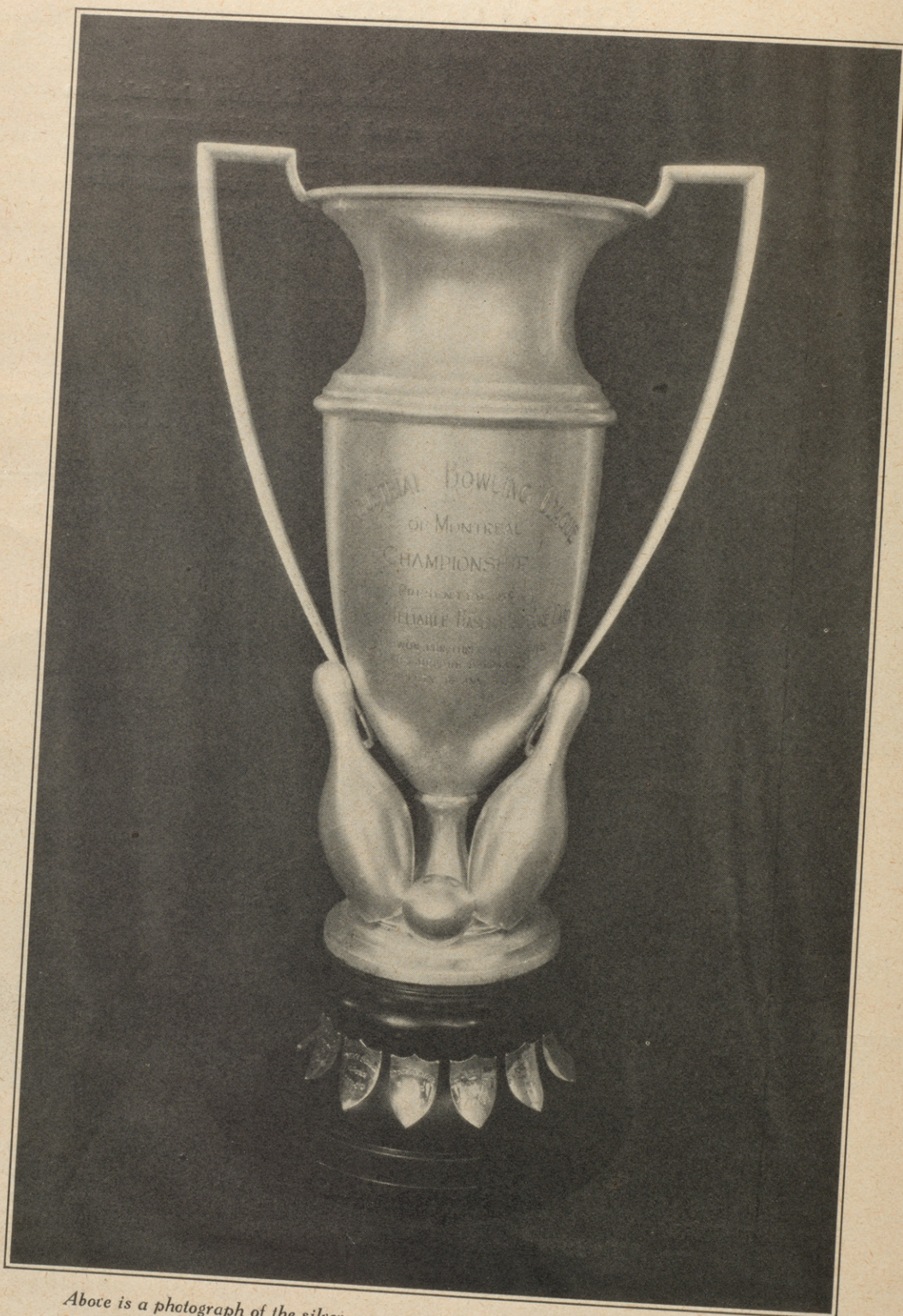
Here they are, the rush is on



One of the most striking features in connection with the lunch rooms of The Bell Telephone Company is the daily increasing number of employees attending regularly for meals. Sixty-five thousand lunches a month

served to approximately 3,000 people at a cost of about \$10,000 constitutes a problem which the ordinary cafeteria proprietor would consider impossible, but it is what is being done with the cafeteria service at Montreal.

- - Fine Cup Now Held By The



Above is a photograph of the silver cup won by Canadian Railroader Bowling Team as Champions of the Industrial League

Railroader's Victorious Bowlers

Railroader Team Won Bowling Championship and Trophy

Once again the Canadian Railroader bowling team has won a League championship and cup, this time in the Industrial League of Montreal, with a dozen first-class teams competing.

The winning team comprised Messrs. Newsam, Campbell, Sykes, Johnston and Kenney, all employees of Canadian Railroader, Limited, publishers of this magazine.

Three spoons were won by the following:

Mulroney, Williams, Sykes, Hurd, Rice, McCuaig, Kenney, Doughty, Mahoney.

Two spoons were won by Byron, one spoon each was won by Hogbin, Gittleston, Phillips, Leger, Greenslitt, Frennette, Shaver, Ramage, Bellefeuille, Taylor, Potter, Johnston, Savage, Campbell, Morrison.

L. Sykes won the high average prize, making a new record for this league of 182.5. The best team averages were:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| Canadian Railroader | 858.4 |
| Montreal Loco. Works | 858.2 |
| Northern Electric Co. | 841.7 |
| Standards Photo Eng. Co. | 813.4 |
| Canadian National Rys. | 807.8 |

STANDING OF TEAMS

| | Won | Lost |
|-------------------------|-----|------|
| Canadian Railroader | 53 | 13 |
| Montreal Loco. Works | 52 | 14 |
| Northern Electric Co. | 50 | 16 |
| Canadian National Rys. | 40 | 26 |
| Standard Photo Eng. Co. | 33 | 33 |
| Bell Telephone Co. | 32 | 34 |
| The Barrett Co. | 31 | 35 |
| Geo. Hall Coal Co. | 25 | 41 |
| Imperial Tobacco Co. | 20 | 46 |
| Crane Limited | 18 | 48 |
| Marconi Wireless | 15 | 51 |
| Ames Holden McCready | 9 | 57 |

AVERAGES

CANADIAN RAILROADER

| | Strings | Average |
|----------|---------|---------|
| Sykes | 66 | 182.5 |
| Kenney | 63 | 174.4 |
| Campbell | 30 | 172.3 |
| Johnston | 66 | 170.1 |
| Newsam | 60 | 166.8 |

MONTREAL LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

| | | |
|------------|----|-------|
| Rice | 45 | 180.4 |
| Mulroney | 66 | 179.8 |
| Mahoney | 66 | 174.4 |
| Greenslitt | 60 | 169.1 |
| Byron | 39 | 167.4 |
| Babbitt | 53 | 160.2 |

NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.

| | | |
|--------------|----|-------|
| Hurd | 54 | 173.7 |
| Doughty | 63 | 171.1 |
| Bellefeuille | 66 | 170.0 |
| Scott | 63 | 167.9 |
| Hogbin | 63 | 162.6 |

CANADIAN NATIONAL RYS.

| | | |
|------------|----|-------|
| Potter | 51 | 168.2 |
| Phillips | 21 | 167.7 |
| Ramage | 36 | 166.1 |
| Savage | 45 | 160.3 |
| Noseworthy | 51 | 160.1 |
| Platts | 57 | 156.6 |
| Allan | 12 | 153.4 |
| Madott | 21 | 148.1 |

STANDARD PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

| | | |
|----------|----|-------|
| Mahoney | 59 | 182.2 |
| Kyle | 42 | 173.3 |
| Leger | 60 | 171.6 |
| Matthews | 60 | 159.5 |
| Sharpe | 60 | 156.3 |
| Shaver | 60 | 153.9 |

BELL TELEPHONE CO.

| | Strings | Average |
|----------|---------|---------|
| Taylor | 37 | 163.1 |
| Quinn | 56 | 161.6 |
| Predham | 28 | 160.1 |
| Rowe | 30 | 159.5 |
| Grose | 18 | 156.3 |
| Morrison | 30 | 155.9 |
| Neilson | 18 | 154.7 |
| Rowen | 19 | 154.5 |
| Law | 29 | 153.6 |

THE BARRETT CO.

| | | |
|----------|----|-------|
| Williams | 57 | 167.0 |
| Gysler | 54 | 159.3 |
| Paton | 60 | 158.2 |
| Davis | 60 | 155.8 |
| Glasser | 54 | 155.4 |

GEO. HALL COAL CO.

| | | |
|----------|----|-------|
| McCuaig | 57 | 168.4 |
| Howard | 18 | 166.1 |
| McCallum | 51 | 160.0 |
| Painter | 30 | 156.8 |
| Sparling | 51 | 153.8 |
| Sherry | 35 | 144.2 |
| Burns | 40 | 143.3 |

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.

| | | |
|----------|----|-------|
| Salmon | 14 | 173.6 |
| Payer | 21 | 169.8 |
| Laforest | 39 | 164.5 |
| Carter | 18 | 154.2 |
| Wager | 24 | 152.2 |
| Kierney | 18 | 151.2 |

CRANE LIMITED

| | | |
|------------|----|-------|
| Nicholson | 18 | 164.7 |
| Gittleston | 48 | 163.5 |
| Phelphs | 38 | 156.4 |
| Baburek | 40 | 155.7 |
| Guay | 24 | 151.8 |
| Cahill | 27 | 150.6 |
| Bell | 15 | 146.6 |

MARCONI WIRELESS CO.

| | | |
|-----------|----|-------|
| Underwood | 48 | 159.9 |
| Zwicker | 59 | 149.1 |
| Willock | 30 | 146.2 |
| Pearson | 54 | 140.2 |
| Higginson | 50 | 138.8 |
| Harvie | 18 | 130.5 |

AMES HOLDEN MCCREADY

| | | |
|-----------|----|-------|
| Paquette | 27 | 167.8 |
| Frenette | 36 | 162.6 |
| Pearce | 51 | 154.7 |
| Brown | 48 | 151.3 |
| Whitworth | 33 | 147.5 |

Man's Conquest of the Air

By MAJOR C. C. TURNER, in "John O'London's Weekly"

MAN, a land animal, saw the sea and could not rest until he had made it a highway; he could only feel the air, but he saw creatures of flesh and blood and wings living in it, and he desired their secret and their power; he burrowed under the earth and under the water, but still the air defied him. Now he has conquered that element, and there are some who believe that his empire will one day be more extended and in directions yet unguessed. In "The History of Aeronautics in Great Britain", Mr. J. E. Hodgson has filled a gap in the literature of British technology, a forbidding phrase which conveys little suggestion of the tremendous epic that is here unfolded, an epic of aspiration and ambition throbbing with romance (much-abused word!), ennobled by sacrifice.

The British might almost claim to be chief among the nations in the struggle for dominion over the air. We have our legendary air hero, comparable to the Greek mythological Icarus and Daedalus. Bladud, who was King of Britain nearly three thousand years ago, and who founded the city of Bath, was, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, killed in a flying experiment in 852 B.C. In Fabian's Chronicle we read:

This Bladud as affermeth y foresayd Auctor Gaufride, taught this lore of Negromancy through his Realme. And fynally toke in it suche pryde and presumption that he toke upon hym to flie into y ayer but he fyll upon the temple of his god Appolyn (in the City of Trinovantum, i.e., London), and thereon was all to torne when he had ruled Brytayne by the space of XX yeres leavnge after hym a sone named Leyr. Nearly 2,000 years after Bladud's time Oliver of Malmesbury, according to Milton (*History of Britain*, 1670),

In his youth strangely aspiring, had made and fitted Wings to his Hands and Feet; with these on the top of a Tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a Furlong; but the wind being too high, came fluttering down to the maiming of all his Limbs; yet so conceited of his Art that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a Tail, as Birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts.

The First Flying Novel

Mr. Hodgson brings to light many apocryphal stories of flight of a similar kind before describing the true scientific speculations in

which the names of Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon are prominent. In "New Atlantis" Francis Bacon puts into the mouth of one of the "fathers" of the Utopian community the statement, "We imitate also the flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air." There is abundant evidence that experiments in flying were common in the seventeenth century; and that they were much in man's thoughts is shown by the appearance of that classic work of fiction, Robert Paltock's "Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins."

The idea of flight took more definite shape in the mind of Bishop Wilkins (not the Peter Wilkins of the novel!), by whom, indeed, in the first half of the seventeenth century both mechanical flight and ballooning were formulated.

He first answers the three chief objections which then appeared to render flight impossible, viz., the natural heaviness of man's body, the extreme coldness of the ethereal air at high altitudes, and also the extreme thinness of it. The first objection is mainly argued on the ground that "if it were possible for men to fly upwards twenty miles the force of gravitation would

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be overcome; he might then stand as firmly in the open air as he now stands upon the ground."

Sir George Cayley (1773-1857) clearly understood the principles of the aeroplane and the airship. He was a remarkable example of those who "live before their time." He made a glider with a surface of 300 square feet, which was usually launched from the top of a hill, on at least one occasion a man being dragged with it, for it is of one of its trials that the story of the coachman is told.

It flew across the little valley—about 300 yards at most—and came down with a smash. Fortunately the experiment had at least an amusing termination, for struggling to his feet, the Jehu—doubtless caring little for the historic character of his aerial experiment, and scared at thus being unwittingly transformed into a Phaethon—approached Cayley and in the broadest Yorkshire dialect said, "Please, Sir George, I wish to give notice. I was hired to drive, not to fly."

Thomas Walker in the early years of last century shared with Cayley the honor of inspiring such men as Henson, Stringfellow, Moy, and Wenham; and things looked so hopeful that in 1843 Parliamentary powers were sought for the Aerial Steam Transit Company, and a Bill passed its first reading.

The public, however, were loath to subscribe capital.

The history of ballooning in Great Britain makes delightful reading from Mr. Hodgson's accomplished pen, and is full of incident, quaint and gay, but sometimes tragic. At the end of the eighteenth century, it appears, it was not uncommon for a balloon to be the object of a chase; on one occasion some horse-men and ladies set out from Chelsea to "hunt" the balloon, which they overtook near Sunbury, when it soared up into the clouds.

The Aeronautical Society (the first of its kind in the world) was formed in 1866, and held an exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1868, when the "Daily Telegraph" compared its own complaint against the "flying philosophers" to that of boys against "the proprietors of donkeys which are announced to ascend a ladder. The donkey never really goes up—and the philosopher has not yet flown."

A Poet's Fury

The opinions of famous men, at different periods, of balloonists and flying men make amusing reading. There is a much-quoted letter from Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and the less-known letter of William Cowper, the poet, to a friend. Cowper's letter was a very long one. Of balloons he says:

The last account from France, which seems so well authenticated, has changed

my jocularity upon this occasion into serious expectation.

Of flying he is contemptuous, even condemnatory:

Will it in its consequences prove a mercy, or a judgment? I think a judgment. But he (man) has been groveller upon the earth for six thousand years, and now at last, when the close of this present state of things approaches, begins to exalt himself above it. So much the worse for him! Like a truant schoolboy he breaks his bounds, and will have reason to repent his presumption. . . . Were I an absolute legislator I would make it death for a man to be convicted of flying, the moment he could be caught; and to bring him down from his altitude by a bullet sent through his head or his carriage should be no murder.

Mr. Hodgson tells of more than one hoax played on the public or the Press.

Early in April, 1843, there appeared in the "Glasgow Constitutional" an account with all the verisimilitude of fact of the start, the flight over the Clyde, and the disastrous "bursting of three of the steam-pipes all at the same instant," with the result that the daring aeronaut falls into the river, whence he is rescued by a passing steamer. A few days later it appeared as a bona-fide account in the "Atlas," and was copied by the "Times," where the jest was



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unwittingly enhanced by an editorial note to the effect that in order to avert any misunderstanding the particulars were given direct from the narrative drawn up by Professor Goells.

Only brief reference is made to the successful gliding of Pilcher and its tragic termination. Pilcher was the first authentic British martyr to aeroplane flight. No doubt the author considers that his work belongs to the final and triumphant advance which culminated in the achievements of the Wright Brothers, Santos Dumont, Ferber, Curtiss, the Voisins, and others which, despite the urgings of the late Sir Walter Raleigh, he felt incompetent to tackle.

SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

They hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

Can'st drink waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swims't thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

—Thomas Dekker (1575-1641)

SCIENTISTS in Europe and in America are engaged upon experiments which will translate a famous proverb from a joke to a reality. Indeed, we are almost within measurable distance of living in glass houses. Before another half-century has passed, glass dwellings with all modern conveniences will probably be an accomplished fact.

Recent experiments have resulted in the production of an inexpensive, easily made, and practically indestructible substance which gives every promise of becoming a first-rate building material.

The transparency which one associates with glass disappears under a treatment rendering the substance thick and opaque. At the same time it has wonderful decorative possibilities in the way of coloring and firing, and, when these are exploited to the fullest extent, amazing new effects will be obtained. It is impossible to predict the far-reaching influence which further developments in the glass industry may have upon our domestic architecture and decorative arts.

From glass floors to glass walls is but a step, dependent mainly upon structural technicalities; and glass floors are already in use.

An American district not far from New York has a road of glass. This, however, is due to a phenomenon. In the course of blasting operations upon a mountain, the engineers met with such difficulties that they submitted the "rock" to tests, and obtained results which clearly proved the composition to be natural glass.

Smelting was thereupon substituted for blasting, and in a very short time the new road presented a smooth and shining surface equally accommodating to motorists and pedestrians.

Every housewife knows that enormous strides have been made in the solution of household problems during the last ten years by means of glass.

Cooking utensils of glass are increasing in popularity; glass slabs on tables, shelves,

toilet tables, trays, and other smooth surfaces improve the appearance of our rooms and halve domestic work. In the bathroom, shelves, splashers, basins, and baths themselves are not infrequently made of glass.

It requires but a little imagination for a woman to picture herself in a real glass house complete with stained "church window" walls and other aesthetic possibilities which glass suggests. Or, failing this, surely it is not too much to expect the speedy installation of glass "protectors" for papered walls, similar to those which serve our lace-covered trays and dressing tables?

When once this hygienic arrangement, which will enable walls to be washed down with real water, is carried into effect, we shall wonder how we could ever have lived in the germ traps our present-day houses will appear to have been.

Of course, there are many practical difficulties still to be overcome by those who wish to introduce glass houses. Such habitations would be grilling in summer and icy in winter. But this disadvantage, as well as the brittleness of glass, is receiving the careful study of experts, and discoveries which will overcome both are expected in the near future.

The following verses were contributed by two young readers of "Railroader":—

A drawbridge, a gate, a court, a stair,
Six stone steps—a princess fair;

A road, a bridge, a coach and pair,
A herald, a trumpet, a prince so fair!

A meeting, a tryst in moonlight pale,
A church—and thus ends my fairy tale!

I wander over field and dale,
And see the moon and boats sail.
I see the very tall church spires,
And the sun which looks like roaring fires.

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Exploits of a Mountaineer

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY

AS in all sports, there are climbers and climbers. In cricket there is a Warwick Armstrong, and there are the players of the village club. Captain G. L. Finch is among the giants and may be compared with the most outstanding figures in the world of sport and adventure. He is an Australian and began climbing very young when he scaled Beachy Head by the most dangerous route. Later, as a student at Zurich University, he acquired a complete mastery of the climbers' craft in many expeditions with his brother, and in "The Making of a Mountaineer" he puts his great experience at the disposal of all "who are bold enough to dare the perils of the icy steep." In the process he describes many hair-breadth escapes, from the time when he saw two German climbers dashed to death down the great contour of the Wetterhorn, to the time when he and Bruce fought all night for their lives to keep their tent from blowing away from the ridge of Everest.

Captain Finch's exploits rank with any which have yet been achieved, and it is difficult to say which are the most astonishing. From camp in Corsica, he climbed the north-east face of Paglia Orba, a feat at which all who have seen that black and overhanging precipice will wonder. His ascent of the west ridge of the Bifertenstock was another climbing "tour de force". The rocks were not only extraordinarily steep but broken and treacherous to the last degree. Here a stone which accidentally dislodged on his companion, almost brought the pair to destruction. It struck the second man on the head, and Finch was only just able to hold him as he swung towards destruction over the void.

The author's ascent of the vast ice slopes of Monte Rosa, 15,217 feet (the famous Marinelli contour to which the reputation of the Pope as a mountaineer is due), is easily a record for the expedition. On this climb, to escape disaster the party must choose their course with consummate prudence. Down the face of the mountain sweep masses of

falling ice and avalanches of stones and, except the moment be well chosen, destruction is inevitable. For two days before Captain Finch sat watching the line which they would have to follow, "at frequent intervals masses would break loose—and with the reverberating noise of thunder dash down to the glacier below. The whole wall was literally alive with movement; during a sojourn of fully two hours, five consecutive minutes never passed without the rattle of falling stones or the mad, headlong rush of an avalanche."

Under a brilliant moon they left the hut. All wore climbing irons. The slope was about 46 degrees (this may not seem much, but the reader should try it, he would call it at least 80 degrees) and racing up as fast as heart and lungs would permit, they came out at 2.35 a.m. at a point where the problem assumed a yet more serious aspect. The general angle of the ground was abrupt, and ice was every-

where laid bare by the scouring action of untold avalanches. Hours above, in spite of all possible speed, they had only reached a level of 12,000 feet.

The outlook was not too good, for with the sun's advent they would be at the mercy of avalanches almost to the summit. At a furious pace they continued to the foot of a slope, which at first glance seemed perpendicular. It was the only way and fortunately, it was just possible to stand in shallow steps hewn in the ice with occasional handholds.

Above, other parties, wandering on the easy ridges of the mountain and none too careful in their climbing, added to the danger of the adventurers by dislodging stones which they were reduced to dodging as they whizzed past. More step cutting in bare ice followed.

At last they gained the rocks, sound, but consisting in overhanging steps about 10 feet high and calling for plenty of arm work. All now went well; at 9.15 a.m. they were basking in the sun of the summit, conscious of having brought one of the most dangerous expeditions in the world to a successful conclusion.

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LIFE'S great task is the building up of character; the world is a college, events are the teachers, character is the diploma man receives. He who stands forth clothed with goodness can be neither feeble in life, nor forgotten in death. Society admires the scholar, but reveres the hero whose intellect is allied with goodness. Its qualities strike through mind and heart, as summer strikes through the matured fruit with juicy ripeness. Emerson says that there was a certain power in Washington, Lincoln and Burke not to be explained by their printed works. As the spring is more than the goblet it fills, so is man more than the speech he makes, the book he writes, or the business he conducts. Well did Milton exclaim, "A good man is a ripe fruit or else earth holds not to God!" Goodness outshines genius as the sun makes the electric light cast a shadow. After all, the kind of world one travels about with is the important thing, and the world outside takes its grace, volume and color from that.

Character has been said to be the joint product of nature and nurture. The raw material includes the racial endowment, temperament, mentality, aptitude for industry, art or science. No effort can make a man of two talents into one of five or ten. Care and culture can thicken the growth of the tree, but no degree of culture can cause an oak to bring forth figs instead of acorns. It is of no use rebelling against temperament or circumstance; it is sure to end in the breaking of the heart. Sincere acceptance of the birth gift and career appointed is the natural and inalienable condition of success and happiness. The soul is mysterious in its working; even a parent cannot tell how it

will turn out. No hand can carve out its outlines, nor brush portray its lineaments. Nature furnishes man with the birth condition and environment. He must work up the materials into industry, integrity, honor, truth and love after the highest pattern he knows. Man's teachers are various, such as home, friendship, occupation, love, grief, and death. His first instructor is the external world. Man begins at zero; the child thrusts his finger into the fire and henceforth learns to dread the flame. He falls and hurts himself; at length through some tribulation he enters into his kingdom. He stumbles no more. He ends by making all natural forces his servants, to do his will and promote his happiness.

Temptation is a powerful teacher. The hermit and the cloistered saint never attain to an immunity from evil; the man who has learned to say "No" to specious wrong is forever armed against the tempter. Man by his own love of truth and right becomes his own fortress. Thus every great man earns his freedom from evil. Luther and Cromwell were tempered against the day of battle. The child's innocence is changed into a grand familiarity with evil. Savonarola and Abraham Lincoln passed through the thunder of life's conflict, and came out with experience and wisdom.

Monotony and newness play a great part in man's education. The consuming excitements of life are not the only, perhaps not the chief, educators. What rioting storms cannot do is done by the silent sunshine. Character comes through commonplaces. The treadmill teaches as well as the whirlwind. The greatest mind grows through drudgery faithfully per-

formed. Each new day is a continent to be explored. Ours is a world in which each individual, each day, has a history of its own. The man of real vision beholds each rock, each herb and flower with perpetual wonder. Life is a feast in which the best wine is kept to the last. Man is stimulated by the crisis, conflict provokes heroism, persecution lends strength. Life's crowning victory belongs to those who have won no brilliant victory, who have figured in no great drama, but have loved great principles amid small duties, nourished sublime hopes amid vulgar cares, and illustrated eternal truths in the merest trifles.

Responsibility drives man to toil, and brings out his best gifts. For lack of feeling the pressure of want many have ruined their lives. Johnson wrote his "Rasselas" to raise money to bury his mother decently. Left a widow with a family to support, Mrs. Trollope took to authorship and wrote many volumes. Coleridge had a house given to him by his friends without necessity, and ease along with opium wrecked his career. Responsibility teaches caution, prudence, courage, and turns weak men into strong ones.

The contrasts and extremes of life help to shape the character. This is a world of seasons, summer and winter, heat and cold, light and dark. Men yesterday possessed of plenty to-day pass into penury. These contrasts are as striking as those that we find on the slopes of the Alps—the foothills covered with vineyards, the summits dwelling in everlasting snow. Thus man flits from light to dark, and dark to light. It is not easy for a man who has led a movement to its success to see his laurels drop away leaf by leaf. After a long and dangerous service men grown old and gray are succeeded by youths to whom society owes no debt. Thus man to whom society owes no debt. Thus man journeys from strength to invalidism, from prosperity to adversity, or goes from misery to happiness and from defeat to victory. Sooner or later we are all tested by these changes; prosperity is sent to bring character up to its highest levels. It is a mistake to suppose that the highest manhood flourishes in extreme poverty.

It has been well and wisely said that moderation is never so impressive as when it sits at banquets; simplicity is never so delightful as when it dwells with magnificence; gentleness never was so touching as when it exists in the powerful. When men combine greatness and goodness, genius and the graces, human nature is at its best. Some are adorned by prosperity, as mountains are adorned with rich forests. Others stand forth with the bareness and grandeur of Alpine heights.

But when friendship and love have enriched man, deepening all the secret springs of his being, then ideals are sent to stimulate man to new achievements. In the heart's innermost temple of silence the soul unveils

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its secret ideals. Therefore must that pattern upheld before men's eyes be of the highest and the purest. The vision reveals to the toiler a better law of reform, and the realization of those visions gives social progress. The vision of conscience reveals new possibilities of character and these constitute duty; the vision of the heart reveals new possibilities of friendship and these create the home.

Thus to the man slowly building up his character comes the supreme ideal—the Perfect Man stands forth fully revealed in all his splendor. He is no empty abstraction, no bloodless theory, but bone of our bone, brother of our body and weakness, yet marred by no temptation, scarred by no sin. He was tempted as we are, yet He subdued His strength in the day of battle and bore Himself heroically. He was so gentle that he felt all the crushing weight of evil, but he also felt the needs of the little child. No wonder that He cried out in the midst of His sufferings and tears, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Yet His faith brightened and He overcame in the very moment of death, saying, "Into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Soon will come the hour when men will hear not the applause of men of low deeds and conscience, but an hour when men shall stand in the presence of the all-prevailing light, and see themselves as they are, and review the life that they have embodied. Happy, thrice

happy, those who have traversed all life's pathway and come at last to the hour when they stand face to face with themselves, then to find therein a divine image unto the Saviour, Whose face was transfigured and shone out of the light! For dying is transmutation; death is a friend coming on an errand of release, a divine convoy. To be so found is hope, and home, and heaven.

Michael Drayton, the Elizabethan poet, has written some wise words that may very fitly close this essay:

"Oh, all-preparing Providence divine,
In Thy large book what secrets are enrolled!
What sundry helps doth Thy great power assign
To prop the course which Thou intend'st to hold!
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, Thy counsels manifold?
It is Thy Wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends."

A Scotsman and a Jew had been dining together. Both had taken too much wine, and on the way home the Jew thought he would have a joke at his companion's expense.

He started singing "Maxwelton Praes are Ponnie," and with that he measured his length on the road.

The Scotsman looked down at him and added, "Whaur early fa's the Jew."

THERE WILL BE STARS

There will be stars over the place forever;
After the house and the street we loved are lost,

Every time the earth circles her orbit
On the night the autumn equinox is crossed
Two stars we knew, poised on the peak of midnight

Will reach their zenith; stillness will be deep—

There will be stars over the place forever.

There will be stars forever, while we sleep.

—Sara Teasdale in Yale Review.

Cats dislike getting wet more than dogs, we are told, because, unlike many other animals, they can literally get "wet through." Animals are frequently able to throw off water by excreting oil from their skin, but the cat is not blessed from this useful attribute. Our domestic cats originated in warm and sunny Egypt.

The Government of Ohio has a wonderful laboratory on wheels, which it sends around the country to help farmers with their soil troubles.

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Shivering to Help Science

SCIENTIFIC research has its human—and humorous—side. Not long ago a volunteer was called for—to shiver. Experiments were to be carried out in order to find the best method of protecting shipwrecked people from the effects of exposure, and it was necessary to register the “shivering points” of a person under varying degrees of exposure.

A volunteer was forthcoming, and his ability to resist the cold was tried by putting him into a tepid bath, where he sat heroically for some time without a single shiver.

The experimenters then started in earnest to raise goose-flesh on him. The volunteer was put in a “wind tunnel,” a passage through which a draught of any required intensity can be forced.

While a draught, seven times more vigorous than a pleasant breeze, was blown through, the volunteer stood completely undressed while his violent shivers were recorded by a Gata thermometer, a special instrument for measuring shivers.

Another ordeal through which the volunteer went was to sit on a high cliff in soaking

wet clothes while the experimenters tried various ways of stopping him from shivering.

Altogether, eleven different types of exposure were tried on him, and in the end it was decided that the best way of saving shipwrecked people from the cold was to fit up rafts and boats with a supply of thin rubber coverings which could be worn over wet clothes.

While animals can scarcely be said to volunteer as subjects for research work, some of them seem to know what is demanded of them, and co-operate to the best of their ability.

Not long ago agricultural scientists were anxious to investigate the effects of over-feeding and of starvation on animals. By experimenting with various foods, they also hoped to determine which of them was the most nourishing.

Through registering the natural rise of temperature which follows in an animal on being fed, and the gradual fall which accompanies a low diet, the values of the respective foods administered can be found.

An ingenious apparatus, called a calorimeter, was used, formed of a chamber with an electric indicator to register the changes in temperature of the animal in the chamber.

An Intelligent Pig

It was essential that the animal selected should co-operate by remaining absolutely still while in the chamber. Any movement on the animal's part causes its temperature to rise slightly and so confuses the effects following feeding with the effects following movements.

Sheep were found to be useless, as they would move about and get hot. Different animals were tried and all were found wanting, until at last a pig was discovered with a scientific bent of mind. He co-operated with the experimenters as if he knew exactly what was required of him. As soon as he saw the chamber he would walk straight in, and, once inside, would lie quite still.

Even when starved, he remained as obliging as ever. Only in one respect did he fail. In spite of the chamber being darkened to make him think it was night, he would never go to sleep except at the natural time, and as some of the experiments had to be performed while the animal slept, the scientist in charge had sometimes to sit up with the pig until the small hours of the morning.

Pigs seem peculiarly adapted to scientific work, for, in another series of experiments with feeding, the animals would scamper out of their cages and run on to the weighbridge as if they liked it.

Scientists call on all manner of creatures to aid in research work, and even the humble flea has been trained to help in experiments.

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Miracles of Memory

Some Famous Feats of Great Musicians

THIS is regarded as pre-eminently an age of "stunts," but so far as music at least is concerned, it is to the past rather than to the present that one must look for the most memorable achievements of this kind. Certainly one never hears of any modern musicians doing things of the astonishing sort recorded so freely in the lives of the old masters.

Take the matter of improvisation, for instance. Thus of Bach one reads that his powers in this respect were unlimited—the inexhaustible flow of his invention being combined invariably with the most rigorous regard for form. Schweitzer tells us that if he improvised for as long as two hours together, the theme remained the same from beginning to end.

The well-known story of his performing before Frederick the Great may be recalled in this connection. The old king, himself a keen music-lover, conning the daily list of arrivals in the capital, announced, with glee, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come"; and the great composer had to present himself forthwith at Potsdam, without having time even to change his travelling clothes, and there delighted and astonished all hearers by his marvellous extemporizations, on themes furnished by the king.

No less famous in the same way was Bach's great contemporary, Handel. It is recorded that when pressed for time he did not even trouble to write out the solo parts in his organ concertos, trusting entirely to his powers of improvising to provide what was required when the time came.

But Handel's most memorable achievement—perhaps in its way the most astounding in all musical history—was, of course, the writing of "The Messiah" in little over three weeks! The thing would indeed be almost unbelievable if it were not attested beyond dispute by the dates on the autograph score now preserved in Buckingham Palace, which show the work to have been begun on August 22nd, 1741, and completed on September 14th.

It may be assumed, of course, that Handel had given thought to the music and worked it out to some extent beforehand. There are, indeed, some preliminary sketches in the Fitzwilliam Museum which prove this. And also he borrowed from some of his previous works for four or five numbers. But allowing for all this, it was none the less a truly amazing tour de force to pen the entire score—and what a score!—in so brief a period.

By comparison with this achievement, Mozart's famous feat of writing the overture to "Don Giovanni" on the night before the first performance might be reckoned almost of small account—especially as in this case it may be quite certainly taken for granted that the music was finished in the composer's head

down to the smallest detail before he set pen to paper, for this was Mozart's invariable practice.

Marvellous Mendelssohn

Everyone will remember the story, which, of course, has not lacked romantic embellishment—to the effect that his faithful wife sat up with him plying him with punch and keeping him from falling asleep by telling him fairy tales, and so on. But as to the main fact that the overture was actually written at the very last moment there appears to be no doubt.

And, needless to say, this was one only of many equally astonishing performances ascribed to one of the most marvellously gifted of all musicians. Another, for instance, was his feat of memorizing the whole of the famous Miserere of Allegri after hearing it once only in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. This he did during Holy Week of 1770, when he was paying his first visit to Italy as a boy of fourteen!

Subsequently Mendelssohn, who perhaps most closely resembled Mozart in his almost supernatural musical endowment as a youth, performed the same feat, paying special attention in this case to the Abbellimenti, or decorative details of the music, which he reproduced with the most astonishing accuracy.

But it is doubtful if there has ever been anyone in the whole history of the art whose musical memory was so marvellous as Mendelssohn's. We are told (says a writer) that he hardly ever needed a score on any occasion

whatever, and it is authentically recorded of him that shortly before his death he played through from memory the whole of Beethoven's ninth symphony—a truly prodigious feat.

Another well-attested anecdote of Mendelssohn tells how on one occasion when he was rehearsing without score a chorus from Bach's Matthew Passion, he called out at a certain point: "Please note that at the 23rd bar the sopranos have C and not C sharp."

What is one to say again of some of Schubert's feats? Everyone knows, for instance, the story of how he wrote the "Erl King." Späun, one of his old school-fellows, happened to call on him one afternoon and found him in a state of great excitement over Goethe's ballad, which he had just seen for the first time. A few readings sufficed him, and an hour or two later one of the most wonderful of all songs had been written, and the same evening saw it actually performed for the first time.

Equally well known is the story of the composition of another of the master's loveliest songs—the exquisite setting of Shakespeare's "Hark, Hark! the Lark!" which was actually written in a beer-garden, on the back of a bill of fare, the product of an absolutely instantaneous inspiration.

Truly there were giants in those days!

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Winners in Railroader Puzzle Contest

WE ARE pleased to announce that Mr. K. Reynett, of the Treasurer's Office, C.N.R., 94 McGill St., Montreal, was successful in winning the cheque for \$3, as first prize in the Canadian Railroader's crossword puzzle competition. The next three sending in correct answers and who will be given an annual subscription to the Canadian Railroader were: Mr. R. Pirrie, Room 105, C.N.R., 94 McGill St., Montreal; Miss G. Rheume, 161 Laurier East, Ottawa, Ont., and Mr. F. H. Anstice, c-o F. A. Rodden and Co., 52 Victoria Sq., Montreal.

The answer to the puzzle is as follows:—

| Vertical. | Horizontal. | Vertical. | Horizontal. |
|-----------|-----------------|------------------|-------------|
| 2. In. | 1. Sins. | 9. Pa. | 19. Lo. |
| 3. Net. | 5. Or. | 10. Bobs. | 20. Bin. |
| 4. Spit. | 7. Asps. | 12. Hern. | 22. Trains. |
| 5. Or. | 11. Nephralgia. | 13. Lone. | 25. Gin. |
| 6. R. A. | 15. O.K. | 14. Done. | 26. Star. |
| 7. Ages. | 17. Tie. | 16. Kitchener's. | 28. Nile. |
| 8. Sir. | 18. O'er. | 19. Lithograph. | 29. Gate. |
| | | 21. Nar. | 30. Crib. |
| | | 23. Ail. | 32. Ll. |
| | | 24. Ill. | 33. Rash. |
| | | 25. Gas. | 34. Ah. |
| | | 27. Rinsed. | 35. Nob. |
| | | 29. Ganges. | 37. Don. |
| | | 31. Boor. | 38. On. |
| | | 33. Roar. | 40. He. |
| | | 34. Ah. | 41. Sob. |
| | | 36. B.B. | 42. Rag. |
| | | 37. Dr. | 43. Go. |
| | | 39. No. | 44. Ne'er. |
| | | 45. Ear. | 46. A. |
| | | 46. Ana. | 48. Rear. |
| | | 47. Lad. | 50. Read. |

| Vertical. | Horizontal. |
|-----------|-----------------|
| 49. Ana. | 51. Snap. |
| 50. Rest. | 53. Snap. |
| 51. Sens. | 55. Err. |
| 52. Peon. | 56. Reader. |
| 54. Peer. | 58. Ape. |
| 56. Root. | 59. S.S. |
| 57. Raid. | 60. Eon. |
| 60. Err. | 61. Oar. |
| 62. Rue. | 63. He. |
| 64. Pa. | 64. Proscenium. |
| 65. Co. | 68. Hart. |
| 66. Em. | 69. Om. |
| 67. Me. | 70. Deem. |

World's Oldest Mine

THE oldest company in the world is that which owns the Falun Mine in Sweden. This mine has been worked for seven hundred years without a break and has never changed hands. The company is called the Stora Kopparbergs Bergslags Aktiebolag, and there is evidence that it was mining copper in the year 1225.

In these seven hundred years the Falun Mine has yielded over a ton of gold, fifteen tons of silver, and about half a million tons of copper. Now it produces 30,000 tons of iron pyrites every year. The mine is a huge hole in the ground, nearly a quarter of a mile long, half that distance across, and some two hundred feet deep.

Men dig for iron pyrites a thousand feet below its level and there are eighteen miles of galleries containing nearly three thousand separate chambers.

A descent into these depths is a strange and rather terrifying experience. First the visitor must don heavy black serge overalls and a wide-brimmed black hat. He is given an acetylene torch shaped something like a kettle.

The visitor makes his way down a path of duckboards. The air grows colder and colder, and at the end of ten minutes he must walk warily in case he slips on the ice. The galleries are fearsome places with holes eight hundred feet deep, into which the visitor might fall if it were not for the red flares burnt by the guides.

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Dont's For Orators

By A. BAIN IRVINE

OPEN confession, they say, is good for the soul, and I may as well begin by acknowledging that early in my business life I discovered that a knowledge of how to speak in public would be quite useful. I cast about for a handbook on the subject, and at last discovered one, written by a learned man, which professed to be able to make us all public orators. Its precepts were excellent; its advice beyond all praise.

The author was persuaded to give a lecture on the art upon which he had written so wisely. We, his disciples, thronged to hear him. Perhaps there might be amongst us coming company directors, budding divines, future members of Parliament, and others who aspired to shine in the realms of law and learning. But we all thought: Now, at last, by living example are we to learn how to become the complete, perfect orators.

Alas for our shattered hopes! The great man, introduced with great "eclat," began with a hum and a haw, stuttered, mumbled and muttered, he mislaid his notes, he disarranged his points, he spent much time clearing his throat, and spoke a great deal into his shirt front. Hardly any one of his golden rules did he himself observe. The audience had to be content with imperfect fragments of his sentences—the "disiecta membra," so to speak—a word here and there, then a rumble of sound followed by another distinguishable word. It was a very weary and tired, dry and disappointed gathering that debouched into the street at the end of that night's proceedings.

Such a debacle could never have overtaken the writer of Sidney F. Wicks's "Public Speaking for Business Men." Mr. Wicks is an accomplished speaker of many years' standing, and has also been diligently employed teaching his art to others. The question at once arises: "Can public speaking be taught?" The answer is quite obviously: "It can and it can't." No amount of teaching will ever make a public speaker of a dull or timid man. But, given knowledge, imagination and a certain amount of confidence, there are certain essential things about public oratory which can be taught, which perhaps, indeed, can only be learned from an experienced teacher who has studied the art from end to end. This Mr. Wicks claims to do, and he is justified in his claim. His book covers the whole art of public speaking, including voice, gesture, the architecture of a speech, the virtue of vigorous thinking, good style and courage.

Speech Architecture

The technical details of the art of speaking are dealt with admirably, and without a long and determined study of the technicalities no man can become a great speaker any more than he can become a renowned singer. Demosthenes overcame certain natural defects only by unremitting exercise; he conquered a

thickness of utterance by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, and a shortness of breath by reciting his speeches as he ran up a hill.

Mr. Wicks supplies a list of "Don'ts" in his chapter on gesture and platform deportment which might profitably be memorized by every speaker:

Don't put your hand in your pocket. If thy hand offend thee in this respect cut it off. And it may lead you into the atrocious habit of fiddling with keys and coins while you speak.

Don't cling to anything. Don't lean on the table, or grip a rostrum rail. It is a symbol that you need support. Stand upright on two feet like a man.

Start low and speak slow.

Mr. Wicks passes on to speech architecture: a most important subject, the whole effect of a speech sometimes depending upon its arrangement; and thence to the methods of preparation. John Bright committed his lines of thought and argument to memory, and then memorized the words of his peroration. It is of topical interest to know that Mr. Winston Churchill makes his notes on sheets of paper. They are typewritten lists of very carefully polished phrases. Probably each is the key-phrase of a section of the speech. "Many eminent statesmen," says Mr. Wicks, "adopt this plan of writing out important sentences and mastering them beforehand."

Mr. Wicks makes a forcible plea for the use of the simple old English language—the language of the Bible and of all our great writers and speakers. Why should that old tongue, with its wealth of splendid imperial and sonorous words, be neglected for the

foreign Latin? Worse still, why should business men in their speech and in their correspondence use what someone has called that "de-humanized jig-saw nearer to mathematics than language," when the language of Milton and Shakespeare is ready to their hand?

Mr. Wicks quotes a passage from a book written by an American professor who speaks of "that non-reverent sense of aesthetic congruity with the environment which is left as a residue of the latter-day act of worship after elimination of its anthropomorphic content." What the professor means to say is that people go to church, not to worship, but because they take delight in music and stained glass and lilies and eloquence!

In the chapter on "Elocution," Mr. Wicks asks: "What of so much of the reading we hear in church?" Well, what? One can only say of most of it that it is intolerable, slovenly, careless, unintellectual, gabbled without any respect for the meaning or dignity of the words that are uttered. It is a constant surprise that men should be able to bring to church Sunday after Sunday congregations of people who would not tolerate for a moment such weakness and insipidity both of matter and manner in any other class of public speaker.

If our ministers and clergy could be induced to study and to put into practice the precepts of Mr. Wicks's book, although it is meant primarily for business men, they would do much to refill our rapidly emptying churches and to brighten our English Sunday.

Shoe Salesman—Aren't you the young lady who called last week for a pair of shoes with a short vamp?"

Indignant Patron—Sir, she was my sister!—Answers.

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Canada's Corn Bins

Remarkable development of the twin ports of Fort William and Port Arthur into the world's largest grain storage base is reported by Mr. E. A. Ursell, statistician for the Canadian Board of Grain Commissioners. In two years, says Mr. Ursell, Fort William and Port Arthur have passed Minneapolis and Chicago in grain handling facilities, the storage capacity of the twin ports now totalling 64,190,000 bushels. Minneapolis and St. Paul have a capacity of 55,470,000 bushels, and Chicago and surrounding district of 54,235,000 bushels. There are 35 elevators

in the Canadian twin ports, including the two largest in the world. In Minneapolis and St. Paul there are 67, and in Chicago 56. The average capacity of the 35 Canadian elevators is 1,834,000 bushels each. The total elevator capacity of Fort William is 33,190,000 bushels, and of Port Arthur 31,000,000 bushels.

The Victoria Falls, in Africa, are the finest in the world; they are 420 feet high, more than twice the height of the Niagara Falls.

Making Sunshine Fatal

IT has recently been discovered that the human body may be so sensitised by certain substances that even a brief exposure to ordinary sunshine is dangerous or fatal.

The discovery came about in a curious way. A Munich chemist, Herman von Tappeiner, wanted to test the physiological effect of a certain coal-tar dyestuff called acridin.

It is customary to begin such experiments with the littlest of living things, and, if the results proved interesting, to work on up the scale of animals to man. By steeping hay in water one can get millions of lively little swimming creatures to work with. Then the chemical to be tested is dropped into the water in measured quantities until they are killed off. In this way the fatal dose can be easily and accurately determined. Tappeiner set a pupil testing the poisonousness of acridin in this way, but he got conflicting results. On one day the animalcules would all be killed by a small dose of the dye, and on another day a hundred times that quantity would leave them alive and wiggling.

Finally, after much futile work the reason was found. If the glass of water colored with the acridin was exposed to the light the little creatures died, but if it was kept in the dark they were unharmed by the presence of the dye even in large quantity.

This clue was followed up. Other kinds of dyes were investigated and tried on higher forms of life. A colored substance obtained from blood, known as hematoporphyrin, was found to be fatal to white animals in sunlight. If a little of this is injected into a white mouse it is all right as long as it lives in the dark. But as soon as it is taken into the sunshine its skin begins to itch and burn. The ears, nose, and other hairless or thinly covered parts turn red, and the mouse scratches its body and rolls upon the floor to ease the irritation. Soon it shuts its eyes and sinks into a comatose state, out of which it never wakes.

After experimenting on animals it is customary for a scientist to experiment on himself. Accordingly a German physician, Fritz Meyer-Betz, injected a shot of hematoporphyrin into his own blood. He felt no ill effects while in the shade, but when he exposed himself to sunlight he began to feel like the white mice, and only saved himself by a hasty flight into the house. Evidently then it is possible to sensitise a human being to sunlight as we can sensitise a photographic plate by certain dyes so that even red light will fog it.—Weekly Telegraph.

Pleasant for Him

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with attentive partner from room where a hard bridge match has been in progress)—“Oh, mother, I've just captured the booby!”

Mother—“Well, well! Come here and kiss me, both of you.”—“Tiger.”

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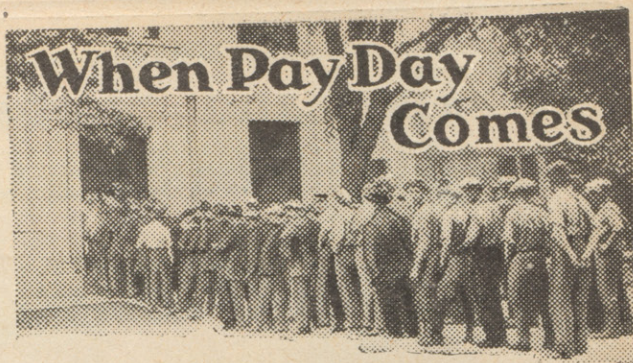
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The Window-Dresser

By K. W. S.

This morning I stood and watched a window-dresser at work. He was a very smart, a very solemn young man. The gods had withheld from him the gift of humor, and perhaps it was well. For had he seen himself as I saw him he would have turned and fled, leaving his task unfinished.

It was a large plate-glass window in an arcade, and the shaded lights revealed the interior of a drawing-room, wherein lovely waxen ladies stood in graceful attitudes and scanty frocks.

In the middle of the room was a table daintily laid for tea. Everything was there—the shining silver—the dainty lace tea-napkins—even the muffins had not been forgotten. One waxen lady, sheathed in silver, stood by the fire and pointed an accusing finger at the table. But she was not looking at the table—her eyes seemed to be fixed on the door. Whether she was accusing one of her friends of stealing a muffin and indicating the nearest way out, I cannot tell you—but there she stood—the rest is "wrop in mystery."

Another beautiful lady sat on the arm of a big chair, showing a good deal of silk stocking. (Guaranteed not to ladder, \$3.) She seemed

indifferent to the question of tea, and gazed with a fixed smile into space. They may have been embarrassed by the presence of the window-dresser; one can never tell.

But it was the lady in the pink frock who is the heroine of my story. She stood at the other side of the fire, one lily-white hand on the mantelpiece—quiet and unassuming.

I can assure you her gentle presence could have annoyed no one. But the window-dresser, who had been pirouetting round the table with never a glance at the rest of the company, suddenly found her in his way. He lifted her bodily in his arms, and placed her in a far corner of the room. She stood there, uncomplaining, her eyes fixed on the fire. Her friend on the chair-arm continued to swing her silk leg, with never a glance of sympathy, and the hostess's one concern still seemed to be the stolen muffin.

But my story does not end here. I wish it did, for it saddens me. No! When I looked again, I found that the window-dresser had rudely approached the lady in pink, and was screwing her arms round and round. A more gratuitous assault I never witnessed. To my horror, the arms came out of their sockets, and he laid them on the table

by the muffins. Her beauty, one would have thought, would have disarmed him. But no!

I gazed at the horrid sight—and then suddenly I met the window-dresser's eye through the plate glass. No, he had no sense of humor—and it was well, for otherwise I should have giggled. And that would have been most regrettable.

NOT SO DUMB

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the lord chancellor to be examined on the application for a statute of lunacy against him, the question was asked him from the woolsack:

"How many feet has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship," answered Lord Bradford, "mean a live sheep, or a dead sheep?"

"Is it not the same thing?" said the chancellor.

"No, my lord," returned Lord Bradford. "There is much difference; a live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two; the two forelegs are shoulders, but there are only two legs of mutton!"—"Yorkshire Post."

A Thousand Stories in Lake District of Manitoba Says Canadian Authoress

Martha Ostenso Gave Best First Novel of Year that Setting

Miss Martha Ostenso, who was awarded the \$13,500 prize and royalties on the book for the best first novel submitted during the past year in a contest organized jointly by Dodd, Mead & Company, Pictorial Review and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is a twenty-four-year-old school teacher from Manitoba. Miss Ostenso's novel will be serialized, filmed and published in book form in 1925. The story, which is called "The Passionate Flight," deals with the farmers of the Western Prairies and portrays the romance of one whose ambition to soar beyond the black loam led to dramatic consequences.

More than 1,500 manuscripts were submitted. The judges state that Miss Ostenso's was so far superior that no other story seriously rivalled it.

A brief sketch of her life and the circumstances which inspired her novel, as related by Miss Ostenso, follows:

"Where the long arm of the Hardangerfjord penetrates farthest into the rugged mountains of the coast of Norway, the Ostenso family has lived in the township that bears its name since the days of the Vikings. The name means 'Eastern Sea,' and was assumed centuries ago by an adventurous forbear who dreamed of extending his holdings over the mountains and through the lowlands of Sweden eastward to the very shores of the Baltic. Although his dreams never came true, the family name recalls it and the family tradition of land-holding has persisted unbroken; the part of the land that borders the lovely fjord is still in its possession, handed down from eldest son to eldest son.

"My father, a young son, was free to indulge his roving disposition. A few years after his marriage to my mother he decided to emigrate to America.

"My mother's parents lived high up in the mountains, remote from the softening influence of the coast towns. At their home it was, near the little village of Haukeland, that I was born. This, the first of many small towns in which I have lived, is known to me only through hearsay, for when I was two years old we came to America.

"The story of my childhood is a tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota. Towns of

the field and prairie all, redolent of the soil from which they had sprung and eloquent of that struggle common to the farmer the world over, a struggle but transferred from the Ostensos and Haukelands of the Old World to the richer loam of the new. They should have a story written about them—those seven mean, yet glorious little towns of my childhood! In one of them, on the dun prairies of South Dakota, I learned to speak English. What a lovely

Towns. My father's restless spirit drove him north to the newer country. The family settled in Manitoba.

"It was during a summer vacation from my university work that I went into the lake district of Manitoba, well towards the frontiers of that northern civilization. The story that I have written lay there, waiting to be put into words. Here was the raw material out of which Little Towns were made. Here was human nature stark, unattired in the convention of a smoother, softer life. A thousand stories are there still, to be written.

"My novel lay back of my mind for several years before I began to write it. In the intervals of those years, spent as a social worker in a great city, I often compared the creaking machinery of skyscraper civilization with the cruder, direct society of the frontier. Slowly, as my work among the needy brought me nearer and nearer to the heart of the city, the border life began to be limned clearly against the murkier background of my work-a-day scene.

"A year ago last summer I returned to Manitoba. The approach to remembered scenes renewed my interest in my story, the character stood out clear-cut at last, and I made the first draft of the novel.

"I was not satisfied with the result and laid the manuscript aside, with no definite purpose regarding it. It was not until spring that I returned to the city and learned of the Curtis Brown contest. It was with diffidence and reluctance that I was persuaded by friends, who thought well of the early draft and its possibilities, to rewrite it in time to submit it for consideration. At best, I felt, if it were as good as my friends said, it might not be wholly ignored.

"I leave it to the scientists and pseudo-scientists who argue interminably about the relative influence on men of heredity and environment to decide the responsibility for what ever merit my story may have. The blood of the Norsemen! The Seven Little Towns? Perhaps—I do not know. No—but I have my own very unscientific opinion. It won't bear stating, but this much may be said of it: It has something to do with magic and fairies and all the other impossible, beautiful things that I believe in."



Martha Ostenso

language I found it to be, with words in it like pail and funeral and alone, and ugly words, too, like laughter and cake and scratch! What strange sounds the new words made to me.

"Later, in another of the little towns, I learned that it was fun to make things with words. It was while living in a little town in Minnesota that I became a regular contributor to the Junior Page of the Minneapolis Journal, and was rewarded for my literary trial-balloons at the rate of eighty cents a column. In the public school of that little town there still hangs, perhaps, a large print of a rural scene in a resplendent frame, with a neat name-plate at the bottom of it. That also came from the Journal, in recognition of an essay which, in my eleven-year-old opinion, placed me abreast of Emerson.

"When I was fifteen years old, I bade good-bye to the Seven Little

Letters 1,000 Years Old

WHAT is described by Mr. Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., as "one of the most wonderful exhibits in the world" has been placed on view recently in the British Museum.

It is a remarkable collection of fragments of letters and notes, written from eleven to nineteen centuries ago, including the two oldest pieces of paper known to exist on earth. They were found by Sir M. Aurel Stein in the ruins of military stations along the ancient wall dividing the Chinese Empire from Turkestan, and in other sites of Central Asia. The two scraps of paper in question are tattered fragments, one about as big as a tram ticket, the other twice as big. Parts of two sentences in Chinese characters are legible on one—" . . . making a profound salutation (kowtow) says . . ." and " . . . hoping that Mr. Hsieh Yung-ssu may under all circumstances enjoy good health . . ."

On the second fragment are the words " . . . as soon as the foot-soldiers arrived, he sent . . ." Mr. Digby says the earliest fairly long passage of a letter written on paper, to be seen with these, was found on the Lop Nor site, and is 1,500 years old.

The British Museum authorities consider that it was written apparently by a woman who was complaining of her husband's conduct. It says, "He does not behave as a man should, and has wrecked his official career . . . he yields to passion and commits acts of violence . . . with blind eyes and deaf ears, his clothes torn, he forgets his duty and gives himself up to debauchery . . . he is ruining his family and wasting his substance; he rushes off in the middle of the night."

Another of these documents, in this instance of the Chin period, written many centuries before the time of William the Conqueror, in the Central Asian desert, was a doctor's prescription—" . . . In case of abdominal trouble, if the child is one year old, he must be given one of the pills to swallow in the form of a draught; If no result follows, the dose may be gradually increased up to ten pills."

A double sheet of coarse white paper, admirably preserved, constitutes a leaf of the daily accounts of a Buddhist temple, 1,100 or 1,200 years old. It says: "On the 1st day of the 12th moon . . . paid 210 cash to the veterinary surgeon for a medicinal draught which he supplied for the horse given to us by the family of the cavalry commander Wang, which had eaten poisonous grass. Paid out 120 cash for the purchase of two rolls of paper, each costing 45 cash, and two writing brushes, each costing 15 cash, to be used in copying out the calendar."

Several sets of artificial teeth are lost on the Giant Racer at Wembley. Now I can understand why some people left the Exhibition wearing cavant smiles.



Sailed For Europe

Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, who on January first retired from the office of General Executive Assistant, Canadian Pacific Railway, with Mrs. Wanklyn, sailed from New York on the first lap of the round-the-world cruise of the Empress of France. Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn will leave the ship at Naples.

Runabout—Reggy's new automobile blew up with him on the first trip, and he sued the firm that sold him the machine.

Speeder—Did he recover anything?

"Everything, I believe, but one finger and part of an ear.—Judge, 1907.

An apparatus devised by a Tonbridge (England) builder makes it possible for one man to lay 3,000 bricks a day in straight walling. This means that the one man will handle nearly twelve tons of bricks and mortar in a single day's work.

HARRY S. IVES

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Victoria Will Say it With Flowers



In the shopping district of Victoria. Below, the "Princess Kathleen," one of two new vessels which are to be placed in Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle service. Inset, a corner of the Pendray Gardens, which are one of the horticultural sights of the Capital City.

When Victoria, the evergreen city of the West bids you welcome, which it will whenever you choose to visit the capital city of British Columbia, it will "say it with flowers," and at most unexpected times and places will present bouquets for your appreciation throughout your stay, whatever the season may be.

What an extraordinary city this is. Though very young compared with many other cities on the Continent it has, no doubt through the agency of its temperate climate, drawn about itself such a mellowed atmosphere as is usually associated with more ancient places. Whatever is offensively new is given a covering or a background of foliage and flowers and it soon fits into the general scheme of things Victorian. Even down in the business and shopping districts where there is much coming and going you will find your flowers, suspended, of all

places, from brackets on the street light stands.

And yet it must not be thought that this is a city of gardeners alone although one does wonder in looking over the city and its suburbs that its citizens can find time for anything other than gardening. Those who do business do it in much the same way as it is done in other up-to-date cities of its size and, unless one happens to know them, the stores of Victoria are quite a surprise. As most of the merchandise sold comes over the cheaper water routes, tourists have found it most advantageous to shop there, to the benefit of the merchants and the city generally. On this account, as much as to take care of local requirements, large stores have evolved which may be fallen back upon if ever the sights and scenery pall.

But apart from its own immediate glories and attractions, Victoria is

the gateway to a land of enchantment. Hundreds of miles of good motor roads thread Vancouver Island, through the virgin forest in which the biggest firs on the continent grow, winding round mountain peaks and running out again here and there to the shore line.

With its chief city, Vancouver Island is coming into its own as a Mecca for the pleasure and health seekers. For the convenience of the increasing number of tourists who visit the Island the Canadian Pacific Railway has built two of the most magnificently appointed vessels on the West coast, to ply between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, and for their recreation and pleasure a huge Crystal Garden is being built, to be completed early in spring and to feature the largest salt-water swimming pool on the continent. However, Victorians pride themselves on the fact that their chief attractions are not of an artificial nature which, in these days of publicity bureaus and advertising campaigns, is much more than can be said of many other fashionable resorts.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

AN OUNCE OF PRECAUTION

Reilly: Step up here, O'Brien, and let me have a good look at ye.

O'Brien: What's the idea?

Reilly: I've got some insultin' things to say to ye, an' I want to be able later on to identify ye positively as the man who shtruck me.

DIAGONISED

Young Man (to court clerk)—"I—ah—er—um—"

Clerk (to assistant)—"Henry, bring out one of those marriage-license blanks."—Brown Bull.

CARRYING OUT THE ORDER

A fussy man called the waiter over and said: "Now waiter, I want a nice little chop; please give my compliments to the cook and tell him to do his best for me. Tell him to put a little piece of fat on the top when he grills it, so it will melt and make it juicy. I don't want the chop underdone—nor do I want it burnt up—just done to a turn with lots of nice gravy."

"Yes, sir; certainly," replied the waiter. Then he gave the order to the cook—"One chop, Joe!"



Drawn by Under Dugan.

Father: "Work never killed anyone, ye lazy young lout! Take yer grandfather for example!"

Son: "Aye! But it's beginning to tell on him."

—Passing Show, London.

TWO LOOKS

"Did you notice that insolent conductor looking at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?"

"Yes, and did you notice me looking at him as if I had?"—Le Rire (Paris).

THE RIGHT ANSWER

Professor—What is the greatest labor-saving device that you know anything about?
College Student—My father!

LOOKED PROSPEROUS

Short—I had quite a compliment paid me last night.

Shorter—How's that?

"I was held up by two bandits!"

FORCE OF HABIT

Gladys—He's so romantic. Whenever he speaks to me he starts, "Fair lady!"

Edward—Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor.

—Iowa Green Gander.



Kindly Woman: You should brace up, my man; think of what you owe to society.

Derelict: I don't owe society nothin', Lady. What do you think I been doin'? playin' bridge?—Life.

"I am half inclined to kiss you."
"How stupid of me. I thought you were round-shouldered."

Has a Man the Right

By EVADNE PRICE in the "Sunday Chronicle"

AFTER a harassing year, which I have mostly devoted to defending the modern girl against accusations relating to her lack of femininity and aping of men's habits, it is with a certain amount of righteous indignation that I observe the following paragraphs in two leading daily papers:

(a) The big stores report that men are becoming as keen bargain-hunters as women in the January sales.

(b) After a bride at Muckamore, County Antrim, had waited some time for the bridegroom to come and take her to the church for their wedding, as arranged, messengers were sent in search of him. He was found asleep in bed, and said he had changed about getting married.

(c) A West End tailor states that men are beginning to demand coloured clothes, instead of the hitherto dull browns, greys, and navys. Recently he made a suit of plus fours in a bright shade of saxe blue tweed heavily flecked with orange and red specks. It was greatly admired on the links, and orders to copy it are literally pouring in.

At the first glance these three news items would not appear to bear any close relationship, but when I add that only last night at a West End club I saw a beautiful golden-headed youth clad in a flowing Grecian tunic and silver sandals, languidly descending the carpeted stairs with hauteur, in the centre of a worshipping bevy of lovely young women who were simply crawling for his favors—the significance of these trifling paragraphs at once becomes apparent, and the question arises: "Are men gradually usurping women's prerogatives? And, if so, have they the right to do so?"

For years the primitive male has bitterly and openly resented women's leaning towards trousers, votes, tobacco, athletics, short hair, big game shooting, business, stiff collars and ties, flying, monocles, horseracing, flat shoes, politics, swearing, gambling—in fact, everything that he has regarded as being peculiarly and particularly his own property.

"Stay in your own back yard, honey," and "Keep off our grass" have been the loud slogans of the irritated he-man. Naturally these protests have been about as much use as a worn-out penny whistle in a jazz-band at a gala. When a woman, from the Colonel's lady to Judy O'Grady, wants a thing, she gets it. She may weep, storm, rave, smile, plead, sneer, nag, or say nothing at all, but she gets what she wants in the end. And men, sulky and against their wills, have been obliged to succumb.

And engrossed in the business of becoming thoroughly emancipated, the hand that has stopped rocking the cradle in order to rule the world to its own satisfaction has been too occupied to observe what I strongly suspect



has happened. The three paragraphs quoted above, and the incident of the young man in the silver sandals, have supplied the clue to a very grave danger in our midst.

Is it Revenge?

Because women have exchanged laces, ribbons, and curls for brogues, tweeds, and shingles, can it be that men are retaliating by adopting all the discarded feminine attributes their late owners are beginning to despise as superfluous to their present-day needs? And, if so, is this a subtle form of revenge on the part of the male?

It is too grave a possibility to dismiss lightly or discuss with levity.

Take the question of the sales.

Hitherto the sale fever has been woman's own exclusive disease. No general ever went forth into battle with more exaltation of spirit and determination to win the glorious day than the average female on the first day of the January sales.

And when she staggered home at nightfall bruised and laden but happy and victorious, armed with a purple tie adorned with sinister green dragons for husband John Willie, as well as a pair of red socks with yellow spots and six lovely shirts in tasteful shades of vivid Chinese pinks that were only five sizes too large for him, but "such" a bargain, it was all the wild-eyed male ever wanted to see of the sales when he recovered his sanity.

I prophesy (I may be wrong, of course) that all this will be changed. In the near future we shall see queues of men of all ages waiting on camp stools all night for the early doors, intent on securing a bargain line of dress trousers at nine and eleven, or an amazing and stupendous job line in bow ties at two for two-three. Let us pray they will be merciful in their newly-found hobby and not avenge years of rank sale-price cigars by presenting their wives with new hats that make her look like something the cat has brought in and left on the doorstep.

Is this craze for colored clothes the prelude to mannequin parades for men? Will our incredulous feminine eyes be edified by the opetacles of young, slender youths, with sne hand on hip and one arm stiffly extended, gliding round a Louis Quinze room, clad in the very latest thing in amber velvet smoking

jackets trimmed with the dinkiest jewelled motifs of imitation emeralds, while a crowd of bald-headed male spectators, with mottled faces and alderman's paunches simply glow all over inwardly at the mental, spectacle of their rotund bodies looking as svelte as the slender model's, or advise their flapper sons as to the right shade to suit their complexions?

After all, it is not a far step from the male beauty parlors already existing in the West End, where valiant assistants wrestle daily with stubborn triple chins, and endeavor to grow hair on heads as bare as billiard balls.

Let us take a peep into the future.

The scene is an afternoon tea party. A delightful young man in a Reville suit of gold brocade—the trousers turned up with resettes of scarlet—is seated before the massive silver tea service. Grouped gracefully around him are about a dozen delightful prototypes. Only one female is present, obviously ill at ease, dressed in plain lounge coat and skirt of navy. A youth in pale blue is seated near her. He blushes continually as he meets her cynical woman-of-the-world glance.

"How is your wife, dear?" someone asks the host.

"Oh," the youth behind the tea-urn looks bored. "At the office, of course. Dear Gladys, how she slaves. I never see her. She neglects me terribly. She says I'm such an expensive little thing she's got to keep her nose to the grindstone! Isn't it dreadful?"

A Ray of Sunshine

There is a chorus of sympathy, during which the host whispers to the guest nearest, "It's perfectly atrocious the way Cyril Smith is carrying on with Emily Jones. Look at them. Cyril is a born coquette. An absolute cat. . . . What, must you go, Cyril, dear? And Mrs. Jones, too? Good-bye. Cat. I'll 'phone Harry Jones at once. He'll simply have hysterics, poor lamb. And just a bridegroom of six months!"

Let us draw a veil over a painful scene.

The last straw (fortunately we are not camels and can still bear up) is the Irish bridegroom who changed his mind. Hitherto "changing the mind at the eleventh hour" has been my sex's royal and most-prized privilege. Ah, well, we move with the times. It is no use being indignant about it. If women have had no qualms about poaching on men's preserves, they should not complain if in future years men retaliate by turning the world all topsy-turvy, and giving them a dose of their own medicine.

And there is always a ray of sunshine somewhere if one looks for it. We will see the end of the superfluous woman. Soon she will be able to take the law into her own hands and do the proposing.



Now Comes The "Certified Laundry"

"CERTIFIED MILK" is familiar to all. The processes of production have been inspected and studied by competent, scientific experts, who stamp their approval on every bottle. The laundry will soon follow suit. There is no reason why we should not be assured that its processes and the cleansing materials that it uses have been chemically tested and certified to be harmless to the delicate fabrics with which it deals. There is at least one "certified laundry" in the United States already, we learn from "The National Laundry Journal" (Chicago). It is in Northampton, Mass., famous as the home of Calvin Coolidge and as the site of Smith College. Harold L. Belding, a combination of laundry owner and chemist, is its proprietor. Some time ago, the writer tells us, publicity was given in Massachusetts to a statement that strong acids and chemicals were used in laundries. It was made by an Englishman speaking in defense of English cotton goods, and his assertion aroused the ire of Mr. Belding, who asked Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, chemist and health expert, to make an analysis of the processes at the Belding Laundry. He informed the Beldings that he would let them know in a few days whether he could do the work. But before any further word was received, however:

"A gentleman drove up to the door armed with several bottles and labels. He went at once to the washroom and took samples of waters, soaps, chemicals, and everything in the line of supplies in sight, while the washman hurried off to find one of the proprietors to see who the uninvited and unaccompanied guest might be. By the time H. L. Belding reached the washroom the man had his samples complete. It was Professor Allyn.

"I am gathering samples for analysis," he said. "I decided to do the work you asked, but I wanted the samples before I made my decision known to you. I have already sent four lots of goods to your plant and have had them returned and analyzed, but I sent them through some friends of mine and not under my own name. You probably thought I had forgotten your request but I am already at work on it."

"An exhaustive report on the work of the laundry, its processes, sanitary conditions, employees, and everything connected with it, was made by Professor Allyn, and the laundry was 'certified' as to all conditions and processes, the same as milk is now certified as to purity and conditions under which it is produced.

"Harold L. Belding has grown up in the business which for years laundered the collars of President Coolidge, when he was a practising attorney in Northampton. He realized that chemistry was an important feature in the industry, so for two years he took an intensive course at college in chemistry,

specializing in those agents which are of greatest value to the laundry industry.

"The laundry has eliminated its collar and shirt business, and now specializes in soft-dry and damp-wash work.

"The entire plant is arranged to expeditiously handle this work. One man operates a unit and turns over 13000, pounds of clothes per week. Each man in charge of a unit does the washing, loading and unloading and extracting without a helper.

"So quickly is work handled that washings collected early Monday morning are completed and ready for delivery Monday at noon, while morning collections are washed and delivered during the afternoons of the same day in nearby territory, and the following morning in more distant territory, a forty-eight hour service from the time of collection to actual delivery being guaranteed. Development of a parcel-post business to keep the plant at capacity during the dull season is now under way."

Following is the report of Professor Allyn, who is director of the Testing and Research Laboratories of Westfield, Massachusetts:

"We are, herewith, submitting a report covering the conditions, materials used, and processes employed in laundering clothing sent to your Northampton plant.

"Scope of the examination. To ascertain whether processes employed, or materials used in the Belding Laundry, are injurious to clothing or fabrics sent thereto.

"Processes. The writer personally inspected the premises of the Belding Laundry and observed the process to which clothing and fabrics were subjected.

"The clothing received from individual families is properly identified by a unique checking system, placed in separate nets, and washed in appropriate compartments in rotary washing-machines of the cylinder type. The clothes are not pulled nor rubbed. The soapy water, and later the various rinse waters, are forced through the fabrics, effecting a very thorough removal of dirt.

"The machines are so constructed that there are no sharp corners or projections upon which there is a possibility of tearing the fabrics. A series of clocks and dials are used to control the washing and rinsing processes. Scientific care is exercised in the thorough removal of dirt.

"In some instances, goods are received at this laundry that are not only badly soiled, but are also much worn, frayed and tender, and not infrequently new material of inferior quality is submitted for the cleansing process. The tenderness is due in some instances to overbleaching, the use of improper dyes, adulterated goods, or substitution.

"The long, unsupported threads or 'floats', as they are called, in the design occurring in tablecloths are sometimes very difficult to

launder. All pieces out of the ordinary character receive special and separate treatment.

"It is, perhaps, needless to say that the different varieties of goods are subjected to different cleansing processes. The process, which applies to linen and cotton, does not necessarily apply to wool and silk. Thick, heavy blankets, for example, are processed in a little different manner than are curtains. Each variety of textile has its specialized method of treatment.

"The process of cleansing woollens not only quickly removes the soil from the material, but leaves them practically unshrunk, and of a soft, fluffy appearance.

"Goods which show a nap are so treated that the original nap is soft and prominent, and not matted nor felted, as is often the case in the home laundries.

"A centrifugal machine, or extractor, is used to remove the excess water from the clothing. These machines are far more gentle in their action than is the ordinary rubber-rolled wringer of the home laundry.

"Not only the process of washing, but the process of drying sterilizes the clothing and fabrics, and it is doubtful whether any disease producing bacteria would stand the treatment given in the rotary washing-machine.

"We have submitted goods to this laundry, subjecting them to chemical examination both before and after the washing processes, and in all cases have found them uninjured, well washed, and of excellent appearance.

"A unique feature in connection with this laundry is a laboratory in which experiments are frequently conducted on fabrics and on materials used in the cleansing processes. Classes are also instructed in elementary chemistry and in the principles underlying the scientific laundry. The effect of these instructions is very evident from the superior finish of products and the general interest of the employees in their work.

"The Belding laboratory not only tests clothing for adulteration or inferiority for the benefit of its patrons, but it keeps a careful check on the cleansing agents employed in the laundry processes.

"The soap-powder is of the highest quality and is free from any material injurious to fabrics. Soap is used in the granulated form because of its easy solubility and the fact that it more quickly cleanses the clothing.

"While a strong soap containing a decided excess of soda or other alkali may not harm white cottons or linens, it can not be safely used with silk, wool, or colored fabrics.

"With some classes of fabrics it is necessary to intensify the action of soap by the addition of small quantities of washing soda. Dirt is more quickly removed and with less danger to silk, wool, colored, and delicate

fabrics if the soap or washing-powder is thoroughly dissolved in water instead of being rubbed directly on the fabric. Washing soda must not be confounded with caustic soda or with lye, as it is an entirely different chemical compound. Caustic soda is highly injurious to fabrics except in a very dilute state, and then must be removed by thorough and painstaking rinsing.

"For many years no better cleansing or bleaching agent has been found than a high-grade Javelle water properly applied. Javelle water is essentially a solution of calcium or sodium hypochlorite or calcium oxy-chlorid with a small per cent. of free chlorin. In order to become chemically active, a small quantity of 'sour', as it is technically known, must be added to the water. For this purpose the Belding Laundry uses dilute vegetable acids. The chemical agents employed are thoroughly removed from the fabrics by painstaking rinsing.

"Many of the goods are lightly starched after washing. A small quantity of high-grade starch dressing, or size, as it is sometimes called, is added to the rinse water. This improves the appearance and texture of the goods and tends to render fabric more durable and in the opinion of many, the fabric shows soil less and keeps fresh longer than without it.

"Starch used in the Belding Laundry is a carefully worked-out combination of wheat and corn starches. They penetrate the fabric and give the garment a new and finished appearance. "For those fabrics requiring the use of bluing to offset any natural tendency toward a yellow hue, a high-grade soluble blue is used. This was shown to be wholly free from contamination with iron salts. Bluing containing iron is easily decomposed by soap, and if the clothes are not thoroughly rinsed, iron rust stains sometimes appear on them when ironed."

BRAINS MORE THAN BOILERS

We live in the Age of Speed. Let us beware that it does not become the age of machine celerity and human indolence. The machine can never take the place of man. Brains are more than boilers and pistons. Intelligence is the driving force of the world goodwill is the lubricating oil.

The most valuable things in the world, the things for which men will readily pay fortunes, are the works of men's hands. No machine could make them. Only a man can be an artist. A machine never can.

The ancient prophet said "Put not your trust in horses and chariots." The modern prophet says "Don't trust to turbines, and electricity, and chemistry. These are only man's helpers. Nothing can ever supersede his hands and brain."

Freaks of the Forest

Where "Shirts" Grow on Trees

IN this country we take it as a matter of course to see apples and pears growing on trees, but if instead of these fruits we saw such useful commodities as condensed milk, ready-made shirts, or even plain bread and butter, we would certainly imagine that we were "seeing things."

In South America there is what is known as the milk or cow tree. It grows on barren, rocky places where rain seldom falls, and its leaves appear dry and somewhat leathery, for its thick roots lie rather on the ground than under it. In spite of its withered, dried-up appearance, however, it yields a refreshing milk if an incision be made in its bark.

At sunrise, when its flow is more abundant than at other times, the natives within whose country this remarkable tree flourishes repair thither with sundry vessels and proceed to "milk" it. The liquid thus procured is sweet and nutritious, and on contact with the air it assumes the appearance and consistency we associate with condensed milk.

This cow tree was first discovered by Baron Humboldt, and he also came across an even more extraordinary tree which bore ready-made shirts!

"In the forests of the Orinoco," writes this intrepid traveller, "the bounty of Providence is such that the natives find their garments made for them on the trees. They cut off cylindrical pieces and remove the bark without making any incision longitudinally. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut out to admit the arms."

Bread and Butter

In the South Sea Islands, especially in the Society group, grows the celebrated bread-fruit. This fruit is of the same shape and size as an infant's head, and on the rind being removed a beautiful, snow-white substance is revealed, which, when properly dressed and cooked, becomes as soft and floury as a boiled potato. By the islanders it is used in place of bread, and forms an important part of their primitive menu.

The shea or butter tree abounds in the interior of Africa, and its fruit consists of nuts, enclosed in husks, about the same size as a walnut. At the proper season these husks open out, showing within little white pods, which, after being dried in the sun and then boiled, give forth a substance resembling our butter. This possesses a rich flavor, and has the advantage of being able to keep a whole year without salt.

In the old books of natural science it is amusing to read the accounts of the weird and wonderful creatures, half-plant and half-animal, which were believed to exist in foreign lands. The most singular of these mythical hybrids is the vegetable "lamb," which Sir John Mandeville declared to have seen growing on a tree in Tartary.

He ingenuously describes it as a "lyttle Beaste in Flesche, in Bon, and in Blode as though it were a lyttle Lomb with outer Wolle." This is certainly a good effort at drawing the long bow, but, of course, what he must have seen was no doubt a cotton bush in full bloom, although in the sketch accompanying this description he depicts a tree with a herd of sheep hanging from its boughs.

Now and again when rosewood, teak, bamboo, and other tropical trees are sawn up, certain stones resembling pearls and opals are found, and in the museum at Kew Gardens is a pearl that was actually discovered inside the shell of a coco-nut.

Such vegetable gems are greatly valued by Indian princes, and are regarded as charms against disease and other misfortunes.

These coco-nut pearls are nearly identical in composition with those found in oysters although they may not possess quite the same brilliant lustre as the animal product. In both cases the composition is of carbonate of lime, and there is little doubt that the masses develop inside the coco-nuts when an excessive amount of lime has been taken up by the palm tree.

VIGIL

(By Faith Baldwin)

I think that Life has spared those mortals much—

*And cheated them of more—who have not kept
A breathless vigil by the little bed
Of some beloved child; they go, it seems,
Scot-free, who have not known fear-haunted days
And nights of terror, when the dim lamp burns
And shadows menace from the waiting walls,
While Life and Death, majestic, in the room
Gigantic rise above the fret and rub,
The petty prickings of small goads, and all
One has, and yearns to have, is, ruthless, flung
Into a fragile balance. . . .*

*And when the turning tide
Bears life upon its slow, triumphant surge,
When tortured eyes grow calm, and when a
voice*

*Speaks feebly—but speaks again—I think
The watcher's eyes see, radiant, a dawn
Break on a newer world, a world more fair
Than ever world has seemed to them before.
God's mercy is as sunlight in the room,
And hearts that through the endless night were
crushed
Between the millstones of despair and hope
Are free to sing.*

*Oh, life has spared so much—
And less revealed—to them who have not known
A breathless vigil by some little bed.*

Sylvan Revels

QUAINT and charming are the superstitions which survive in many countries in connection with fruit and its cultivation.

Perhaps the most important and the most widely spread in modern Europe is that on which the peasants of France, Belgium and Germany have for hundreds of years based an interesting Lenten ceremony. To drive away evil spirits and to ensure a good crop in the orchards the first Sunday in Lent is marked by a pagan survival of bonfires, torch processions and chanting of spells, concluded, of course, by festivities.

In many districts of France every village, hamlet and lonely farm has its bonfire, round which the people dance and sing, while the lads and lasses leap through the flames, eagerly examining their clothes afterwards, for if they have escaped singeing the wearer will be married within the year. As the fire burns down, torches of straw, fastened to long poles, are kindled at it, and everyone runs with these to the gardens and orchards, waving them about the apple trees and crying: "Burn brand, from every branch a basket full."

The people of Silesia are careful on New Year's Eve to wrap straw round the trunks of their fruit trees to protect them against the malice of evil spirits; while at Brunnen in Switzerland Twelfth Night is chosen for boys to go about in procession with torches, making a tremendous din with rattles, bells, horns and cracking whips to frighten away certain female wood spirits who are inimical to the welfare of the orchards.

In Japan the fruit growers perform a ceremony which would make a fitting subject for the quaintest of their color prints. Two men go into an orchard, and one having climbed into a tree, the other threatens it with an axe, asking meanwhile if it will bear a good crop next year. To this the man among the branches, identifying himself with the spirit of the tree, promises an abundant yield. This custom has a first cousin among the peasants of the Balkans. In this case one of the two men threatens a barren tree, while the other, standing by, pleads that it may be spared, the belief being that the tree overhears this, and, being frightened, does its best in future.

Another interesting instance of similar superstitions being held by widely separated peoples is seen in the belief that a child's soul is connected with a fruit tree planted on the day of its birth, and that its future welfare is in some way dependent on the thriving of the tree. This belief, which is strongly held among the natives of Borneo, is also found in almost every country in Europe, including England. In Switzerland it is usual to plant an apple tree for a boy and a pear tree for a girl.

An orchestral concert was recently given in a mine, 1,500ft. down. It seems quite a good idea.

How Women Were Made

AN ANCIENT Hindu legend has it that woman was first made in this wise: Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world. But on his commencing to create woman he discovered that with man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri, and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconsistency of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the heart of the fire, the chill of the snow, the cackling of the hen, and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he mixed together and formed woman.—Selected.

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR

Be helpful.
Be sociable.
Be unselfish.
Be generous.
Be a good listener.
Never worry or whine.
Study the art of pleasing.
Be frank, open and truthful.
Be kind and polite to everybody.
Always be ready to lend a hand.
Never monopolize the conversation.
Be self-confident, but not conceited.
Take a genuine interest in other people.
Always look on the bright side of things.
Take pains to remember names and faces.
Never criticize or say unkind things of others.

Look for the good in others, not for their faults.

Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.

Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.

Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.

Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.

Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.

Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.

Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for every one.

Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.

London Theatres and Broadcasting

BROADCASTING plays is an agitating theme with London managers as well as with some on this continent. And broadcasting seems to have gone even further over there, as we learn by "The Westminster Gazette":

"As the result of broadcasting an act of 'Patricia' recently, the receipts have very materially improved—to the extent, it is even said, of \$1,000 (\$5,000) per week. Consequently the management of the Gaiety Theatre also arranged to have an act of 'Poppy' broadcast early in the new year. Of course, the theatrical managers must be presumed to know their own business best, and they see no reason to change the opinion against broadcasting which they have so long held. They believe that while broadcasting by an individual manager may secure a temporary advertising advantage, any extension of the practice by other managers must diminish the advertising advantages, if any, and, by increasing the attractiveness of broadcasting, do injury to the theatres. Curiously enough, Mr. Walter Payne, president of the Society of West End Managers, himself gives the negative to these fears. 'There are only a limited number of things that can be broadcast,' he says, 'and very few theatrical performances can be included among them.' Referring to a musical comedy, he exclaims: 'See what you lose—the color and lighting of each scene, the grouping, the dancing, the atmosphere of the piece.' He is quite right, but he forgets that the public fully appreciate what they lose by merely listening in to an excerpt from musical comedy, and that is why, having had an unsatisfying taste, they want more, and go to the theatre to get it."

IF—

Talk about the casualties of war! During a Zeppelin raid on London, there were gathered together in an upper room one night Thomas Hardy, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, Arnold Bennett, and a few others; by the dim light of one candle, these men sat on the floor and held such conversation as I can only imagine. Of course they had an interesting experience, but suppose—!—William Lyon Phelps in "Scribner's Magazine".

A DUKE'S POINT OF VIEW

Civilization is threatened with two great dangers as the result of the war and the Russian revolution, disintegration and disruption from within through the revolt against the existing world order, and an attack from without by Germany, with perhaps the resources of Soviet Russia behind her. The disintegration has reached such a pitch that two European Powers have had to resort to a military dictatorship in order to save themselves from anarchy, and in many others representative government is becoming more and more imperilled.—The Duke of Northumberland in the "National Review".

Drugs of a Stand-Still Nation

WITH all the wisdom which thousands of centuries of experience might be supposed to bring, the Chinese are said to be the merest children in medical knowledge. Their physicians, says a writer in "Popular Science Siftings," knows little about anatomy, only by chance diagnosing a case correctly, and their remedies are of the most absurd character.

In the hundreds of drawers which line the walls, and in the numerous jars of fantastic design which ornament a Chinese drug shop are to be found preserved flies, beetles, bees, and other species of insect life, not to mention many varieties of toad, snake, and lizard. Every box is carefully labelled with Chinese signs, and the contents are carefully dried before being stored away for medical use.

Should an ailing fellow-countryman call at the establishment to have his pains relieved and his ills cured, he merely steps into the shop. The druggist's knowledge of Mongolian diseases enables him to diagnose at once where the seat of the man's suffering lies. The wise and all-discerning pharmacist shrugs his shoulders, and mutters a word or two. An assistant steps up to a box and draws forth a dried snake, coiled, and held in that position by skewers. While the patient is counting out his money, the snake is reduced to a powder, and put in a paper package. The sufferer goes his way with a gleam of hope in his eyes, for every Chinaman knows that snake-powder is a determined foe to rheumatism and various other pains.

Toads for Indigestion

Indigestion is cured by a powder of dried horn-toad, provided it has been carefully caught and prepared when the moon is on the wane. Centipedes, which in life produce agonising blisters in the neighborhood of their bites, still carry with them in the powdered state the faculty of raising blisters when made into a poultice. Scorpions, according to the Chinese way of thinking, are invaluable when employed as a remedy for a badly congested liver, which ailment can only be surmised by the Chinese druggist to be the one which afflicts his sore and wearied customer.

Powdered bees and beetles are highly regarded by the Chinese physician in the treatment of throat troubles, and if they do not instantly effect a cure on being taken the patient deserves to suffer. The "materia medica" of the Chinese physician would be shorn of much of its value did it not contain sea horse. Sea horse is a general cure-all, and if a Chinese druggist were unable to supply his customers with any other remedy they would still have implicit faith in their ultimate recovery if powders of that curious fish were frequently administered.

The grasshopper is highly valued in its powdered state by Mongolians. The weak and afflicted Chinese organs of vision are returned to their normal condition by a poultice of macerated hornets. Broken limbs

rapidly knit together under the beneficent influence of a decoction of roaches.

It must not be supposed for a moment that these are all the remedies dispensed by the Chinese druggist. The few mentioned are but the staple remedies which may be found in the medicine-chest of every Chinese family. The wily Mongolian, too, does not trust his well-being to them alone, but invokes the aid of his household deity to rid him of his sufferings.

Peek-A-Boo Islands

AFTER taking all the trouble to ascertain the exact position of a new island in the China Sea and mark it on the charts, the hydrographers of the various nations have had to expunge it again, says a writer in the New York "Times". The ocean bottom, he says, is continually rising and falling, and islands, which are the tops of submarine mountains, frequently appear and disappear. We read of this particular island:

"It was the largest of several thrown up during the recent Japanese earthquake.

"When it was apparently firmly set and vegetation commenced to grow on it, one of the most notorious of the Chinese pirates,

known as Mala Dahlak, settled on it with his band of desperadoes, and from there looted ships and other islands round about. Then one day, just when the inhabitants were fearing another attack, they saw that Mala Dahlak and his island had utterly vanished. Subsequent investigation established the fact that where the island stood there is now twenty-five fathoms of water.

"Though in this instance the coming and going of an island was spectacular, similar occurrences are not so uncommon, considering the world as a whole and thinking in centuries. Many islands reported ages ago are to this day mysteries which, though it is not considered prudent to erase from the charts, are marked 'position doubtful' or 'existence doubtful'. Some are but little peaks, large enough to wreck a vessel, but not to sustain life, while others are well-established colonies.

"These conditions are especially prevalent in the Pacific Ocean, the whole of which from the Arctic to the Antarctic seems to bear a fantastic nature. What with volcanic islands coming up, sinking down or blowing skyward; with the slow but permanent appearance of coral islands; with gentle zephyrs or tornadoes, and so-called tidal waves, it is always the unexpected which happens on the Pacific.

Sunday School, A Crime Antidote

REGULAR attendance upon Sunday-school during the period of character-formation would cause the criminal courts and jails to close, for there would be no "raw material" to work on. This is not a platitude from the pulpit. It is an expression of belief of a judge who has had long experience. In the eighteen years that he has sat on the bench in two courts, Supreme Court Justice Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn, has had more than 4,000 boys less than twenty-one years arraigned before him, charged with various degrees of crime. But of this large number only three were members of a Sunday-school at the time of the commission of their crimes. And, says Justice Fawcett, as he is quoted in the New York "Herald Tribune":

"Even these three exceptional cases were technical in character and devoid of heinousness, so that they are scarcely worth mentioning. All three cases had a girl in them. In one, a young man who wished to make a pleasing impression on a new sweetheart, and not being well clad, stole an overcoat. In another, the young man was arrested for carrying a pistol without a permit. He said that he wished to protect himself against a gang member, who had become aggrieved because he had taken his girl from him. In the third, the young man drew a penknife on his opponent in a quarrel over a girl.

"In view of this significant showing, I do not hesitate to express the conviction that attendance by young men at Sunday-school or other regular religious work, with its

refining atmosphere, is signally preventive against crime and worthy of careful study by those who are dismayed by the increase of crime on the part of the young men of America.

"In 1,092 suspended criminal sentences, only sixty-two of the young men were brought back for violation of the conditions of their paroles. In each suspended sentence case I insisted upon the return of the youth, if he was a Protestant, to a Sunday-school; if a Roman Catholic, to attendance at mass, and, if a Jew, to attendance at a synagogue or a temple. In each instance I had the earnest co-operation of the minister, the priest or the young man had a job to go to as soon as he was freed on parole. In virtually all of the suspended sentence cases the reform was quick and, I believe, permanent."

And the method that will produce the desired results in Brooklyn, believes Justice Fawcett, will produce them anywhere. Moreover, he is assured that what is good for the youth would be equally salutary with adults. He asserts:

"The sustained, wholesome, moral atmosphere imparted through habitual attendance upon Sunday-school and church will expel criminal impulses.

"Any man not contributing to support some church or organized religious work is living on charity—riding on some other man's transportation. If he really desires abatement of crime he should ally himself with those agencies which prevent or abate crime."

Blowing Up Snowdrifts

Deep snowdrifts in Rocky Mountain roads are to be shattered by high explosives this spring, according to an article in "Colorado Highways." Says "Public Works" (New York) in an abstract:

"A trial will be made of the use of an explosive for blowing out snowdrifts fifteen to twenty-five feet deep in a Rocky Mountain highway. Incased in a tube of lead, a ribbon of powerful T.N.T., known as a Cordeau fuse, has been stretched along the trail of the Fall River road in the Rocky Mountain National Park west of Loveland. This fuse is buried under snowdrifts ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep on both sides of the Fall River pass, and this spring the drifts of snow will be blown from the trail by this powerful explosive. This is something new in the work of the park service. Heretofore the snow has been bucked and scraped from the mountainpass roads each spring. This has been the hardest and most expensive task the park service has had to handle. Cordeau is set off by a blasting cap, so that its entire length explodes at the same instant. Fifty-pound boxes of 20 per cent. dynamite were placed at twenty-foot intervals in one of the worst drift locations along the road. Each box was then opened, a box of Cordeau strung between them after which they were sealed again. The free end of the cordeau is securely fastened twenty-five feet high, on a steel snow-gage pole. Each end of the fuse is made watertight. This powder has been left to snow and drift under during the winter, and at the proper time this spring a blasting cap will be inserted in the pole end of the Cordeau and the entire charge detonated at once."

A well-known author was vainly endeavoring to write the other morning, when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son. "If you ask me one more question," the harassed writer declared at last "I will go out and drown myself." "Father," came the small voice, "may I come out and see you do it?"—Dublin Evening Herald.

"I notice you never laugh at my funny stories."

"Of course not; I was brought up to show more respect to age."—Illustrated Leicester Chronicle.

"What's a ten-letter word meaning a 'hold-up'?"

"I'll bite. What is it?"

"Suspenders!"

The Landlord—I'm here to inform you, Mr. Hogan, that I'm going to raise your rent.

Hogan—It's koind ye are, sor, for oi've tried t' do it mesilf an' cuddent—Judge, 1907.

The River's Vindication

By F. W. NASH, in Canadian Life and Resource.

It's true I've gone on the war path,
I've smitten your cities and homes,
I've cracked the walls of your stately
halls,
I've threatened your spires and domes.

I've spoiled your gardens and orchards,
I've carried your bridges away,
The loss is told in millions of gold;
The indemnity you must pay.

But had I not cause for anger?
Was it not time to rebel?
Go, ask of the springs that feed me;
Their rock ribbed heights can tell.

Go to my mountain cradle,
Go to my home and see,
Look on my ruined forests
And note what ye did to me.

These were my silven bowers,
My beds of bracken and fern,
The spots where I lie and rest me
E'er to your valleys I turn.

These you have plundered and wasted,
You've chopped and burned and scar-
red,
Till my home is left of verdure bereft.
Bare and lifeless and charred.

So I have gone on the war path;
I've harried your lands with glee,
Restore with care my woodlands fair
And I'll peacefully flow to the sea.

WHY KILL YOUR WIFE?

The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an American newspaper:—

Why
KILL YOUR WIFE?

Let Electricity do it!

We'll Help!

Electric Supply and Fixture Co.

Deacon Spriggs: Young man, why do you spend so much of your time standing around on the station platform?

Youth: Wal, a feller gets tired of jes' doin' nothin'.

"Dad, what's a polyglot?"

"My boy, your father had to leave school and go to work long before he ever got as far as geometry."

It seems that every time they send a rich bootlegger to jail he meets himself coming out again.

It's nonsense to say that love is blind. The man in love sees ten times as much in his sweetheart as other folks do.

Golf in Japan

JAPAN is, perhaps, one of the last places in which one would expect golf to become popular, yet within recent years the pastime has made enormous strides.

Formerly the leading players were members of the Anglo-American communities settled at Yokohama and Kobe, but Japanese golfers have now taken up the game so keenly that for some years past the holder of the championship of Japan has been a Japanese.

The Prince Regent, who was married recently, is one of the most enthusiastic golfers in the country. The Japanese national costume does not lend itself to golf, and nearly all Japanese golfers wear the regulation "plus fours".

In the Japanese paper, "Golfdom," which is printed partly in Japanese and partly in English, the following story is told (in English): "Oh, sir, ye see, anybody can teach these laddies" (meaning the students of the university), "anybody can teach these laddies Latin and Greek; but gowf, ye see, sir, gowf requires a heid."

One of the most noticeable differences in the Japanese game is the lack of bad language! Japanese contains no swear words; the worst term of abuse is "baka", which means "fool". But Japanese golfers, we are told, are rapidly making up for this deficiency by learning English!

AN ACOUSTIC DISCOVERY

The acoustic properties of halls are much influenced by ventilation, according to recent research. It has been found, for instance, that the ventilation system requires a separate inlet duct from the source of air supply to each room, and a separate vent duct from the room to a fan chamber. This chamber must be padded with felt, while padded cowls over the vents are necessary to prevent the travel of sounds from one duct to another. The transmission of sounds by air currents through ducts, doors, and windows must be minimised.

A Vivacious Engine

An engineer was giving evidence in a case in which a farmer was suing a railway company for damages resulting from the death of a cow which had been run into by a train.

The farmer's lawyer was heckling the engineer, and kept reverting to his pet question, which was:

"Now tell me, was the cow on the track?"

At last the engineer became angry, and answered the question:

"Well, if you want me to tell the real truth, the cow was bathing in the stream the other side of the track. But the engine saw her, leaped off the rails, dashed over the bank, and, landing right on top of the cow, strangled her to death without a word."

"It is very sad," she mused, "but Charley has not got a bit of romance. Last night I said to him, 'My King,' and he turned suddenly, and growled out 'Mike who?'"

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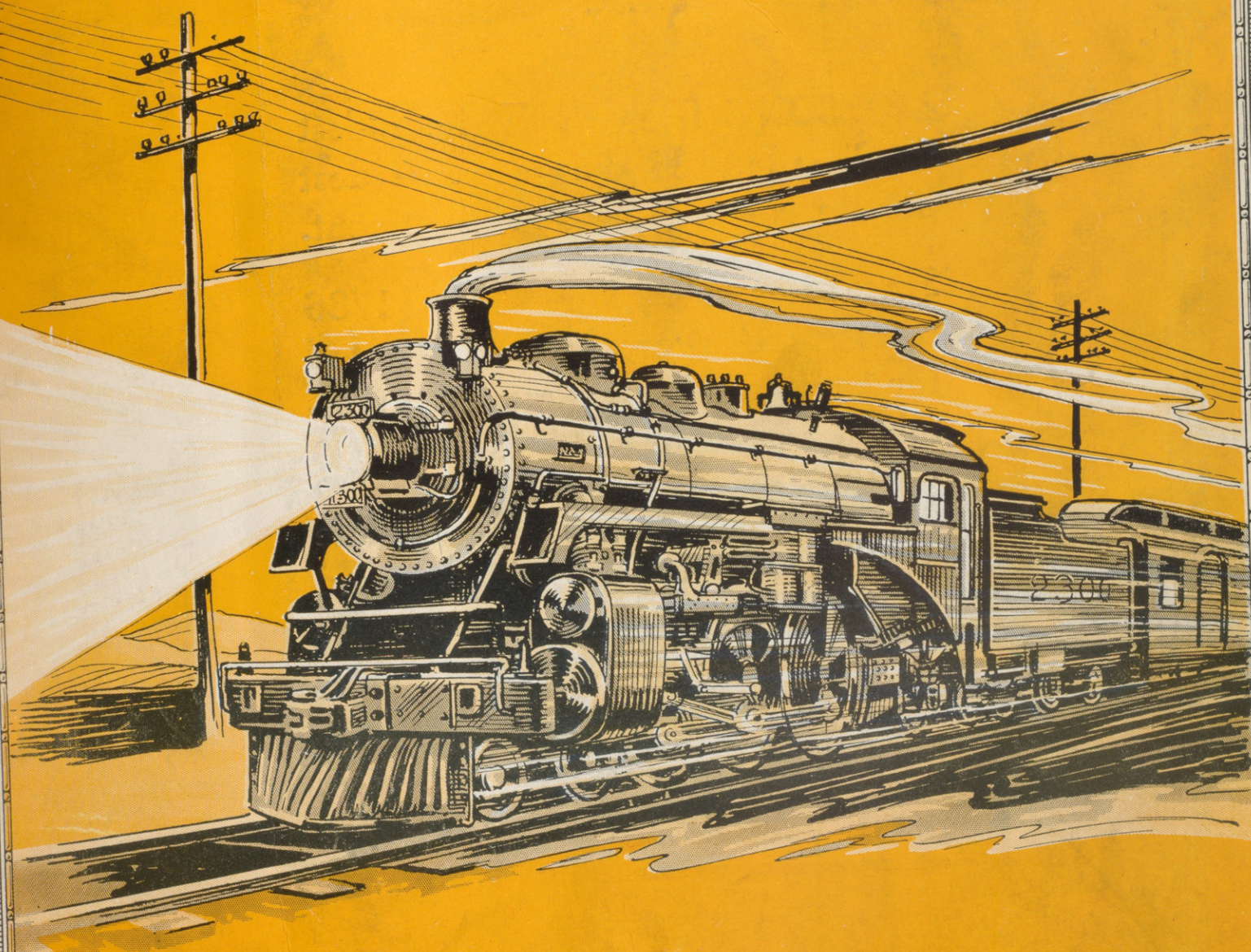
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